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THE NEW YORKER

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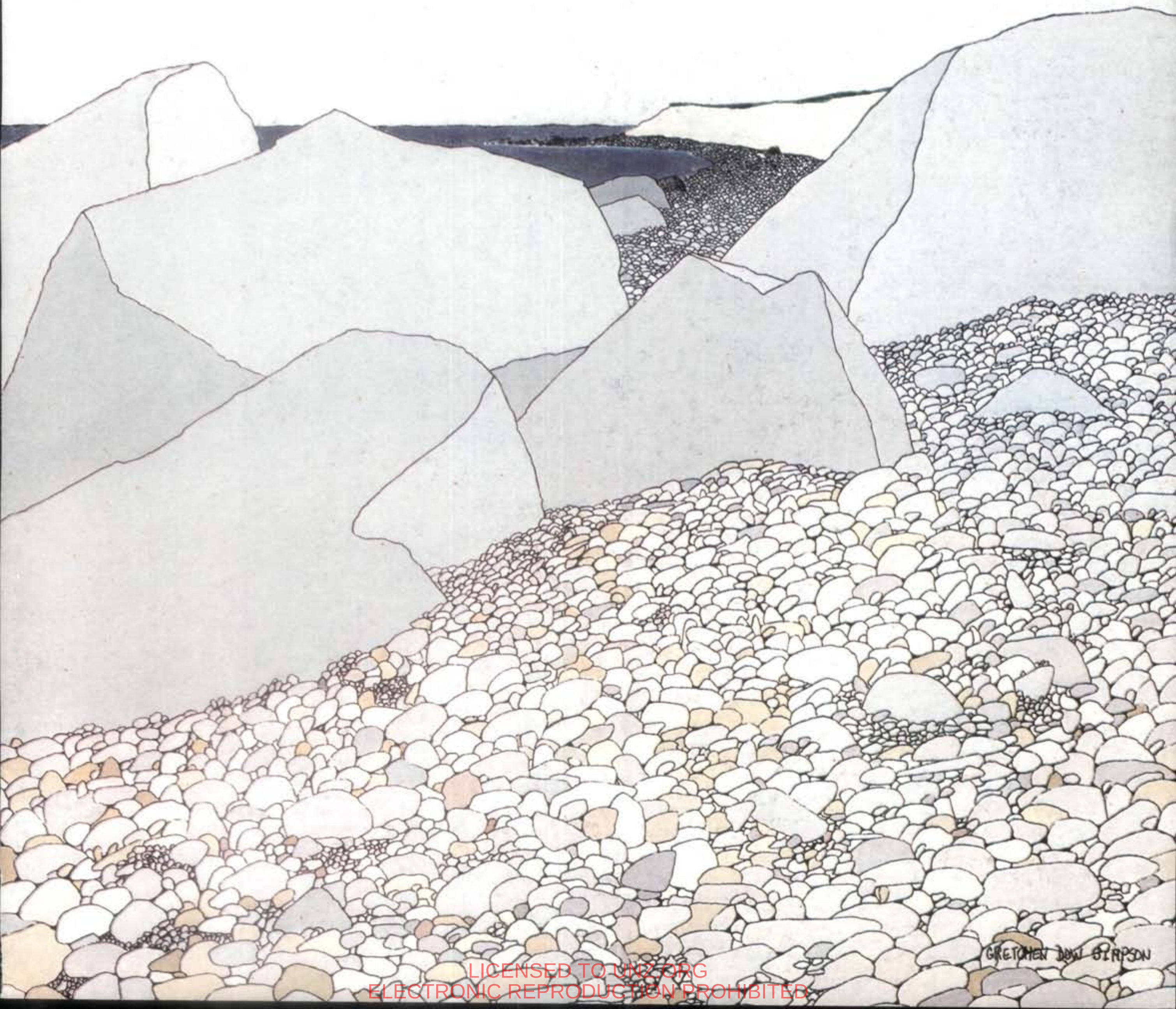
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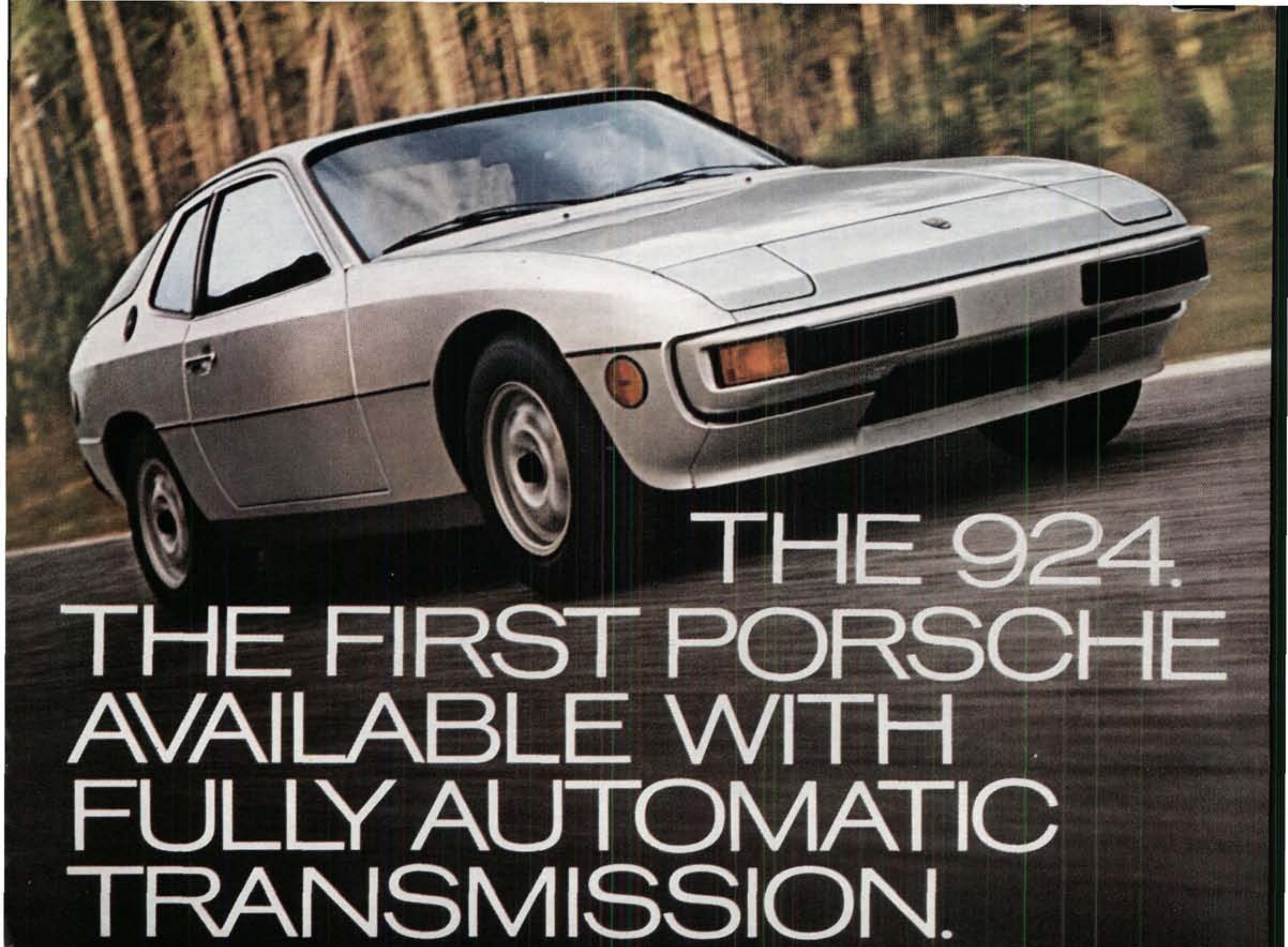

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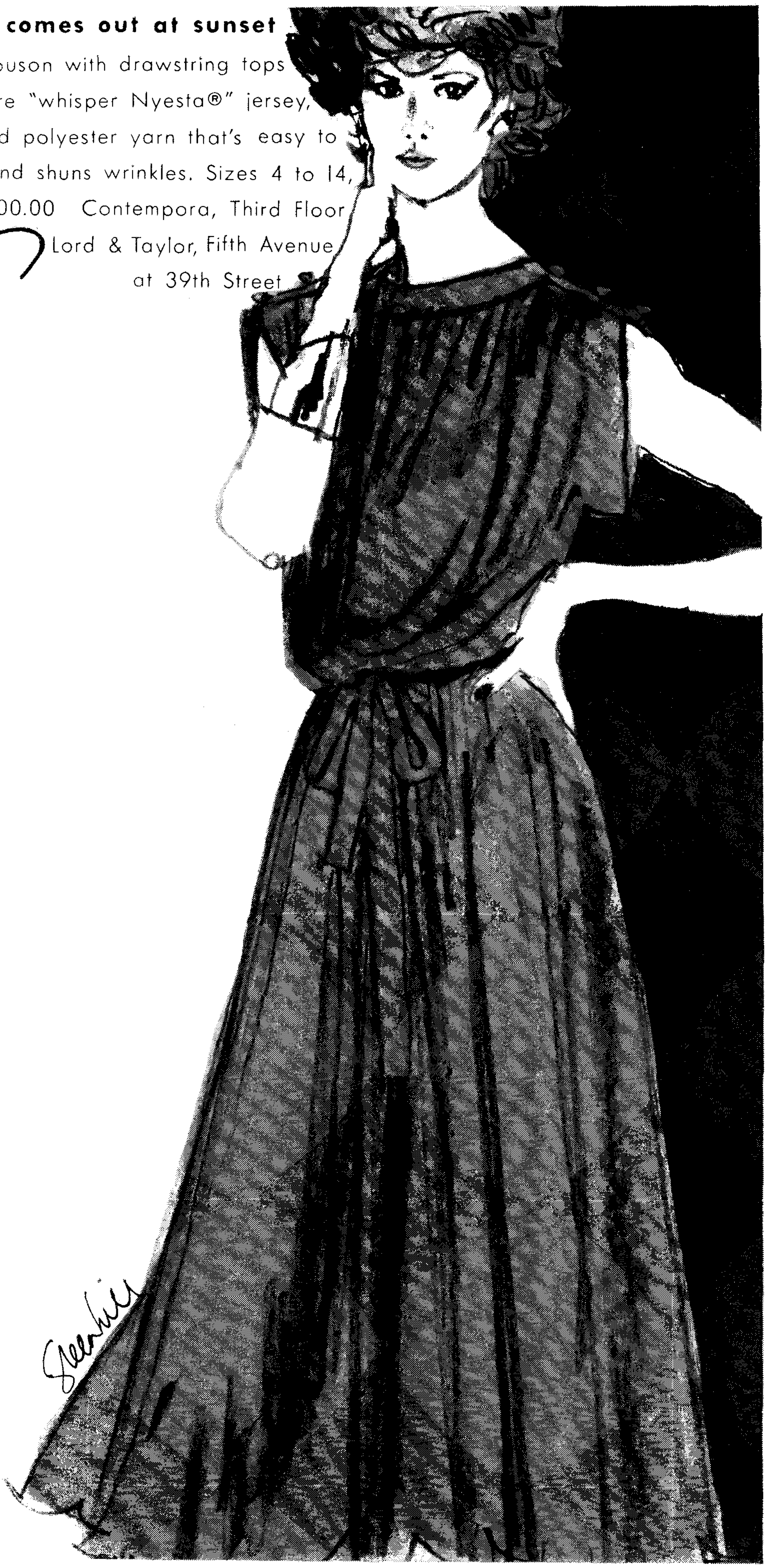

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agamemnon—Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of the terrifying play by Aeschylus. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Anna Christie—O'Neill's early and silly melodrama makes a creaking vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, June 26.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino is superb in a revival of David Rabe's passionate play about the U.S. Army in Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy—Ed Bullins' strong, sad, and often funny play about a successful singer, once a black revolutionary, who tries to rejoin the family he deserted many years earlier. With Nathan George and Starletta D'Paur, among other good actors. Directed by Woodie King, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 19. Free.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy, with Patricia Conolly, John Glover, James Valentine, Kathleen Widdoes, Elizabeth Wilson, Mary Louise Wilson, and G. Wood. Stephen Porter directed. Preview on Wednesday, June 15. Opens officially on Thursday, June 16. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Saturdays at 8.)

The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show.

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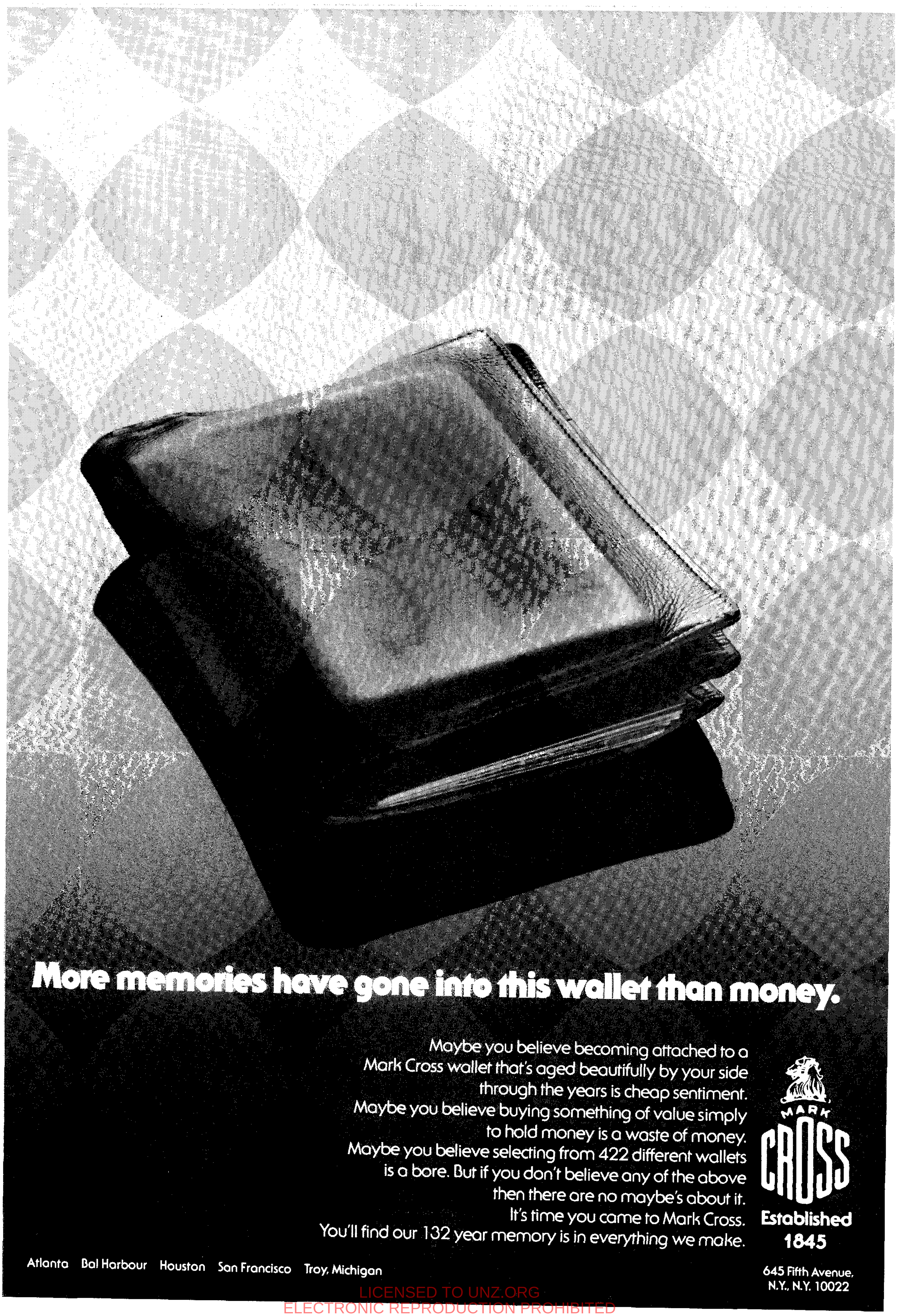

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE SHADOW BOX—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SQUARE ROOT OF SOUL—Black poetry and other black literature read and recited by Adolph Caesar, to music by Jothan Callins. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

STARTING HERE, STARTING NOW—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 541-6150. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

LONG RUNS—BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR: Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Vincent Gardenia, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Leonard Nimoy (who has just replaced Anthony Perkins), Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,137 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

TOLLER CRANSTON'S THE ICE SHOW—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 15, at 8: "Vienna Waltzes" (preview) and "Divertimento No. 15." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 16, at 8: "Dybbuk Variations" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday, June 17, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Pas de Deux," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 2: "La Source," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Square Dance," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19, at 1: "Bugaku," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19, at 7: "Raymonda Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 21, at 8: "Bugaku," "In G Major," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 8: "Episodes" and "Vienna Waltzes" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 2: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: "Agon," "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 15, and Monday evening, June 20: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 16; Saturday evening, June 18; and Wednesday evening, June 22: "Voluntaries," "Requiem" (American première), and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 17; Saturday matinée, June 18; Tuesday evening, June 21; and Wednesday matinée, June 22: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 23-24, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 25: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—"Triad," an unnamed work, "Abandoned Prayer," "Andantino Cantabile," and "Shadows." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 2 and 8.)

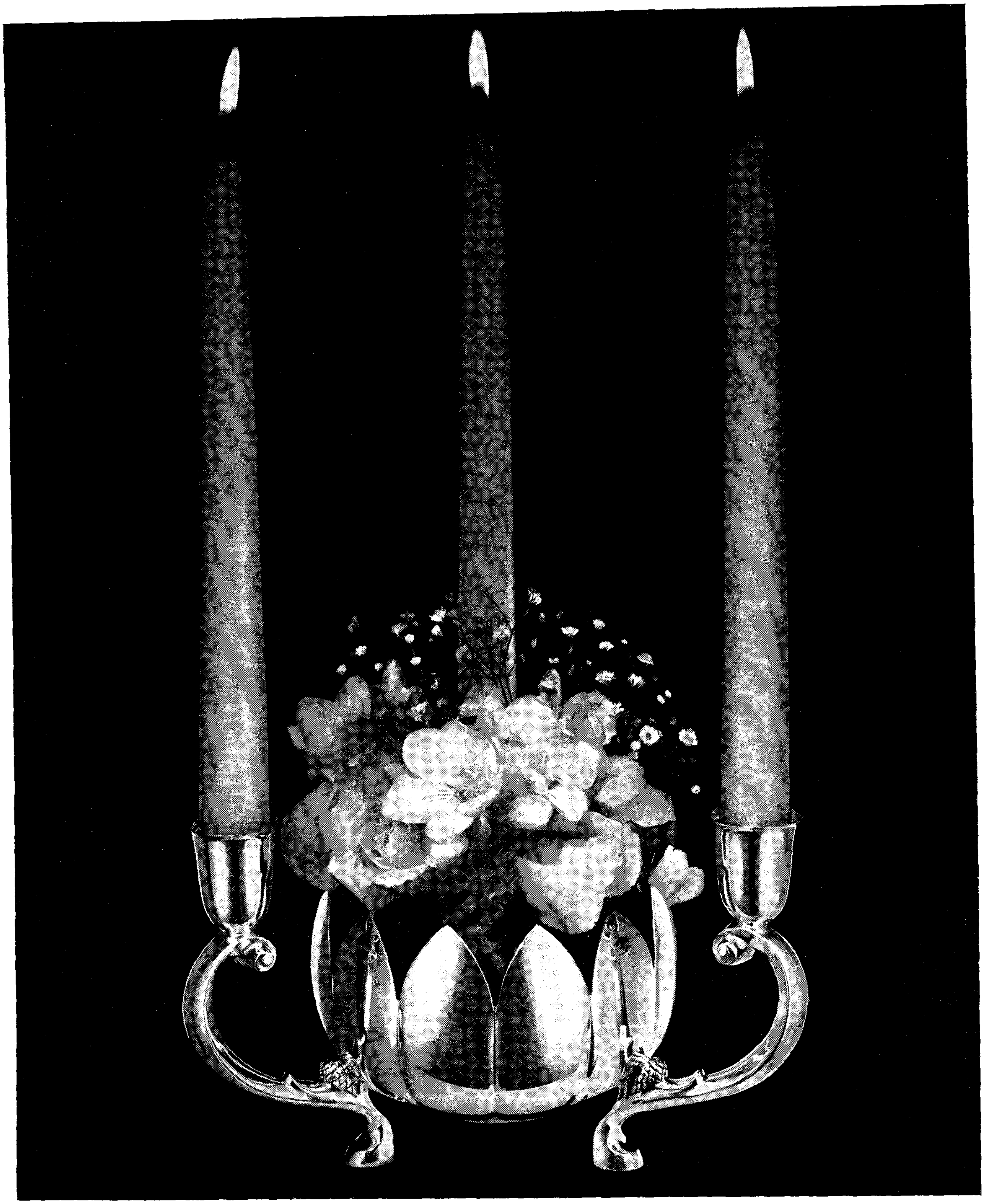
ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—"Nocturne" (première), "Hex," "Radiance of the Dark," "Roots," and "Transplant II," offered, variously, in a series of five performances. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 2.)

5 BY 2 DANCE COMPANY—"Celestial Circus," "Duet," "Negro Spirituals," "Song," and "Suite Richard." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Monday through Wednesday, June 20-22, at 8. For tickets, call 242-3900.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This ground-floor loft, as long as an alley, is owned by Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. **EDDIE JEFFERSON**, who still scats through "Pennies from Heaven" and "Night in Tunisia," has a voice that is dry, coarse, and forthright, and he sounds occasionally like a Sonny Rollins solo. Through Saturday, June 18. Tuesday through Saturday, June 21-25, tenor saxophonist Marvin Blackman will lead a quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a very loose, walloping twenty-two-



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piece band. Many of the numerous soloists are impressive, but the real stars of this enterprise are Foster's vital, bluesy charts. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—David Summers, an alternately bubbly and earnest young cabaret singer, is present Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. *Pianist* **BARRY HARRIS,** *who can usually be heard* Sunday nights at Bradley's, is here—where he can be heard even better, thanks to a more efficient sound system—through Saturday, June 18. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Saxophonist Houston Person heads up his authentic, if lethargic, R. & B. trio Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22, trumpeter Bill Hardman will bring in his quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25, tenor saxophonist George Coleman and his quintet will perform. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Burton Cummings trades rock-and-roll sets with the Pezband on Thursday, June 16; on Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, songwriter Carol Bayer Sager will sing her tunes; on Sunday, June 19, **BOOKER T & THE MG'S,** the formerly Memphis-based rhythm-and-blues quartet that did so much for the sixties, will come in for an evening; on Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, the legendary folk guitarist **JOHN FAHEY** will jog up and down his fingerboard; and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, **TOM PAXTON** will sing some of his decade-old folk-style compositions, which are still worth hearing. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Right now (through Saturday, June 18) **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, is working with a bassist; on Monday, June 20, one-half of the Ron Carter quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—will arrive. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** performs traditional and very exuberant interpretations of classic popular songs, aided by his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does wonderfully well by himself, too, playing the piano in his restrained, elegant way in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—You're taking a chance if you choose to appear on the same bill with singer and pianist **DARDANELLE,** and if you're billed above her as the star, you're really in trouble. That sums up Peter Dean's jam here. Dean is a loose, open-collared (although he is apt to wear a big, whimsical bow tie) singer of the chaise longue, Bing Crosby school; most of his songs are novelty numbers—he even brings out his ukulele—and he does them with flair. But he is overshadowed by Dardanelle, who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Two shows nightly, Tuesdays through Saturdays, between nine-thirty and one. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON,** soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN,** and drummer **CLIFF LEEMAN** have been annexed (through Saturday, June 18) to the house band. On Tuesday, June 21, Davern will return to sit in with the regulars. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Sundays, Scott Hamilton, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. Drummer **SONNY GREER,** an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man; and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a pleasure. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sundays, singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** performs with her bassist, **ERNIE FURTADO,** from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Singer **CAROL SLOANE,** who owes quite a bit to Ella, is here through Saturday, June 18, backed by four remarkable musicians—pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** drummer **RICHIE PRATT** (who looks like a bubblegum-chewing, manically grinning Buddha), and **FRANK WESS,** on tenor, soprano, and flute, and *always* in tune. On Monday, June 20, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will begin co-piloting a combo. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The silken cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Blues pianist **JAY MCSHANN,** one of the last of the great Kansas City band leaders, is here with a quintet—bassist **MILT HINTON,** tenor saxophonists **BUDDY TATE** and **PAUL QUINICHETTE,** and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS**—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

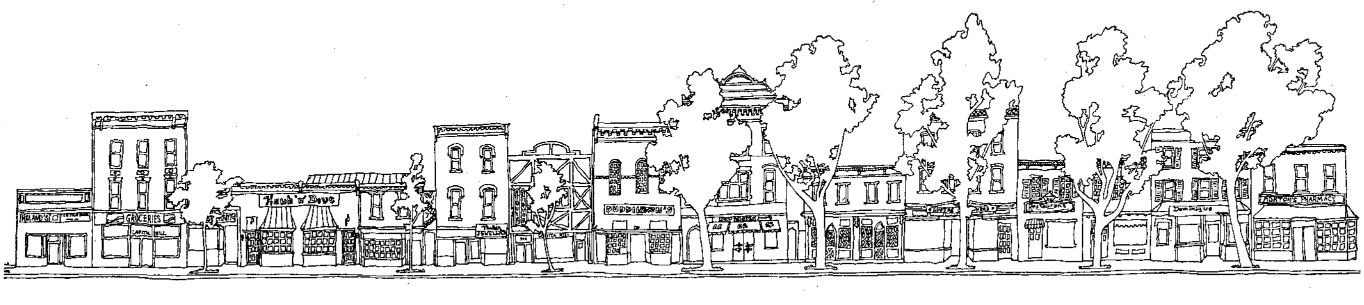
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar. Percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** leads his Latin-jazz group Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18. Sunday through Thursday, June 19-23, **STUFF,** the rhythm-and-blues sextet that was formed and played here under the name The Encyclopedia of Soul for more than a year, will be back playing its near-endless jogging, repetitive riffs. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folksinger Keith Sykes performs through Sunday, June 19; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22, the James Montgomery Band will play New England-style blues; and on Thursday, June 23, Brewer and Shipley, the folk-rock duo, will come in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

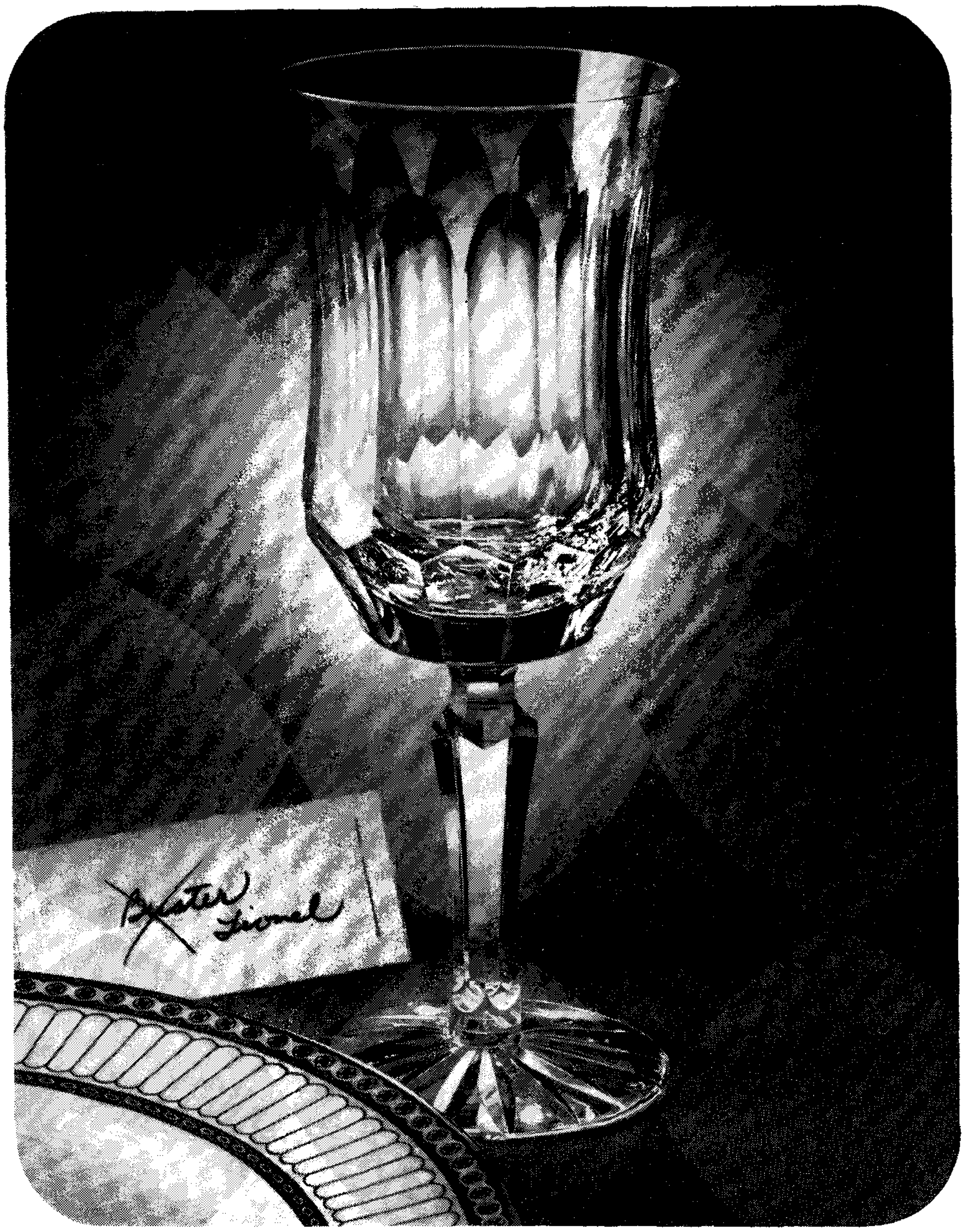
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet that plays for dancing and listening Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Judith Cohen, a short, wiry-haired, frenetic singer and comedienne who may *try* to be outrageous—she dauntlessly takes on the upper registers of her sandpapery voice, and she dresses her ample figure in tights and a slit skirt in a style that might be called Eighth Avenue Dishevelled—but her following is devoted, and happily approves everything she does. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and his trio support jazz singer Junko Miné, who is reportedly at the top of the popularity polls in Japan, through Thursday, June 16; singer **LEON THOMAS** and his backup crew will be onstage Friday through Sunday, June 17-19; and on Tuesday, June 21, flame-throwing tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** who plays



At $32 a goblet, you'll want to choose your guests carefully.



There is something splendid about the feel of a Galway goblet that shouldn't be lavished on just anybody. Galway is probably the best crystal ever to come out of Ireland — and it's definitely the most expensive. Each piece is fully leaded, hand blown and hand cut. While many people will own Irish Crystal, few will own Galway. Until word gets around.

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GALWAY IRISH CRYSTAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bassoon, too, will arrive with a quintet. Music *from ten to two-thirty.*

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, guides a nonet. On Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will work with a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** will lead a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **RON CARTER** quartet is currently (through Sunday, June 19) on the stand, with Carter soloing on piccolo bass, and pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** abetting him. On Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, singer and pianist Nina Sheldon will lead a trio; and Wednesday through Saturday, June 22-25, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will work with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will head a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, flutist Herbie Mann and his combo will play bossa nova-disco-R. & B.-rock-Latin-jazz. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make one grateful for the development of long, extended solos, leads his quintet through Sunday, *June 19.* On Tuesday, *June 21,* saxophonist Art Pepper will bring in a quartet that features pianist Jaki Byard. Mondays are **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Wednesdays; Thursdays through Saturdays, Seleno Clarke and his rhythm-and-blues band, appropriately named the Jazz Suspensions, replace the pre-fifties jazz that used to be a staple here; and Sundays are given over to a Dixieland group. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BLUES–SUNG AND SWUNG—Helen Humes, Ray Bryant, Joe Newman, Charles McPherson, George Duvivier, and David Lee, Jr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, June 15, at 8.)

AMÁLIA RODRIGUES—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, June 16, at 8.

SUPERTRAMP and **BRAND X**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

BENEFIT CONCERT—George Coleman, Burt Collins, Mike Longo, Calvin Hill, Ronnie Bedford, and others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, June 19, at 2.)

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.

KENO DUKE / CONTEMPORARIES and **CHARLES SULLIVAN AND THE BLACK LEGACY**—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, June 22, at 8.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—The opening performances in an eleven-day series that will be taking place in six halls, on a Staten Island ferryboat, and in Waterloo Village, N.J. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 24, at 8: "Schlitz Presents Sarah Vaughan," with her trio and Clark Terry. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: "Schlitz Presents the Pointer Sisters in All Their Glory," plus Malombo, from South Africa. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at midnight: "Schlitz Salutes the Jones Family with Dizzy and Betty"—the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Elvin Jones, Hank Jones, Dizzy Gillespie, and the Betty Carter trio. (Carnegie Hall.) (Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.)

NOTE—Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30: "New Acquisitions"—Sonny Rollins, Bob Cranshaw, Masuo, Dexter Gordon, others. Wednesday, June 22, at 7:30: "Jazz Dance"—Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Russell, Jimmy McPartland, Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Jo Jones, others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

STAN BRODSKY—Greek landscapes by a colorist who made his first visit there last year. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MIODRAG DJURIC DADO—Big, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—A sort of flying circus of his smaller bronzes, plus some lively wash drawings in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through July 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HELEN HOIE—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MICHIO IHARA—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers. Through July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ANGELO IPPOLITO—Genteel figures neatly excised from old-fashioned catalogues and other memorabilia are humorously, and sometimes rudely, juxtaposed in a series of collages. Through June 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, many of them looking as fresh and as impudent as the day they were set down. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

VITALY KOMAR AND ALEXANDER MELAMID—Joint conceptual works by two spirited Russian artists still in Russia. Through Friday, June 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KATE MILLETT—Brush-and-ink drawings on rice paper. Through Saturday, June 18. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ELIZABETH OSBORNE—Large watercolors in delicate, almost fragile tones, depicting tabletop still-lifes and boudoir nudes bathed in shimmery light. First solo show in New York. Through July 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CE ROSER—Exuberant depictions of sun and sky and a generally happy ambience by this Chinese-American abstract artist. Through Saturday, June 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

AMERICAN COLLAGE—Selected examples of twen*tieth-century works by such collage stalwarts* as Dove, Cornell, Motherwell, and Ryan, plus a scattering of relative newcomers to the genre, like Tad Miyashita and Arthur Gibbons, who are right at home in this august company. Through July 1. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: The paintings of four young realists: Arne Besser, Rebecca Davenport, Barkley Hendricks, and Mark Rendleman. Through July 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **CARLTON,** 127 E. 69th St.: Minimalist drawings of landscapes by David Finkbeiner; miniature etchings, photographs, and larger etchings by Jane Eccles; small oils by Helen Wilson; wall sculptures sheared out of found metal by Tim Woodman; and photographs by Tad Yamashiro. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: The summer show offers examples of Tony DeLap's shaped canvases in their handsomely integrated frames; Jean-Pierre Péricaud's colorful splashes of household enamel on paper mounted on canvas; and a David Roth wall hanging, which is like a waterfall of strings, each one colored with acrylics. Through July 29. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty-nine works, all with mythic themes. Through Friday, June 17. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 25 E. 77th St.: The current show takes in half a dozen artists, among them Robert Henry, who paints lively, Japanese-looking landscapes in oil on canvas; Barbara Rothenberg, who makes bright-colored collages; and Gwen Fabricant, who *paints abstract patterns of everyday objects*—bits of china, small vases, flowers, and gnawed bones. Through July 2. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through Friday, June 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through July 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

HERBERT AACH—Whirling spirals of color—twenty-five of them—done in a series of acrylic works called "Split Infinity" and based on a mathematical progression devised by the artist. Through June 30. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

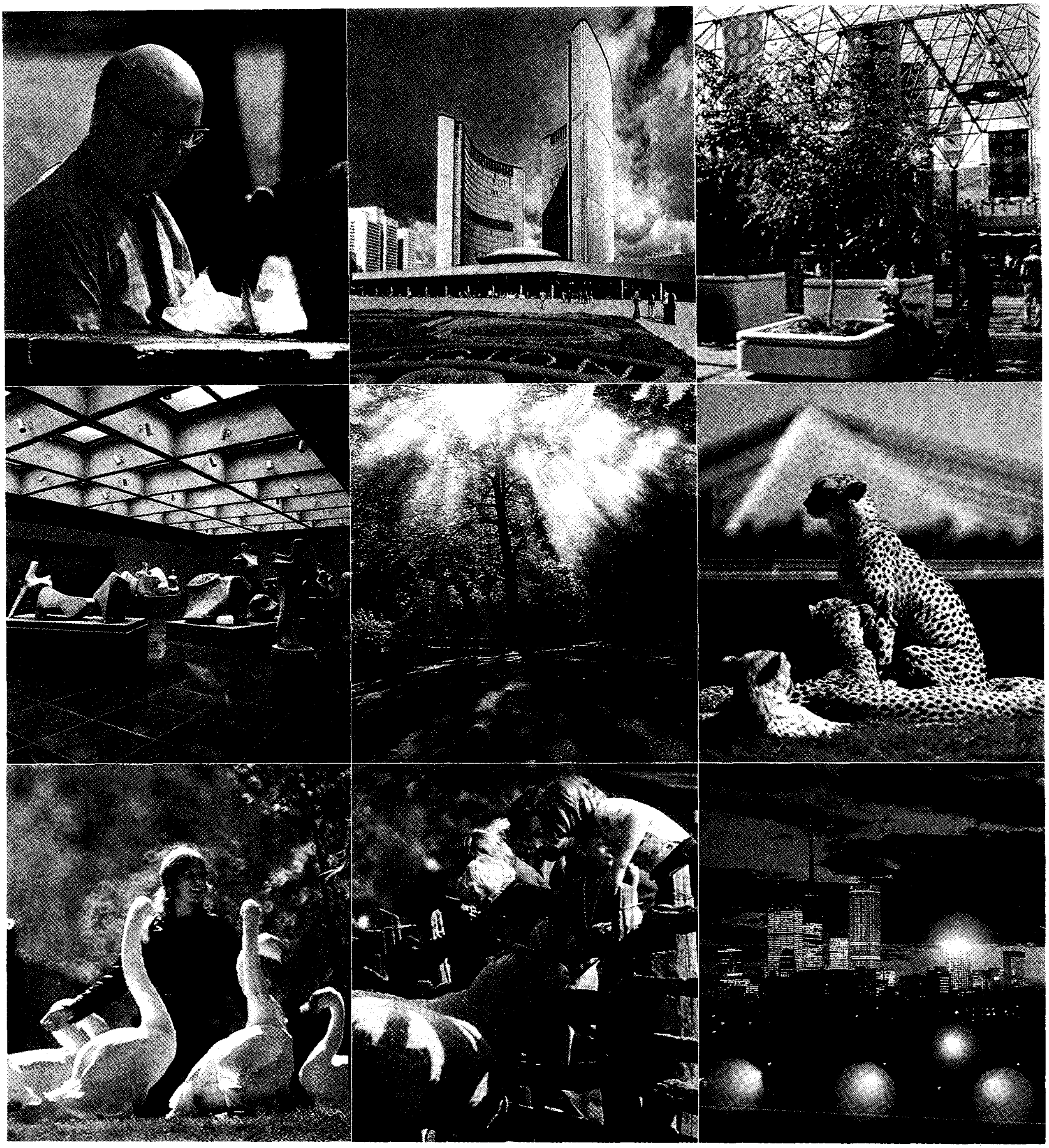
JEAN-PAUL AGOSTI—Watercolors, mostly of toys and studio paraphernalia; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

DOMINIC L. DI MARE—Delicate bones, pebbles, shells, feathers, and twigs arranged on handsome paper, where they are incorporated into elegant constructions called sculptural paper. Through Wednesday, June 22. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Sculptured ceramic floor pieces—the artist's first go at this sort of thing—cut, molded, and assembled from tablets of soft clay about an inch and a half thick, and laced with streaks of color before being fired. Through July 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV—Abstract paintings that seem to transcend Constructivism and spin off into a whirring mechanism of their own, by a Russian-born artist, now in his seventies, who lives in Florida. Through June 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JASHA GREEN—Angular abstract sculptures made of Corten steel folded up like Japanese origami (some of them the models for huge outdoor works), plus related drawings and



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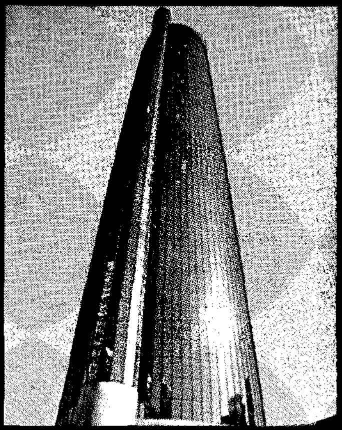
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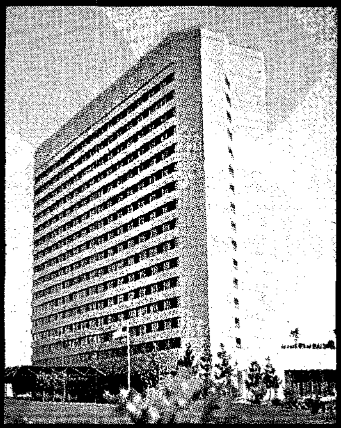
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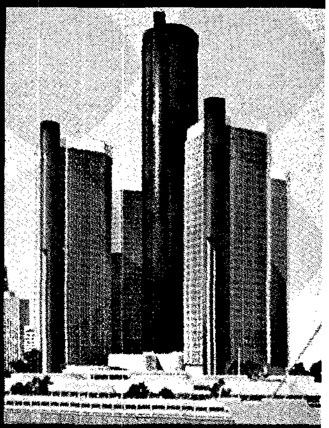
South Coast Plaza


Detroit
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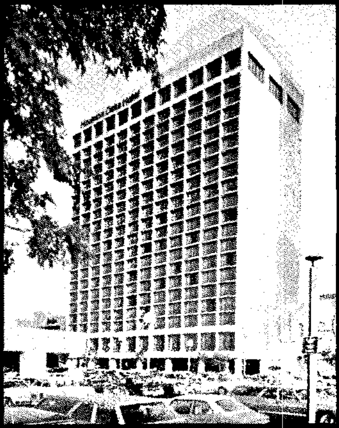
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Los Angeles
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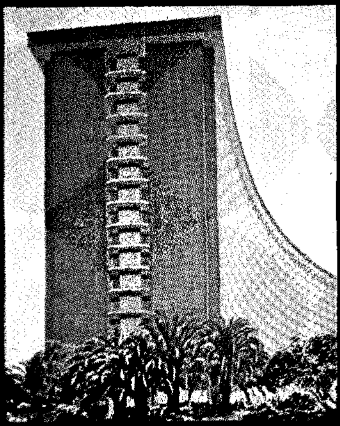
Los Angeles
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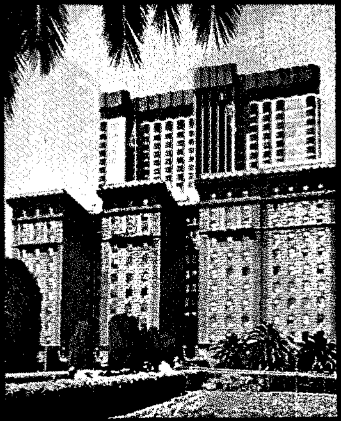
New York
The Plaza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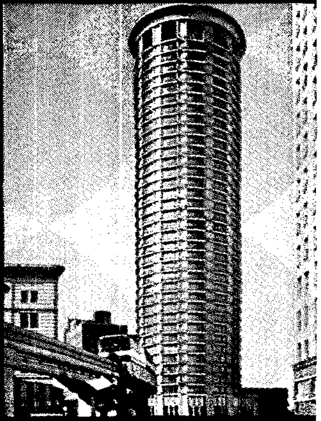
St. Francis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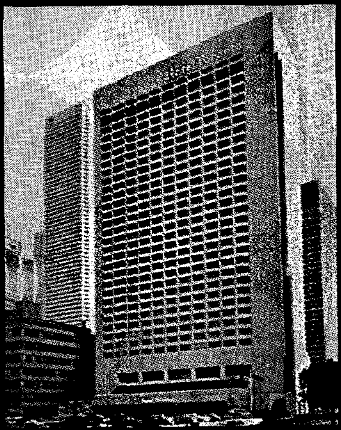
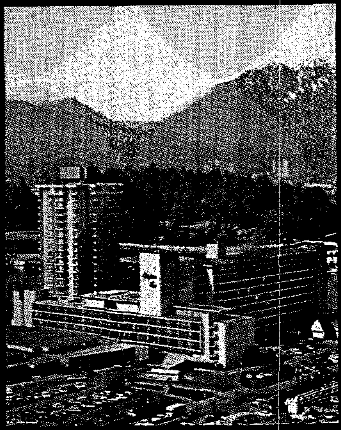
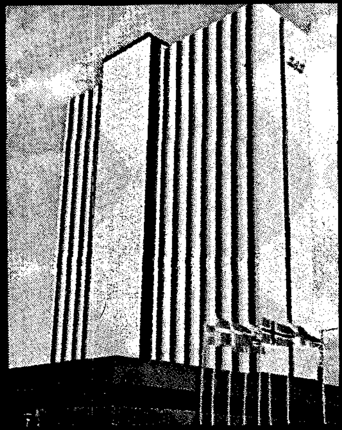

Toronto
Hotel Toronto


Vancouver, B.C.
The Bayshore Inn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HOUSTON	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Late 1977)
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VANCOUVER	Bayshore Inn
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KYOTO	Miyako
TOKYO	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
MEXICO	
ACAPULCO	Las Brisas
CANCUN	Camino Real
GUADALAJARA	Camino Real
MAZATLAN	Camino Real
MEXICO CITY	Alameda, Camino Real
PUERTO VALLARTA	Camino Real
SALTILLO	Camino Real
TAMPICO	Camino Real
NORWAY	
OSLO	Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES	
MANILA	Philippine Plaza
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An open letter to our clientele

WALTER KROEHNERT IS AN INSTITUTION AT CARTIER AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO MEET HIM

Walter Kroehnert made his first clock in 1913 at the age of 14. Quietly, anonymously, he has devoted 64 years of his life to the art of watchmaking.

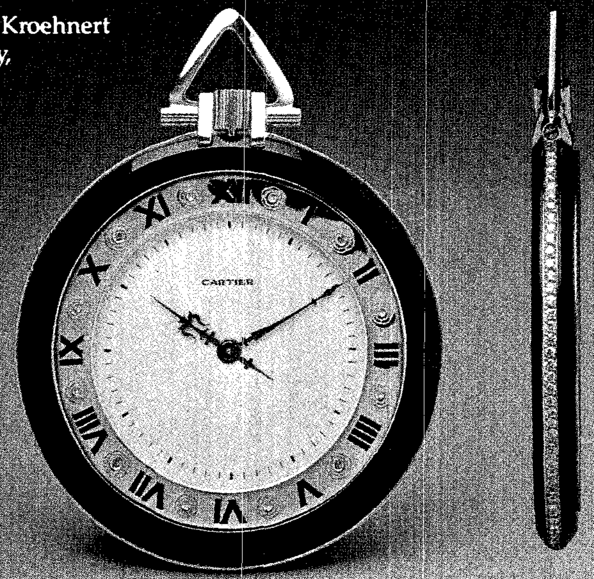
He came to Cartier in 1936 to work under the guidance of Messrs. Louis and Pierre Cartier who were then directing the family business in Paris and New York.

He has been with Cartier ever since.

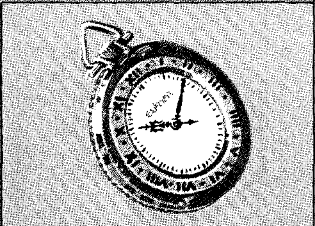
To those of us who work with him, Walter Kroehnert is a very special person. He is warm, witty, engaging—wonderfully human in every way—but at the same time he has the aura of *legend* about him as well.

At 78 years of age, with more than six decades of experience behind him, *he is perhaps the most skillful watchmaker in the world.*

And now, to crown his extraordinary career, we are asking Mr. Kroehnert to step out of his anonymity and to share his talent with a modern world which rarely sees this sort of personal craftsmanship.

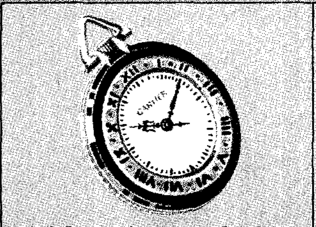


Black Onyx with round Diamonds
Completion date: June, 1977



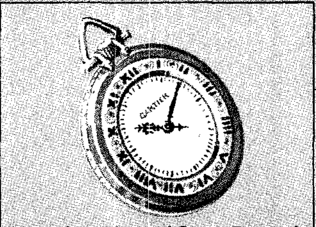
Lapis Lazuli with square cut Rubies
Completion date: July, 1977

Completion date: August, 1977

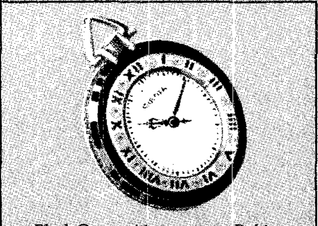


Black Onyx with square cut Sapphires

Completion date: September, 1977

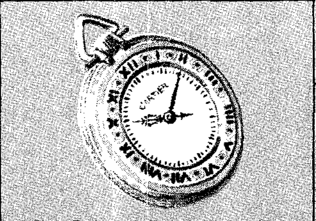


Aventurine with round Canary Diamonds

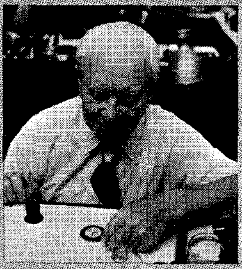


Black Onyx with square cut Rubies
Completion date: October, 1977

Malachite with square cut Rubies
Completion date: November, 1977



Rose Quartz with square cut Rubies
Completion date: December, 1977



Walter Kroehnert
in the Cartier workshop

During the second half of this year, Walter Kroehnert will make seven pocket watches, completing one each month starting in June and ending in December. No two watches will be alike.

He will make each case from a single piece of semi-precious stone. The rim which circles each watch will be set with perfectly matched precious stones, secured in a channel of platinum or 18k yellow gold. The movements are exceptionally thin and are of the highest quality. The dials and unusual "skeleton" hands have been custom made for this edition.

Reservations are now being accepted for these remarkable timepieces. Interested collectors may reserve any of the seven pieces described in this offering, with the understanding that there can be no changes in the completion dates noted above. Each watch will be priced at $10,000.

To reserve a piece from the collection, please write to me directly with the particulars of your interest. Please understand, however, that each piece is of course subject to prior sale.

Ralph Destino

Ralph Destino
President

Cartier

653 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

oil paintings. Through Saturday, June 25. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Works done during the last few years of her life, showing how she broke away from the conventions of flat abstract painting, and from color itself, and entered her own realm of latex drapery, festoons of electrical wire, fibre-glass webs, and tangles of raw hemp. Through July 15. (Droll-Kolbert, a new gallery, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—Two of this sculptor's towering, spindly figures (they're cut from half-inch aluminum plate, and the taller one is fourteen feet high) engaged in some all-consuming tennis match, plus maquettes and cut-out Mylar collages, also devoted to tennis. Through July 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

James Nichols—Metallic collages in which Byzantine-looking decorations (they would fit very well in a church window or the front of an altar) are constructed of mundane scraps of tin—insect-spray cans, Halloween trimmings, olive-oil cans—cut into imaginative arabesques and fitted together like pieces of jewelry. Through Saturday, June 25. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Pierson—Three-dimensional abstract splotches that seem to have been flung against the wall and to have stuck there; they are made of fibre glass and provided with both real and painted shadows, which set them off to good effect. Through Friday, June 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer / Paul Narkiewicz—Large abstract paintings, some suggesting the view looking out from an interior and others suggesting the view looking in. / Watercolors, heavy and flat in color, showing a stylized Italian countryside. Through Friday, June 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: The summer show includes abstractions in oil on aluminum by Martha Diamond; and a large realist oil painting of some brick buildings by Yvonne Jacquette. Through Aug. 31. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by ten of the gallery regulars include a preliminary drawing and a maquette for one of Michael Vessa's reflecting constructions; a jagged, vaguely floral wall piece cut from quarter-inch hot-rolled steel by James Reineking; and a hanging of overlapping folds of dyed and stained canvas by Mon Levinson. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A batch of new works by gallery artists includes an odd painting of a nude curled up in a hammock and seen from above, by Philip Pearlstein; a series of large portrait drawings, by Alfred Leslie; one of Joan Brown's Alcatraz-swim series; and a funny, belated Bicentennial drawing of Uncle Sam, by William Wiley. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by contemporary masters of the craft, including a couple of Saul Steinbergs; a series of five mixed-medium works by Janet Stayton celebrating the gustatory pleasures; an eight-foot-tall drawing by Christo of the Reichstag all wrapped up; and a couple of small erotic sketches by Tom Wesselmann. Through June 30. . . . **IOLAS**, 52 E. 57th St.: "Drawings on Paper" presents eleven artists, among them Lloyd Goldsmith, who does sweeping cityscapes of marvellous detail and precision in pencil; Philippa Quarrell, a Minimalist, who works in colored-pencil dots; Nicholas Barbieri, another Minimalist, who sets down a single ruled graphite line on creased paper; and Allen Ruppersberg, whose contribution here is a series of nine impressionist drawings of the New York *Times*. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Charles Demuth, Leonard Baskin, José de Creeft, and others. Through July 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Among selected works in various mediums by gallery regulars now on exhibition are a large floral piece by Julien Binford; a child playing with a mannequin by Robert Vickrey; a quasi-primitive work by Robert Sivard showing Sylvia Beach and James Joyce in the doorway of her Shakespeare bookshop; and a cheerful watercolor of female figures by Gregorio Prestopino. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: The Young Talent show here includes some first-rate interiors with figures, in which the light creates odd effects, by David Hollowell; small tempera paintings of night-club audiences and other nocturnal types by Andrew Stevovich; and paper collages and painted-canvas constructions by Judy Hand. Through Friday, June 17. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Chryssa, Tony Rosenthal, Robert Indiana, and other artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Alice Baber and Power Boothe are two of the gallery artists whose works are on view. Through July 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists. Through July 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show called American Art Fifty Years Ago offers a painting of a non-abstracted egg-beater by Stuart Davis, a delicate study of zinnias by Demuth, and representative works by, among others, Marin, Kuniyoshi, Hartley, and Nadelman. Through Friday, June 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carolyn Brady—Exceptionally large watercolors devoted mostly to furniture—wicker chairs, for instance—and interior scenes crowded with lush plants. The painting is of a startlingly high order. Through June 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Emily Fuller / Diane Kaiser—Abstract paintings in which a solid-color pigment has been rubbed into various sections of unstretched canvas that have been sewed together. / Abstract watercolors in which brushstrokes of the same color are as thick as the leaves of grass in a lawn. Through Wednesday, June 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Fifteen abstractions with Western Indian motifs, constituting the last work of this young German painter, whose real name was Peter Heisterkamp and who somehow acquired the nickname of Sonny Liston's fight manager. Through Saturday, June 25. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Phillip Rivlin—Abstract paintings simply done on canvas-covered wooden panels. Through Wednesday, June 22. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Saturdays.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Roberta Allen—Absolutely Minimal works, consisting of arrangements of sheets of white paper and gray, weathered-looking sheets, some of them bearing almost invisible pencil lines. / Drawings on Plexiglas, most of them confined to two straight ruled lines crossing each other at right angles. Through Saturday, June 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

John Schiebold / Margie Billstein Katz—Acrylics heavily spiked with graphite and laid on the canvas in thick strokes, resulting in a sombre, metallic overlay through which a livelier underpainting flickers here and there. / Abstract oil paintings based on human forms sprawled out over the canvas. Through Saturday, June 25. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Nancy Malkin Stember—Colorful acrylic paintings in which what seem to be vegetable forms are employed in a repeat pattern that covers the whole canvas. Through Thursday, June 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Norman Tuck / Ralph Goings—Three pieces of kinetic sculpture, each of which the viewer is free to operate, by hand. / Urban street corners and diner interiors, plus outsize still-lifes of dinner-table settings, by this hyper-realist, who is using figures for the first time. Through Saturday, June 18. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Mia Westerlund—Two concrete sculptures, one consisting of four huge wedges lying on their sides and fitted together into a rectangular shape, and the other of two upright wedges faced with rusted steel plate, which gives the piece an odd patina. Through Saturday, June 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Zansky—Six large abstract oil paintings, which seem to hover on the brink of reality. Through Wednesday, June 22. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Works by gallery members in stone, wood, metal, and other mediums. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Ten alumni of the School of Visual Arts showing a single work apiece; Sol LeWitt's contribution is a stylish set of geometric permutations done in white chalk on a jet-black wall, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt's is a glorified altarpiece made largely of gold and silver foil. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **SOLWAY**, 139 Spring St.: Drawings by six artists, including Gary Kuehn and Joan Snyder. Through Saturday, June 18.

OTHER GALLERIES

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five-feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Anna Walinska has nineteen paintings dating from the fifties and sixties. Also on view are paintings by Robert Buecker and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner and Lily Ente. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: A poem-painting collaboration by Frank O'Hara and Norman Bluhm, as well as works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through July 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Taking advantage of a new law making federal buildings accessible to cultural exhibits, forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract, except for an oil called "Municipal Building," by Johan Sellenraad, which seems to reflect its present surroundings, and three large wooden crablike sculptures by Pedro Lujan. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)

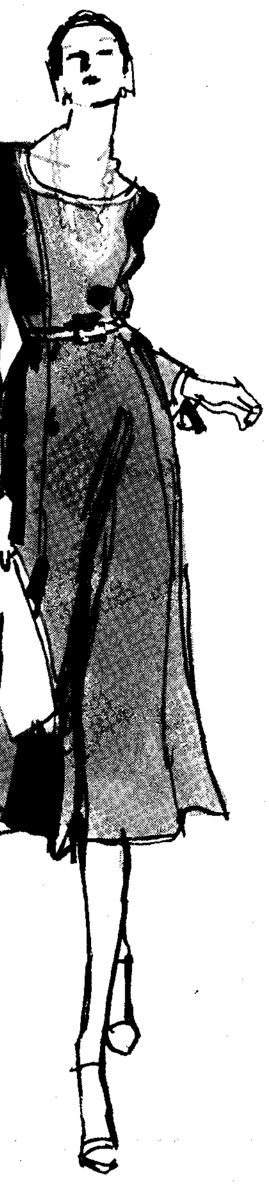
PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams / Paul Berger—Monumental landscapes of the Southwest, plus other works. / View-camera contact prints of mathematical calculations on classroom blackboards, mounted in strips on plastic paper. Through June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Felice A. Beato—Landscapes and hand-tinted genre scenes of nineteenth-century Japan, by a Venetian-born Englishman who was among the first visitors to the newly opened country. Through Friday, June 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Wynn Bullock (1902-75) / **Don Cyr**—Thirty photographs, most of them nature studies. / Prints made with a dollar-ninety-eight Diana camera. Through Saturday, June 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nadar (1820-1910) / **Edward Steichen** (1879-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through Saturday, June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below under "Museums," for dates and times.

Janet Rifkin—Conceptual color prints involving a play of light around a given object, such as a light fixture. Through Saturday, June 18. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Willard Van Dyke—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color photographs and graphics by, among others, Neal Slavin, Eve Sonneman, and David Hockney. Through July 2. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Contemporary amateur and professional sporting events photographed by Walter Iooss, Jr., Neil Leifer, John Zimmerman, and others. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1976), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Both shows through July 3. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of the pioneer days in the American West by Curtis, Muybridge, Watkins, and lesser-known photographers. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Unposed Portraits" offers works by nine contemporary photographers, including Mark Cohen, Robert Frank, and Danuta Otfinowski. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Verrocchio's bronze "Putto with a Dolphin," originally conceived as a fountain figure, can be seen in the central court of the Lehman Pavilion through July 3. . . . ¶ "Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. Through July 17. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of country, jazz, and other music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through Sunday, June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and drawings of the abstractionist Richard Diebenkorn. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through Sunday, June 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of portraits. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of *no* woven silk robes and carved masks that were used in theatrical performances dating back to the seventeenth century. The hundred and forty-five pieces that comprise the collection are being divided into three sections, with each section on view for a two-week period. The current tour of duty ends Saturday, June 18. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complement to this exhibition is a showing of twenty sculptures, plus drawings, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass,"

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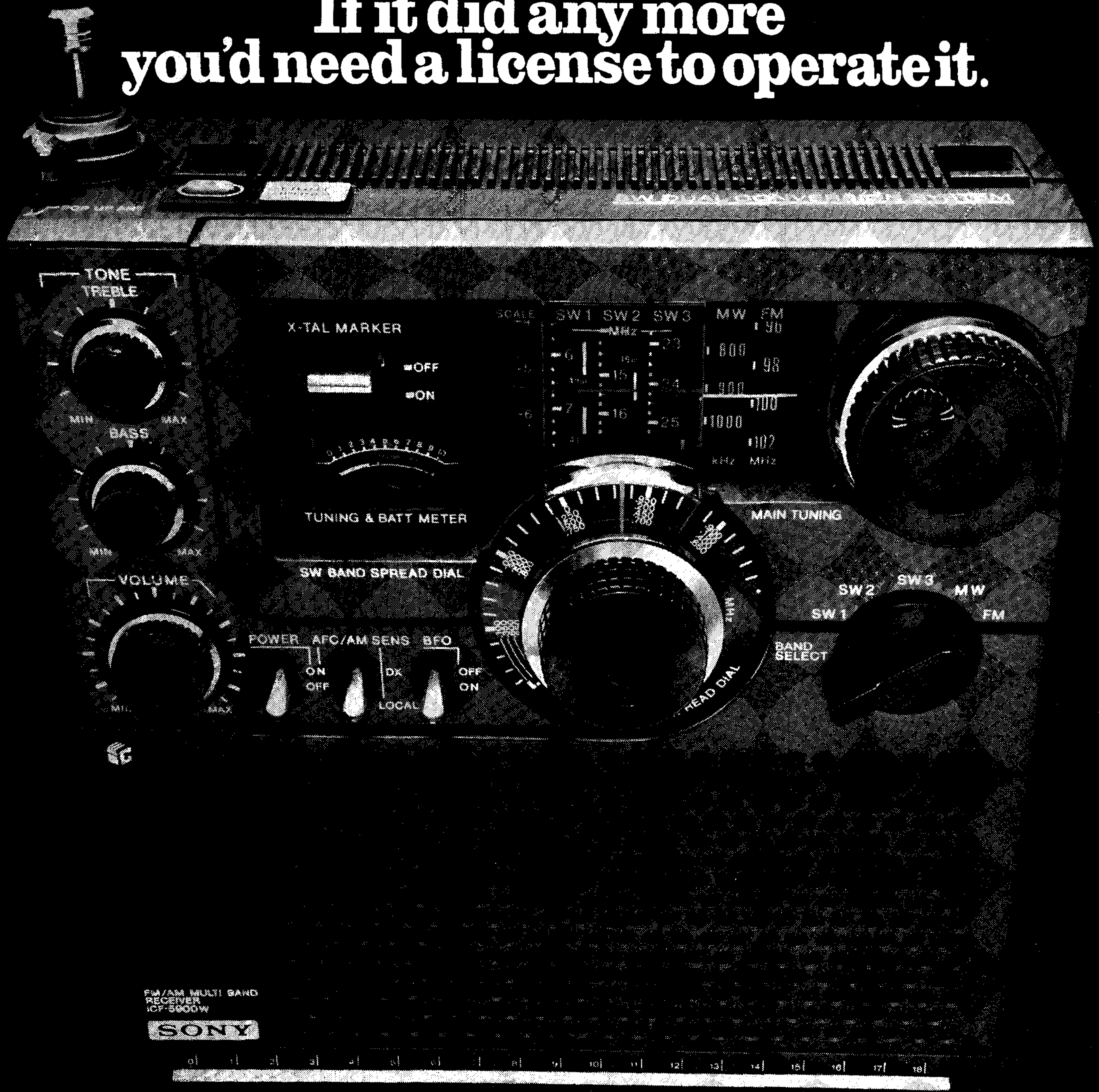
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BONWIT TELLER

and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—An eight-performance series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra will be divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Thursday, June 16, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra A (with Lorne Munroe, cello); Friday, June 17, Dennis Russell Davies conducting Orchestra B (with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and William Atherton, narrator); Saturday, June 18, Sergiu Comissiona conducting Orchestra A (with Ken Noda, piano); Sunday, June 19, Erich Leinsdorf directing Orchestra B (with Gianna Rolandi, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone and narrator; and the Camerata Singers); Thursday, June 23, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra B (with Pinchas Zukerman, violin); Friday, June 24, Dennis Russell Davies conducting Orchestra A (with the New York Saxophone Quartet); Saturday, June 25, Pinchas Zukerman conducting Orchestra B in an all-Vivaldi program and acting as soloist (with Rodney Friend, Kenneth Gordon, and Marc Ginsberg, also violin); and Sunday, June 26, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra A (no soloists).

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Sunday, June 19, at 6:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 21—Saturday, June 25, at 8:30: Brian Priestman directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, Chorus, and Children's Chorus in a benefit concert, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Felicia Montealegre, reciter; and Charles Bressler, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 17, at 7: Harry Chapin and Leon Redbone. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 7: Daryl Hall and John Oates, with Kenny Loggins. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19, at 7: Seals & Crofts and Burton Cummings. . . . ¶ Monday, June 20, at 7: Crosby, Stills & Nash. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 21, at 7: Supertramp. . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 7: America. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8:15: Vicki Carr and Henry Mancini. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 7: Bread. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Thursday, June 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, June 24, at 8, and Saturday, June 25, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Thursday and Friday, June 16-17, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 18-19, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Monday through Wednesday, June 20-22, at 8:05.

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Youthful, Wednesday, June 15; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 18; The Fashion, Monday, June 20; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23. . . . **woodbine**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 25.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, June 19, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, June 18. . . . **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, June 20, through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands racetrack**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport, Saturday, June 18, through Saturday, June 25.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, June 16, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and other paintings by such artists as Giuseppe Bernardino Bison, Luca Carlevaris, Anthony Van Dyck, and Thomas Jenkins; from the estate of Harry G. Sperling and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, June 17, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 17. . . . **christie's**, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. Wednesday, June 15, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, Alessandro Magnasco, Nicolaes Berchem, and others; from several collectors, including Benny Goodman.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**clove lakes park**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, William Walker, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Jan Behr. . . . **prospect park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Richard Woitach. . . . **cunningham park**, Queens: Saturday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and Justino Diaz; Jan Behr. . . . **central park's sheep meadow**: Tuesday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and Justino Diaz; Jan Behr. . . . **van cortlandt park**, Bronx: Wednesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Richard Woitach. . . . **marine park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, William Walker, and Jerome Hines; Jan Behr.

Central Park Mall—The Brooklyn Boys' Chorus and the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. (Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30; rain date, June 20.)

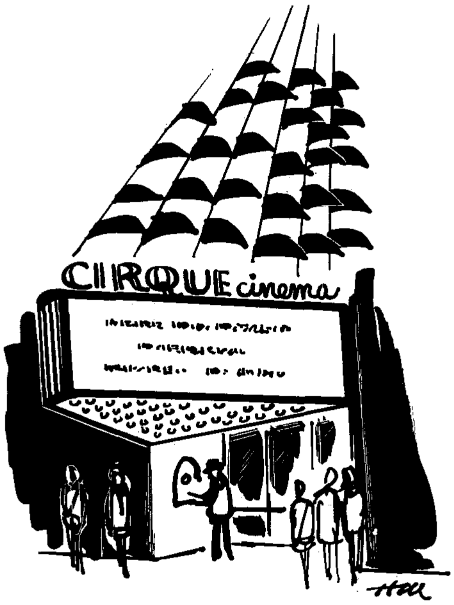
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, July 31. (First concert on Wednesday, June 22—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Walking Tour—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 19, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 15: "Pumping Iron."
June 16: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From June 17: "Pumping Iron."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-0292)
Through June 21: "Slap Shot" and "The Sentinel."
From June 22: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 21: "Network."
From June 22: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rollercoaster."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 16: "Annie Hall."
From June 17: "The Deep."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 16: "Between the Lines."
From June 17: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Rocky."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 20: "3 Women."
From June 21: "Pardon Mon Affaire."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 22: "Ossessione."
From June 23: "Conversation Piece."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 16: "Feet First."
From June 17: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Bridge Too Far."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 16: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
From June 17: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 16: "Black Sunday."
From June 17: "The Deep."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 21: "Slap Shot."
From June 22: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 16: "The Greatest."
From June 17: "Black Sunday."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rollercoaster."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 21: "Gums" (X-rated).
From June 22: "3 Women."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 21: "Pumping Iron" and another feature, to be announced.
From June 22: "Mean Frank and Crazy Tony" and "Women in Cell Block 7."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

RENOIR CINEMA, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 15: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick."
From June 16: "Touched in the Head."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 16: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Harold and Maude."
From June 17: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Open City" and "M." From June 22: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: "Fellini's Casanova."
Theatre 3: Through June 21: "The Late Show." From June 22: "High Street."
Theatre 4: Through June 21: "Carrie" and "Audrey Rose." From June 22: "Wizards" and "Phantom of the Paradise."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 21: "The Sting."
From June 22: "For the Love of Benji."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Smokey and the Bandit."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 21: Theatre closed.
From June 22: "New York, New York."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 21: "Slap Shot" and "Gable and Lombard."
From June 22: "Rocky" and another feature, to be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 18: "Annie Hall."
From June 19: "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cría!"

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 21: "Pumping Iron."
From June 22: "That Cold Day in the Park."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 21: "Fellini's Casanova."
From June 22: "3 Women."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 2: "Black Sunday."
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "Young Lady Chatterley" (X-rated). From June 17: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 15: "The American Soldier" and "Gods of the Plague."
From June 16: "Effi Briest."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 21: "Slap Shot" and "The Sentinel."
From June 22: "Rocky" and "Breakheart Pass."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 15: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "China Is Near" (1968), in Italian, directed by Marco Bellocchio.
June 16: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "The Conformist."
June 17: "The Devils" (†); and "Marat/Sade."
June 18: "The Damned" (†) and "The Devils." (†)
June 19-20: "The Damned" (†); and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
June 21: "The Flying Deuces" (1939), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Laurel and Hardy; and "Speedy" (1928), with Harold Lloyd.
June 22-23: "More" (†) and "Stardust." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 15: "The Pleasure Garden" (1925), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander; and "Jamaica Inn" (1939), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams, Maureen O'Hara, Leslie Banks, and Marie Ney.
June 16: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
June 17: "Hour of the Wolf" (†) and "Persona." (†)
June 18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), directed by Daniel Mann, with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Jo Van Fleet, and Marisa Pavan.
June 19: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
June 20: "General della Rovere" (†) and "Stromboli." (†)
June 21: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Marlowe." (†)
June 22: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†) and "La Collectionneuse." (†)
June 23: "Breathless" (†) and "Masculine Feminine." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 16: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.
June 17-18: "A Hard Day's Night" (†) and "Help!" (†)
June 19-20: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom.
June 21: "Around the World in 80 Days." (†)
June 22-23: "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews; and "The Great Gatsby" (1974), directed by Jack Clayton, with Mia Farrow, Robert

Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 15: "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Wolves" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha.

June 16-18: "The Last Samurai" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa.

June 19: "Human Condition, Part I: No Greater Love" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

June 20: "Human Condition, Part II: Road to Eternity" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

June 21: "Human Condition, Part III: The Soldier's Prayer" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

From June 22: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Matatabi" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 21: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

From June 22: "Pharaoh" (1965), in Polish, directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 16: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

June 17-18: "The Killers" (†) and "They Made Me a Criminal." (†)

June 19-20: "Jungle Book" (†) and "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

June 21: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

June 22-23: "White Zombie" (†); "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt; and "Death Kiss." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 16 at 2:30: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (1916), directed by Stuart Paton, with Jane Gail and Allen Holubar. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: "Damon and Pythias" (1914), directed by Otis Turner. . . . ¶ June 16 at 8:30: "Boxcar Bill Falls in Luck" (1917); "Levi and McGinnes Running for Office" (1914); and "The Primrose Path" (1915), directed by Lawrence Marston, with Gladys Walton. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "Her Defiance" (1916), directed by Cleo Madison and Joe King, with Miss Madison; and "Traffic in Souls" (1913), directed by George Loane Tucker, with Jane Gail and Matt Moore. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "The Lovers" (1958), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau and Alain Cuny. . . . ¶ June 18 at noon: "First Love" (1939), directed by Henry Koster, with Deanna Durbin and Robert Stack. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "A Mother's Atonement" (1915), directed by Joseph De Grasse, with Lon Chaney and Cleo Madison. . . . ¶ June 18 at 5: "Damon and Pythias." . . . ¶ June 19 at noon and 2:30: Two programs of animated films by Walter Lantz. . . . ¶ June 19 at 5: "Little Nemo" (1911), "The Dachshund and the Sausage" (1910-13), "Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse at the Circus" (1916), and "Morpheus Mike" (1917). . . . ¶ June 20 at noon: A program of animated films by Walter Lantz. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "A Mother's Atonement." . . . ¶ June 20 at 6: "Dialogue with a Woman Departed," a three-hour work-in-progress by Leo Hurwitz. . . . ¶ June 21 at noon: A program of animated films by Walter Lantz. . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "Amateur Daddy" (1932), directed by John Blystone, with Warner Baxter and Marian Nixon. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "The Dumb Girl of Portici" (1916), directed by Lois Weber, with Anna Pavlova. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "A Japanese Idyll" (1912), and "Where Are My Children?" (1916), both directed by Lois Weber. . . . ¶ June 23 at 8:30: "Discontent" (1916), and "A Chapter in Her Life" (1923), both directed by Lois Weber. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 19: "The Five-Day Bicycle Race" and "Mock Turtle Soup," video installations. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"We're Not the Jet Set" (1974), a documentary, directed by Robert Duvall. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19-20.)

The American Soldier (1970)—With Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; June 15.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 16. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through June 18.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Cinema Village; June 21.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (5/9/77) (Sutton; through June 16.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through June 16. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; starting June 17.)

Breakheart Pass (1976)—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Olympia; starting June 22.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

A Bridge Too Far—Based on the Cornelius Ryan book about the Battle of Arnhem, in the Second World War. Directed by Richard Attenborough. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U. A. East.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 16.)

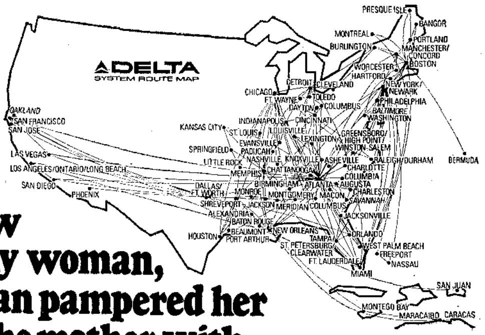
La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

Conversation Piece—With Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (9/29/75) (D. W. Griffith; starting June 23.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—her mother's, her father's (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig's, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. With Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, and Helmut Berger. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 18-20.)

DEATH KISS (1932)—The ultimate in forgettable murder mysteries. The cast (Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, Adrienne Ames, Vince Barnett) makes it sound promising, and so does the setting for the murder (a movie studio). But the script is a bummer, the direction by Edwin L. Marin is dismal, and Lugosi is given nothing to do. He glowers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22-23.)

THE DEEP—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East; starting June 17.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17-18.)

EFFI BRIEST (1974)—With Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting June 16.)

EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC—With Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; directed by John Boorman. (Cinema II, Beekman, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 17.)

FEET FIRST (1930)—Directed by, and with, Harold Lloyd. (Cinema II; through June 16.)

FELLINI'S CASANOVA—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through June 21.)

FOR THE LOVE OF BENJI—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild; starting June 22.)

GABLE AND LOMBARD (1976)—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Playboy; through June 21.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (1960)—Roberto Rossellini made this melodrama, laid in Italy during the Second World War, about the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 20.)

THE GOALIE'S ANXIETY AT THE PENALTY KICK (1972)—Directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Renoir Cinema; June 15.)

GODS OF THE PLAGUE (1960)—With Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; June 15.)

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THE GREATEST—The career of Muhammad Ali, from his 1960 Olympic victory to the 1975 fight in Zaire against George Foreman. With Ali playing himself, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Ciné; through June 16.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Cinema Village; June 17-18.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Cinema Village; June 17-18.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 16.)

HIGH STREET—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by Andre Ernotte. (Quad Cinema; starting June 22.)

HOMAGE TO CHAGALL—THE COLOURS OF LOVE—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie; starting June 19.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

JABBERWOCKY—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

JUNGLE BOOK (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults will have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19-20.)

THE KILLERS (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who does not try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Veiller and John Huston, although Huston's name does not appear in the script credits) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is astonishingly effective), and Siodmak also does wonders with Ava Gardner. With Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Donald MacBride, Vince Barnett, and Jeff Corey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17-18.)

THE LATE SHOW—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

MAN ON THE ROOF—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

MARLOWE (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective, in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

MASCULINE FEMININE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young

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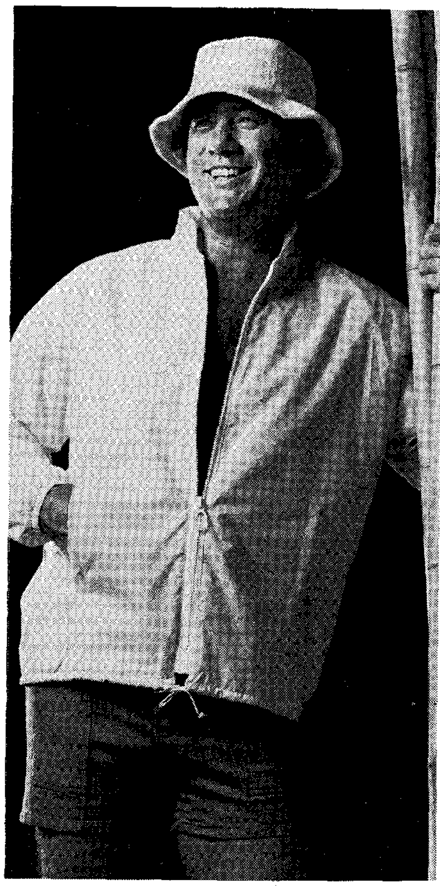

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radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

Mean Frank and Crazy Tony—With Lee Van Cleef and Tony Lo Bianco, directed by Michel Lupo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 22.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Art; June 16.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22-23.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Gramercy; through June 21.)

New York, New York—With Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Ziegfeld; starting June 22.)

Open City (1944)—This brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation is famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

Ossessione (1942)—Directed by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie. The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Sometimes dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (6/13/77) (D. W. Griffith; through June 22.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Derived from the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Coronet.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet; starting June 21.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Quad Cinema; starting June 22.)

Pumping Iron—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Art; June 15 and June 17-23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Cinema Studio; through June 21.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naive, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith (11/29/76) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting June 22.)

Rollercoaster—With George Segal, Richard Widmark, and Timothy Bottoms; directed by James Goldstone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Saradon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through June 21.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Gramercy; starting June 22.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through June 21.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall.)

Stardust (1975)—A hyperbolic English melodrama about the rise of a working-class rock group which never invites the viewer into the story. At first, the central character, played by David Essex, seems to be a crude punk, pushed to the top by shrewd mercenaries, but by the time he has been insulated by riches and stardom, the film's nastiness turns against the crowds who pursue him. The director, Michael Apted, shows his usual flashes of talent, and, as usual, he overreaches. The editing is irritatingly mannered, and the exposé aspects are fuzzy-minded. The hipness and bitterness aren't entertaining, and they don't serve any serious purpose, either. When the hero ODs on a big international live TV show, the neo-Nazi grandiloquence of the spectacle is too sodden to be satirical. Written by Ray Connolly, the film continues the story of the film "That'll Be the Day," which dealt with the hero's earlier days. With Adam Faith as the manager, Keith Moon, Marty Wilde, and Larry Hagman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22-23.)

Star Wars—Moon landings and astronomers' maps have put an end to our dreams of a man-in-the-moon made of cheese; it remains to TV serials and moviemakers to revive our romantic interest. "Star Wars," written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer who looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Guild; through June 21.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 20.)

That Cold Day in the Park (1969)—It is certainly well directed (by Robert Altman), it's well written (by Gillian Freeman), and it is beautifully shot (by Laslo Kovacs). But does anybody want to see a movie about a spinster (Sandy Dennis) who traps a young man (Michael Burns) and walls him up in her home? There may be something in the film medium itself that works against these stories of obsessional incarceration ("The Collector" also failed): we are trapped along with the prisoner, and we long to get away. One can admire the film for its craftsmanship; it has a cold brilliance. But that's all. From a novel by Richard Miles; music by Johnny Mandel. (Cinema Studio; starting June 22.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—The screenwriters must have gone berserk on this one, or maybe it was some higher-up's idea to cast John Garfield as a New York prizefighter on the lam from a murder charge, who gets a job on a date ranch in Arizona, which is run by a kindly old lady (May Robson) as a work farm for delinquent boys—the Dead End Kids. When the do-gooding old broad is about to be evicted, the redeemed Garfield enters a local prizefight, and is spotted by a New York detective. To add to the unlikeliness, Busby Berkeley was the director. The melodrama is mawkishly familiar, but there are watchable bits along the way, and it's tolerable. Barbara Pepper and Ann Sheridan figure in the big-city dirty glitter at the beginning, and on the ranch there's twisty-mouth Gloria Dickson as the good-woman blonde—she's an odd one, even by Warner's thirties standards. James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17-18.)

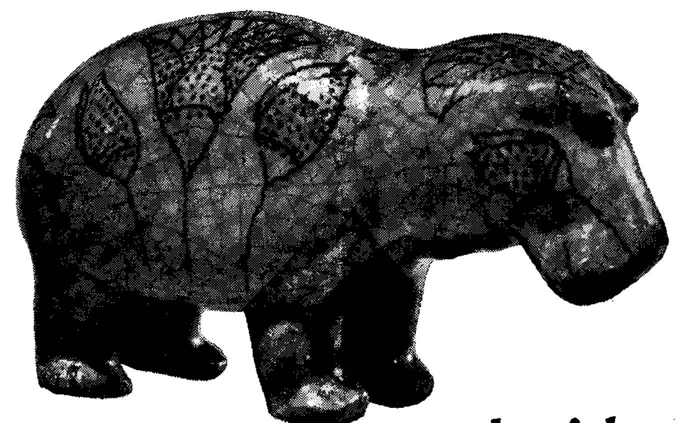
3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Baronet: through June 20. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 22.)

Touched in the Head—Directed by Jacques Doillon. In French. (Renoir Cinema; starting June 16.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Beekman; through June 16. . . . ¶ Sutton; starting June 17.)

White Zombie (1932)—Madge Bellamy arrives in Haiti to get married but is abducted by a satanic zombie master (Bela Lugosi) who has taken a fancy to her. She becomes, as they used to say, "a slave to his will." For those absolutely dedicated to gothic silliness. Victor Halperin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22-23.)

Wizards—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This new color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in the Russian "War and Peace." The first cartoon that has the quality of a good epic. (Quad Cinema; starting June 22.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE jazz saxophonist Paul Desmond, who died a week or so ago, at the age of fifty-two, once remarked that the sound he tried to achieve on the alto saxophone might be compared to a dry Martini. The quote followed him for years, and he would sometimes gently point out to whoever brought it up that he'd gone on to say that his playing often sounded like several dry Martinis. But, of course, it did not. His clean, flutelike tone was always perfectly controlled—bittersweet, slightly wistful, and very much the mirror of a romantic inner self he kept mostly hidden, in day-to-day life, behind a lightning wit. Desmond was fascinated by counterpoint in jazz—the spontaneous flow of interweaving lines conjured up right on the stand, from moment to moment—and part of his admiration for Dave Brubeck, his partner for seventeen years, was based on that fascination. Brubeck and Desmond were able to do counterpoint almost immediately, the second time they played together, and Desmond considered this both a miracle and a mystery. For many years, Desmond lived alone in a small apartment in midtown Manhattan, surrounded by a seemingly unchanging clutter of books, records, tape recorders, earphones, and sheet music. He had lots of money, but it didn't appear to interest him. He liked good bars, puzzles of all kinds, puns, and staying up all night. The things he disliked he kept to himself.

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Three Relics

STEAMBOAT: The final voyage of the Chauncey M. Depew, which is a trim, pretty little hundred-and-ninety-six-foot, mahogany-and-brass-fitted three-decker steamer—named for a New York Republican senator who, while president of the New York Central Railroad, had got ninety-nine votes for President of the United States at the 1888 Republican Convention—and which saw service as a Hudson River Day Line steamer to Poughkeepsie and back from 1925 until 1940, started at six on a recent misty morning from the Morris Canal, a narrow arm of the Hudson in Jersey City just about directly across the river from the World Trade Center. Two green tugs from the Bronx Towing Line—the Bronx and the Colonial—backed the Depew into the Hudson, and then pushed and pulled her past Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty into the Kill van Kull (between Staten Island and New Jersey), up Newark Bay to the Hackensack River, and through the Jersey marshes to a mooring in Secaucus, a mile or so from the Giants Stadium and the Meadowlands race track. The Depew began her professional career in 1913, as the Rangeley, a Maine Central Railroad ferryboat to Mt. Desert Island which met the private railroad cars of Bar Harbor summer residents on the mainland. After the Second World War, the government of Bermuda bought her and used her to transport people from cruise ships. In 1969, Bermuda bought a diesel tender, and in 1970 the Depew steamed back to the United States and Chesapeake Bay, where she got hung up on a breakwater during a storm a few months later. She sat there for almost three years, listing forty-five degrees and half submerged.

Secaucus, New Jersey, these days is a boom town. It is dominated by a complex owned by Hartz Mountain Industries, an immense conglomerate that includes the Hartz Mountain Corporation, the giant birdseed and pet-food outfit. The complex itself includes quarters for Pierre Cardin, Yves Saint Laurent, Givenchy, Goya Foods, and Panasonic; a three-hundred-and-twelve-room Hilton Hotel now under construction; a racquet club; and Harmon Cove, a luxury development that backs onto the Hackensack and whose units start at fifty-two thousand dollars and sell for up to a hundred and eight thousand. The link between Chesapeake Bay and Secaucus is David Cory, a twenty-five-year-old native of Millburn, New Jersey, and a U.C.L.A. grad. Cory decided that the one thing missing in Secaucus was a luxury res-

taurant, and he figured that a boat would make a good one. He bought the Depew and got Gary Palumbo, a Millburn High School friend who had started his own design firm in the basement of his parents' house, to turn the Depew into the Aratusa Supper Club. Cory, Palumbo, a small work crew, and Cory's younger brother Mark spent last winter working on the boat in Jersey City. They tore out the boiler, put in a kitchen, created several redwood- or mahogany-panelled dining areas on the second deck, and built a long bar in a many-windowed lounge cabin on the top deck. They worked seven days a week throughout the winter—all except Mark, who was in the eighth grade and worked weekends—and it got so cold that hammers stuck to their hands, and when they tried to pour anisette or Sambuca into their coffee in the early mornings to warm up, they sometimes found it frozen in the bottle. The steamer's new mooring in Secaucus is about eight miles by car from the Morris Canal in Jersey City and almost twenty nautical miles by boat. The passengers on the final voyage were Cory, Palumbo, and Mark; a partner of Cory's; a woman from the New Jersey bank that had lent Cory the money to get the project started; Cory's secretary; John Guidice, formerly the maître d' at the Manor in West Orange, who is going to be maître d' at the Aratusa Supper Club; Fred Stoecker and Stan Novak, the head carpenters; Salvatore Cutruzzula, Cory's tailor; and us.

The Depew had been given a fresh coat of white paint the day before, and she looked ready to get the hell out of Jersey City. We left as soon as Brutus—a dog who often carries a beer can around in his mouth, and who had adopted the Depew crew—was put ashore. The Queen Elizabeth 2 glided up the Hudson as we were backed out into the river. In the Kill van Kull, workmen at a scrap yard that cuts up old ships into small bits beckoned us closer, waving their acetylene torches. "Come on!" they yelled. "Right over here."

"Uh-uh," Palumbo said quietly. "This is the one that got away."

We went under the Bayonne Bridge, several vertical-lift bridges, cantilever bridges, swing bridges, a trunnion bascule bridge—there were seventeen in all. The only one that gave us any trouble was a Conrail bridge, over the Hackensack. The bridge operators, old Penn Central men, wouldn't even answer our hail for an hour and a half. But while we were waiting, the sun came out, and we figured we'd never get to go cruising on the Hackensack again, so we took off our shirt and lay down on the sun deck behind the pilothouse and took a snooze. When we woke up, the crew of the Bronx invited us over for fried chicken in the galley. (The only food the Depew was packing that day was coffee and Danish.)

On the foredeck of the Bronx, we fell into conversation with Tom Sinacori, a deckhand who used to be a lab technician. "I decided to become a runaway, and now I'm out on the water all the time," Sinacori said. "Look over there." A big slate-colored bird took off slowly over the marshes. "A blue heron," Sinacori said. "A few years ago, you'd never see a bird like that around here. The water's getting cleaner."

Half a mile up the river, we saw a small skiff with two men in it disappearing into the waving cattails around Kingsland Creek. "Crabbers," Sinacori said. "Crabs are back, and up the Hudson, too. People have even started setting lobster pots again under the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, in the East River."

At twelve-thirty-five, after six and a half hours on the water, the Depew tied up in Secaucus. Secaucus had its restaurant, and we had the beginnings of a tan.

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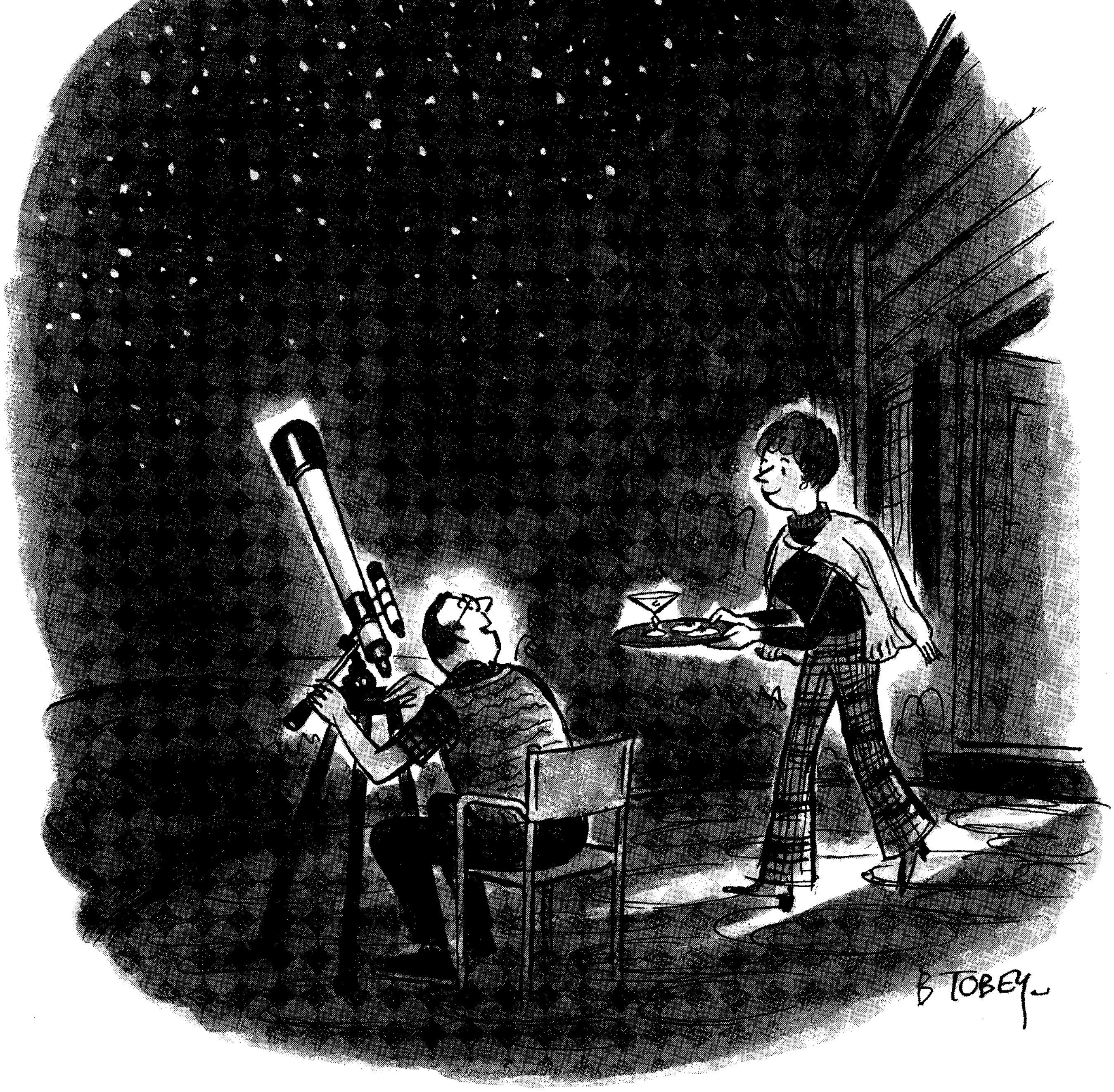
PIANO: Broadway's biggest secret is out at last. The Martin Beck/Henry Gurdon Marquand/Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema Steinway concert grand, the most Olympian pianoforte in the world and one of the most valuable pianos anywhere outside a museum, is back in business after a quarter of a century of service as an orange-drink coaster on the mezzanine of the Martin Beck Theatre, on West Forty-fifth Street. The piano, which is gaudy enough to qualify as a pianofortissimo, is a Steinway that Henry Gurdon Marquand, the second president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—a man who lavished on the Met two Rembrandts, Vermeer's "Young Woman with a Water Jug," a Van Dyck, more than one Hals, a Cuyp, a Hogarth, a Gainsborough, a Reynolds, a Turner, an altarpiece by della Robbia, and several hundred pieces of Syrian and Roman glass—shipped to England in 1884 and paid Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, one of the most expensive English painters of the day, forty thousand dollars to encrust. Five years later, the shining Steinway became the thirty-second piece of Alma-Tadema furniture—he had already designed a music cabinet, ottomans, chairs, and two piano stools to match—in the Greek Drawing Room of the Marquand mansion, at 11 East Sixty-eighth Street. The room tended to get lost in the house, which also had a Persian Room, a Japanese Room, an Arabic Room, and a Hispano-Moorish Room, but the piano was unique. It looks like the work of a team of Arab inlayers, a team of late-Greek vase painters, two Roman sculptors, three Pre-Raphaelite artists, and a nineteenth-century art historian. The underside of the fall-board over the keys has a painting of wandering minstrels, dancing maidens, musicians under a pergola, and lots of scenery on the margin of a sea, by Sir Edward J. Poynter, president of the Royal Academy. The front legs are griffins, and the framework is ebony inlaid with red cedar, boxwood, coral, mother-of-pearl, pearwood, shell, and gems laid out in myrtle wreaths, scrolls, sprigs, tendrils, berries, laurel sprays, and two tripod altars. The lid has the names of Apollo and the nine Muses written in Greek and surrounded by wreaths and ribbons. It's so heavy it has to be held by two lid props, the longer of which is an ivory-and-ebony fluted Ionic column. The underside of the lid is covered with parchment for the signatures of the notables who have played the piano, and you can still read the names Victor Herbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Walter Damrosch, and—a more recent addition—"Richard Rodgers, 2/3/44." The music rack is brass inlaid with silver and copper.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

The Alma-Tadema Steinway got to the Martin Beck Theatre in the twenties, shortly after Martin Beck, a Czech immigrant who built the Orpheum Concert Hall (home theatre of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit) and the Palace on Broadway, opened his first legitimate theatre, which was the theatre he named after himself. Mrs. Martin Beck remembers that she and her husband bought the piano and as much of the Marquand drawing-room furniture as they could find for their town house, on East Sixty-seventh Street. "The piano was too big and too ornate and spoiled the rest of the house," she told us the other day. So it got shipped off to the mezzanine of the theatre, next to an orange-drink bar,



"Gosh, thanks, honey! If I discover a new star, I'll name it after you."

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along with a couple of Alma-Tadema chairs. There it occasionally saw service for parties or as a rehearsal piano, but otherwise very little happened to it except that a brocade cover was slapped over it a long time ago. A framed description of the glories of the piano from the auction catalogue of the Marquand estate is affixed to a nearby pillar, but it is seldom consulted, because from several feet away it looks like a copy of the city fire regulations. Last month, just after the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical "Happy End" moved into the theatre from Brooklyn, Susan Bloch, who is the press agent for the show and was formerly a consultant to the National Endowment for the Humanities, scoured the theatre for a new angle for her hard-luck client: the leading lady quit the show (to be replaced by Meryl Streep); the director resigned; the leading man hurt his leg onstage two days before the opening; his understudy replaced him and then came down with the measles; the leading man came back on crutches. Susan Bloch "discovered" the piano. She got Sally Kraus, the young woman who tunes the orchestra-pit piano for "Happy End," to tune and clean up the Alma-Tadema piano; it had circle marks from glasses on the lid, and the strings were covered with cigarette butts. Then she got David Krane, the young man who is the assistant musical director of the show, to agree to play Kurt Weill medleys on the piano, up there on the mezzanine, for half an hour before show time, and threw a champagne party for the opening of the piano, which we attended.

So did Lotte Lenya (Kurt Weill's

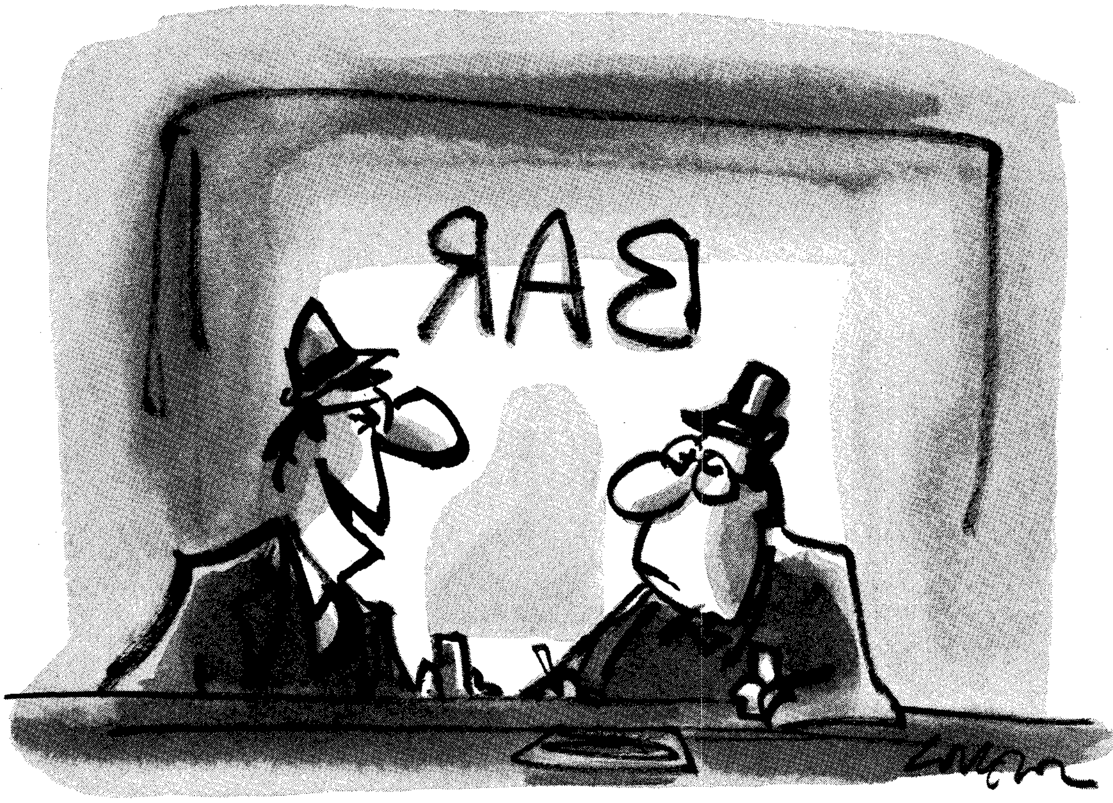
widow), Rachel Gurney (Lady Marjorie Bellamy, of "Upstairs, Downstairs"), L. Arnold Weissberger, Milton Goldman (Meryl Streep's agent), Mr. and Mrs. James Van Alen, and the eminent hat designer Mr. John, who, among many other things, designed hats for "Gone with the Wind" and "Shanghai Express." David Krane asked us to help him lift the piano lid. "It's too heavy for one pianist," he said. "But, once it's open, what a depth of tone you get from this instrument!"

Then Lotte Lenya sang. The piano has been playing every night since.

•

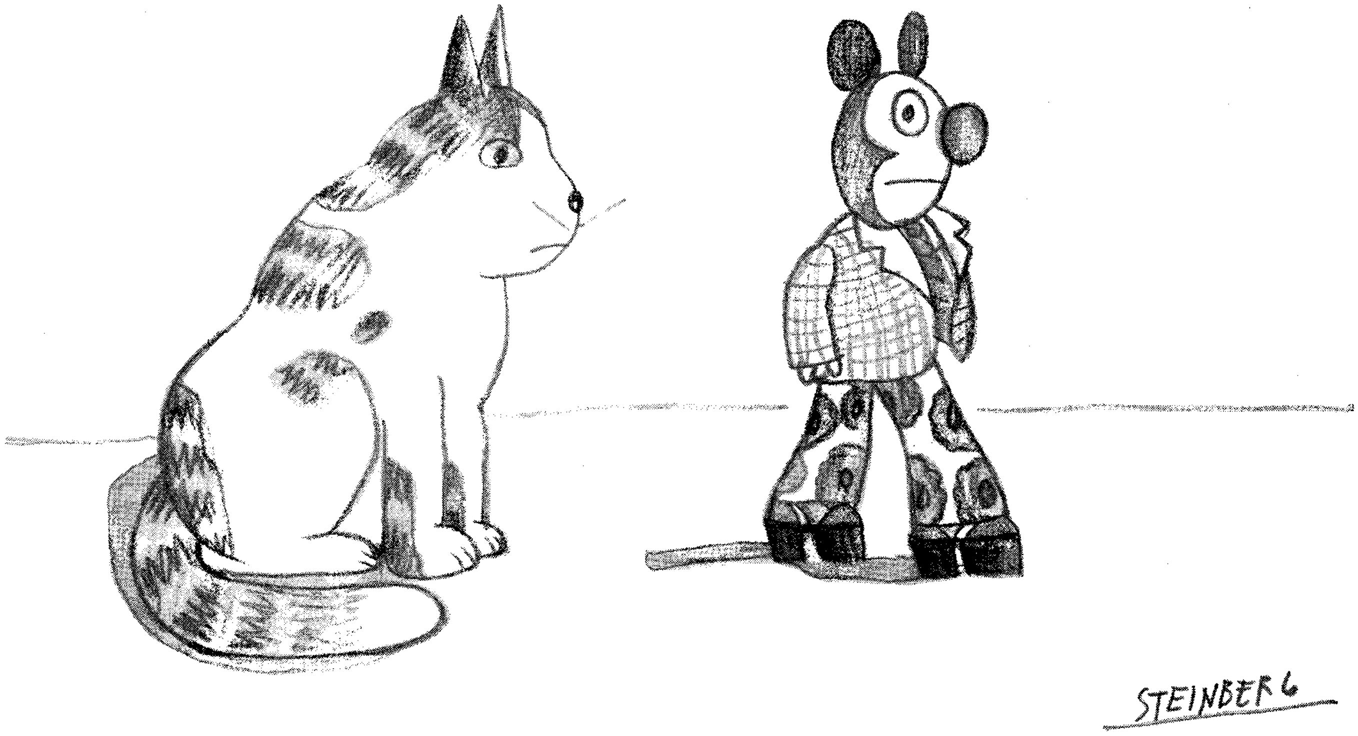
FARM: Last week, on Gericke's Organic Farm, near Rossville, in southwestern Staten Island, which is the only working farm left in the City of New York and the only organic farm ever started in the city, Herbert Gericke and his son Richard were cultivating the early vegetable crops; weeding and thinning the spinach; getting ready to set out some more tomato plants (the first tomato plants this year were done in by the surprise killer frosts in April); and harvesting the June-bearing Guardian-strawberry plants, the first cash crop of the season—slender, bright-red, juicy, and piercingly sweet berries, which the Gerickes sell for a dollar a quart at their store, in front of the farm. Staten Island has always been prime berry land; it has the sandy soil, the temperate southern climate, and the long growing season (the first frost usually doesn't hit until mid-November) that produce the best fruit, and back in the eighteen-twenties, when the Gerickes' farm (eight and nine-tenths acres) was part of the Winant farm (a hundred acres), old Sam Winant raised nothing but sandy-soil crops: strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, and asparagus. You can still find wild-asparagus rills on the Clay Pit Pond land in back of the Gericke place, but the Gerickes' eighth-of-an-acre berry patch is the last bit of Staten Island berry land still under active cultivation.

The Gericke farm is on Arthur Kill Road, near a channel that, like the Kill van Kull, runs between the island from New Jersey, in the middle of an area that was zoned by the city in 1961 for manufacturing. Among the Gerickes' neighbors are a school-bus depot, an attack-dog training school, some liquefied-natural-gas tanks, and the Arthur Kill Correctional Facility. Rossville, which was called Blazing Star until the middle of the nineteenth century, is an old oysterman's town, and a few of the oystermen's columned villas, now shuttered and abandoned for the most part, are still standing. On the Manhattan side of Rossville, where Greek and Italian flower, livestock, and vegetable farms operated twenty years ago, a shopping center and developments of one- and two-family tract houses are being completed. Back in the early nineteen-fifties, when Dick Gericke was secretary of the Staten Island Growers Association, there were sixty working farms on the island. Taxes forced all the others out. The Gerickes pay a thousand dollars an acre a year in real-estate taxes on their land, and their farm is no longer a profit-making operation. They earn enough to pay for the place and to feed themselves, and they've hung on because they like the work. Herbert Gericke, who admits to being eighty-three (his father was a Manhattan banker who summered on Staten Island, and Gericke himself was a hospital-commissary chief, a purchasing agent for the Bosch Magneto Company, and an antique dealer before he turned to farming), says, "I wouldn't eat five cents' worth of that sprayed and processed food from the market. People should browse around and live on what's available from the land, like goats. Then they wouldn't have any stomach complaints." Herbert Gericke wears blue denim overalls with about five ball-point pens stuck in the breast pocket. He has a mane of white hair, bristling black brows, intelligent hazel eyes, and a bushy white mustache and goatee. When he's not working, he likes to sit on an old bench near his red barns—barns that Sam Winant built—under the shade of a shadberry tree he planted for the birds. Gericke bought the farm for his two sons in 1942, but one of them never returned from the Second World War, so after the war he started farming the place with Dick. Dick is now forty-nine. He has a certificate from Rutgers in small-fruits-and-vegetables production and, at the moment, a full-time job on the side—he's a grounds supervisor at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a six-hundred-acre child-care center about a mile from the farm. Dick wears silver aviator glasses and flared jeans and cowboy boots of black tooled leather.



"I disagree with the manner in which you've addressed the issue, but I will defend to the death your right to so address it."

"Everything's breaking loose right now," Herbert Gericke told us under the shadberry tree when we drove over to the farm on



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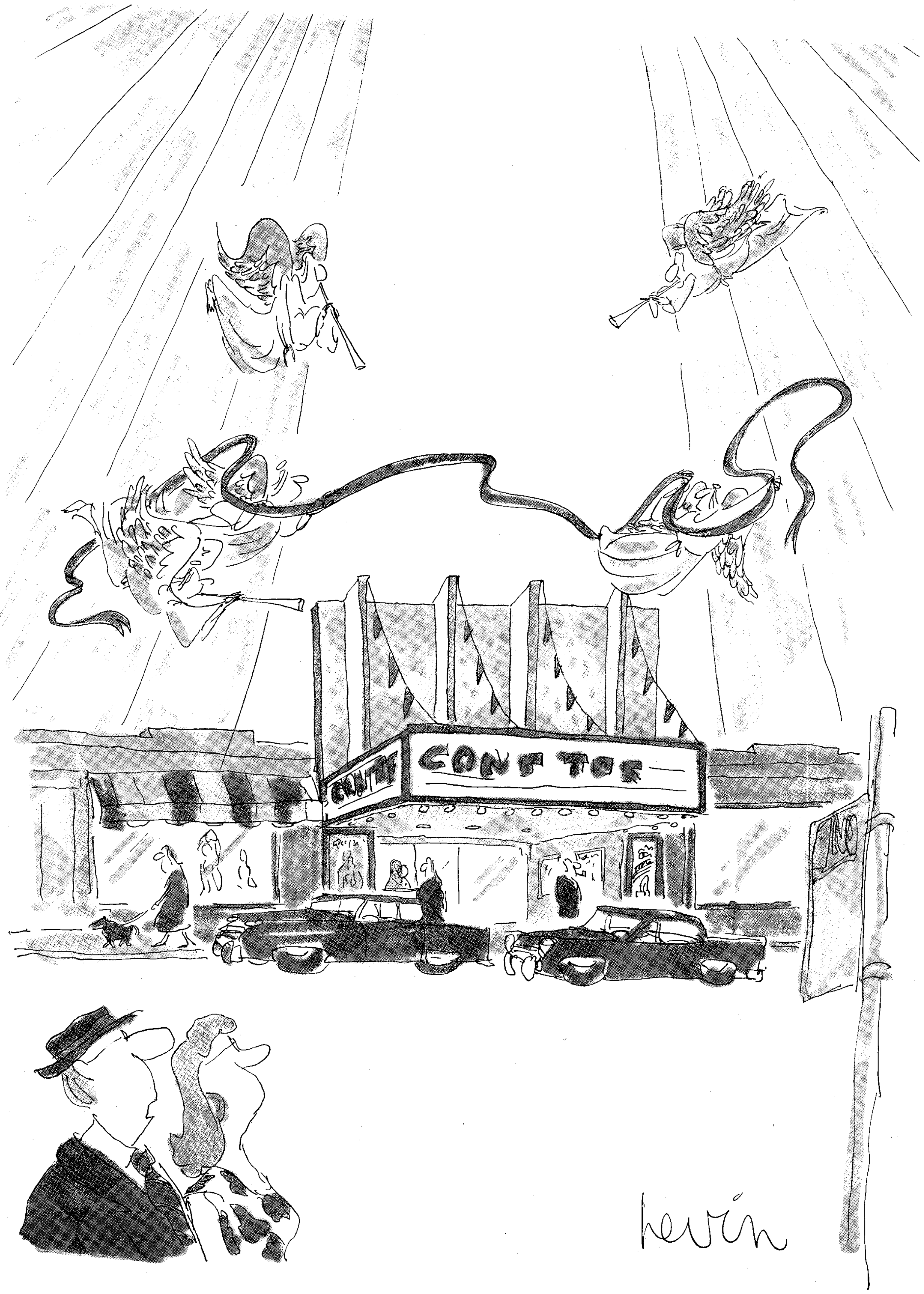
a golden afternoon last week to buy several quarts of strawberries. "We're whipping things into shape. There's no end to the work, but I get up around six-thirty, seven—when I feel like it. Getting up at 5 A.M. is for the birds. Anyone who tells you farmers have to get up at five is crazy—unless you've got cows, of course. I'm getting a kick out of being old today. Youngsters of sixty come in here to buy things and tell me they can't get around anymore."

Dick Gericke was standing in the sun out at the edge of the strawberry patch in his stocking feet, with some quart cardboard boxes in his hands. He takes off his shoes and walks on tiptoe when he picks strawberries, so that he won't squash the berries. He invited us to pick ourself a quart, telling us the sweetest berries were not necessarily the reddest—the sweetest were the ones whose stems had turned shiny. We bent over and started picking and exchanging the time of day with Dick. It's tough to get started picking strawberries—you see so many juicy red ones you suddenly want, and there's a moment of indecision about where to start. If you're smart, you start with the ones nearest to hand. Dick Gericke filled a box in a couple of minutes. It took us about fifteen minutes. Of course, quite a few of the berries we picked never made it into the box—they went straight into our mouth, and they were still warm from the sun. "I've already got four hundred quarts out of this patch in the last week," Dick Gericke said, "and I figure there's probably another four hundred quarts in there. Last Saturday, when the sun was very hot, I picked a berry to eat, and I had to spit it out, it was so hot. The strawberries were cooking on the vine, and I thought I might have a patch of strawberry jam on my hands, so I turned the sprinkler on quick."

A crow cawed in an oak tree fifty yards away, and a robin sang in a sassafras tree; Dick makes root beer for his kids out of sassafras roots he digs up on the place. Dick has a little house, where he lives with his wife and six children, on the other side of the strawberry patch. There's an old truck and a birdbath out front. Through some trees in back shines a peep of yellow—it's a school bus in the depot next door. Otherwise, the scene is rural. Practically no noise except for the birds and the rustling of oak leaves in a quiet breeze. "Pheasants come in and eat berries at dusk," Dick said. "I used to shoot them for dinner, but now I just stand aside and let them eat their fill. When my father bought this place, a dean at Cornell came down from Ithaca and told us we'd never be able to grow anything on this land. But in a year we put down six inches of topsoil. We used manure, summer cover crops, legumes, earthworms, and bacteria cultures. And we enticed toads onto the land. They used to say, you know, that a toad was worth a hundred dollars a year to a farmer, if you calculated just the cutworms it eats at a penny apiece. Now I guess that figure would be more like five hundred dollars. The same toads come back to the same spots each year—I can recognize some of them, and I get the impression some of them can recognize me. When I was a young man, I had big dreams for this place and worked fourteen or fifteen hours a day getting it in shape. It's a wonderful feeling to walk around your land at the end of a day and see what you've done, touch the plants you've worked to grow. You sometimes get the feeling the plants know your touch. It's a shame there can't be any more farms in New York City and all this has to end. I went through a bitter period when I realized that the farms were going for good, and that I would have nothing of what I'd done to pass on to my kids. But now I realize that what I can do one place I can do again another place."

The New York State Office of Parks and Recreation and the State Department of Environmental Conservation are planning to buy two hundred acres of the Clay Pit Pond land behind the Gericke place, and a number of Staten Islanders are hoping that the state will buy up the farm at the same time and will work it, so that New Yorkers will always be able to have at least one farm. Meanwhile, the Gerickes are hanging on, and in a month they'll have farm-fresh lettuce, beets, spinach, carrots, kohlrabi, and lima beans for sale. Later in the season, there will be summer squash, acorn squash, butternut squash, zucchini, cucumbers, tomatoes, snow peas, watermelons, cantaloupes, apricots, peaches, and nectarines.



"One of those specially selected theatres, I imagine."

SISTERS

RAY snapped a tomato from a plant and chewed into its side. His niece, Melissa, was sitting in a swing that hung on chains from the arm of a walnut tree. She wore gauzy cotton pants and a twisted scarf across her breasts. Her hair was cropped and pleat-curled.

"Hey," said Penny, Ray's wife. She came up the grass in rubber thongs, carrying a rolled-up news magazine. "If you're weeding, Ray, I can see milkweed and thistle and a dandelion and chickweed from here. I can see sumac."

"You see good," said Ray.

"I just had the nicest call from Sister Mary Clare," Penny said. "She'll be out to visit this evening."

"Oh, boy," Ray said. He spat a seed from the end of his tongue.

"Her name's Lily," Melissa said. "She's my sister and she's your niece, and we don't have to call her Mary Clare. We can call her Lily."

Penny stood in front of Melissa, obscuring Ray's view of the girl's top half—as if Ray hadn't been seeing it all morning.

"What time is Lily coming?" Melissa asked.

"Don't tell her," Ray said to Penny. "She'll disappear."

"Give me that!" Melissa said. She grabbed Penny's magazine and swatted at her uncle.

"Do you know a Dr. Streich?" Penny said, putting a hand on Melissa's bare shoulder to settle her down. "He was a professor at your university, and there's an article in that magazine about him."

"No," Melissa said. She righted herself in the swing.

"Well, I guess you might *not* know him," Penny said. "He hasn't been at your university for years, according to the article. He's a geologist."

"I don't know him," Melissa said.

Penny pulled a thread from a seam at her hip. "He's pictured above the article," she said.

"Blessed be Mary Clare," Ray said. "Blessed be her holy name."

Penny said, "I thought we'd all go out tonight."

"You thought we'd go to the Wednesday Spaghetti Dinner at St. Anne's," Ray said, "and show Lily to Father Mulby."

Penny kneeled and brushed back some leaves on a head of white cabbage.

"I'd like to meet Father Mulby," Melissa said.

"You wouldn't," said Ray. "Frank Mulby was a penitentiary warden before he was a priest. He was a club boxer before that. Years ago."

Ray stuck the remainder of the tomato in his mouth and wiped the juice from his chin with the heel of his right hand. "Ride over to the fire station with me," he said to Melissa.

"Unh-unh, I don't feel like it." She got off the board seat and patted her bottom. "I don't see what Mulby's old jobs have to do with my wanting to meet him."

"Why do you want to meet him?" Penny said. She was looking up at Melissa, shading her eyes with her hand.

"To ask him something," Melissa said. "To clear something up."

AT the firehouse, two men in uniforms were playing pinochle and listening to Julie London over the radio.

"Gene. Dennis," said Ray.

"What are you here for, Ray?" Dennis said. "You aren't on today. Gene's on, I'm on, those three spades waxing the ladder truck are on." Dennis made a fan with his cards and pressed them on the tabletop.

"I'm supposed to be buying a bag of peat," Ray said. "Only I don't want to." He went around Dennis and yanked open a refrigerator. Under the egg shelf there was taped a picture of a girl in cherry-colored panty hose. "I'm avoiding something," he said. He pulled a Coca-Cola from a six-pack and shut the door. He sat down. "My niece is on the way. I'm avoiding her arrival."

"The good one?" Gene said.

"The good one's here already. I pushed her in the swing this morning until she got dizzy. This is the other one. The nun." Ray held the can off and pulled the aluminum tab.

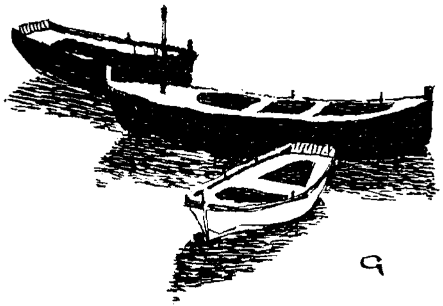
"Don't bring her here," Gene said. "I do not need that."

"What*ever* you do," Dennis said.

"No, I wouldn't," said Ray.

"You can bring that Melissa again," Dennis said.

"I wouldn't do that, either. You all bored her." Ray drank from the can.



A short black man came up the steps, holding a chamois cloth. His shirt and pants were drenched.

"Charlie," Ray said, tucking his chin to swallow a belch. "Looking nice."

"They got me with the sprinklers," Charlie said. "They waited all morning to get me."

"Well, they'll do that," Dennis said.

"I know it," the black man said.

"Because they're bored," Ray said. He sat forward. "I ought to go set a fire and give them something to think about."

"I wish you would," Charlie said. He pulled off his shirt.

"WHY the hell is he at the lead?" Melissa said. She was looking at Father Mulby, who wore an ankle cast. They were in the big basement hall at St. Anne's, and the priest was carrying a cafeteria tray. Fifty or sixty people waited in line behind him to collect plates of spaghetti and bowls of salad.

"Lookit," Ray said, "you and Sister Mary Clare find a seat and have a talk. Penny and I'll fill some trays and bring them over."

"No, no," the nun said. "It feels good to stand. I've been sitting in a car all day."

"Besides, we couldn't think of anything to tell each other," Melissa said.

"Melissa, there's a lot I want to talk about with you."

"I'm sure."

"There is," Sister said.

"Hey," Ray said to Melissa, "just go grab us a good table if you want to sit down."

"I do," Melissa said. She left her place in line and followed Father Mulby, who had limped to the front of the room and was sitting down at one of the long tables there. She introduced herself and asked if she could join him.

"It's reserved," he said. "That seat's reserved for Father Phaeton. Just move over to that side, please." The priest indicated a chair across the table.

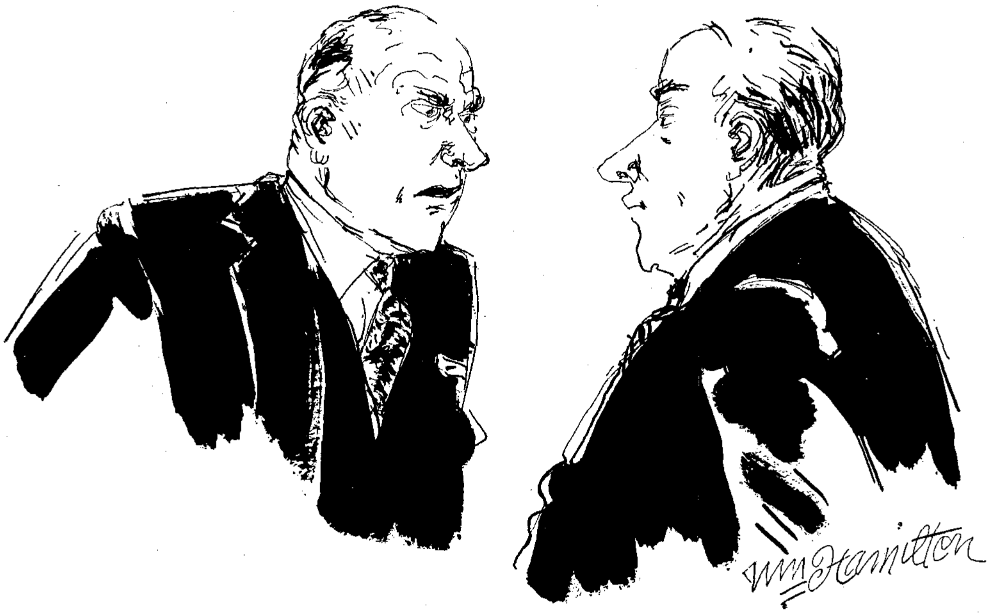
"O.K., O.K.," Melissa said. "When he gets here, I'll jump up." She sat down anyway. Her long hair lifted from around her throat and waved in the cool exhaust of a window fan.

Father Mulby glanced across the room and lit a Camel over his spaghetti. "I guess I can't start until everyone's in place," he said.

"That'll be an hour," Melissa said.

"Here's Father Phaeton," Mulby said.

Melissa changed sides. Ray and Sister Mary Clare joined them and sat down, with Melissa in between. Penny came last. She looked embarrassed to



"I've seen your type before."

be carrying two trays, one loaded with silverware, napkins, and water glasses.

Ray passed the food and utensils around. "Someone will be bringing soft drinks," he said to Melissa.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"No," Father Mulby said. "We don't serve coffee anymore. The urns, and all."

"I'd like to be excommunicated," Melissa told him. "I want the thirteen candles dashed to the ground, or whatever, and I want a letter from Rome."

"I don't know," the old priest said. He forked some salad lettuce into his mouth. "If you kick your sister or push me out of this chair onto the floor, I can excommunicate you."

"What's this about, Father?" said Sister Mary Clare.

"Nothing," Ray said. "Just your sister."

Melissa leaned toward him and said, "Blah, blah, blah." She pushed her plate to one side. "I just have to hit Lily?" she asked Mulby.

"That would be plenty for me," he said.

Ray said, "Eat something, Melissa. Act your age."

"Don't mind me," she said, leaning over the table. She batted the priest's eating hand. "Is that good enough?"

"I'm afraid not," Mulby said.

Father Phaeton, a man with red hair and bad skin, asked Melissa to pass the Parmesan cheese.

"Ignore her, if you can, Father Mulby," Ray said. "I'm sure it's her blood week."

"And the saltcellar, too," Father Phaeton added.

Mulby jerked forward. His large hand closed down on Melissa's wrist. "It's not that," he said to Ray. "I can tell that about a woman by holding her hand, and it's not that."

Penny was lying on the sofa at home. She had a folded washcloth across her forehead. Her eyes were pressed shut against the pain in her head, and tears ran over her cheekbones.

"It's not necessarily a migraine," Ray told her. He had drawn a wing chair up beside the sofa. "My head's pounding, too. Could've been the food."

"I don't think church food could hurt anybody, Ray," said Penny.

The nieces were sitting cross-legged on the rug. "Why not?" Sister Mary Clare said. "It's not blessed or anything. I've been woozy ever since we ate, myself."

"I just meant they're so clean at St. Anne's," Penny said. "And none of you are sick like I am. Don't try to convince yourselves you are."

"I'm not sick," Melissa said.

"You didn't eat a mouthful," Sister Mary Clare said. She exhaled and stood up.

"I wonder why you visit us every year, Melissa," Penny said.

"Do you mind it?" Melissa asked. "If you do—"

"She doesn't," Ray said.

"No," Penny said, "I don't mind. I just wonder if you girls could find something to do outside for a bit."

"Lily can push me in the swing," Melissa said. "O.K., Lily?"

Penny said, "You should have talked to Father Phaeton, Melissa. They say he's dissatisfied with the life."

"That would have been the thing," Ray said. He told his nieces, "Maybe I'll go out back with you, so Penny can get better."

Penny took his hand and squeezed it.

"Maybe I won't," he said. He turned the washcloth on his wife's brow.

Sister Mary Clare stood in the moonlight by a tomato stake. She was fingering her rosary beads.

"Don't be doing that," Melissa said. She moved down to the end of the lawn, where it was bordered by a shallow stream. She bent over the water. In the moonlight, she saw a school of minnows swerve over a fold in the mud next to an old bike tire.

Sister Mary Clare followed Melissa and said, behind her, "I won't be seeing you again. I'm going into cloister."

Melissa leaned against a tall tree. She dug her thumbnail into a bead of sweet gum on the bark.

"And I'm taking a vow of silence," the nun said. "Do you think it's a bad idea?"

"I think it's a good idea, and probably what you want. I'm glad."

"If you care, I'm not very happy," Sister said.

"You were never happy," Melissa said. "The last time I saw you laughing was the day that swing broke. Remember that day?"

"Yes. Ray was in it when it went."

Melissa smiled. "He used to pay me a quarter to sit on his lap and comb his hair."

"I know," Sister said. "He still would."

Melissa hugged herself with her bare arms. "It won't matter before long. I'm getting old."

"So is Ray," Sister said. "But he's why you come here, I think."

"So what? There aren't many people I like, Lily."

"Me neither."

"Well, there you are," Melissa said. "The miracle is, I keep having such a good time. It almost seems wrong."

"You still do?"

"Every day," Melissa said, heading back for the stream. "Such a wonderful time." —Mary A. Robison

•

Campanino collapsed to the canvas and, though the referee wiped his gloves and gave him the signal to continue, Campanino was finished.

The referee counted him out and the 19-year-old Cuevas celebrated his second successful defense of the title that he won last year by dancing a Mexican jig.—*Washington Post.*

It was a first in the history of boxing.

THE DOCTOR

WHO can remember now a picture called “The Doctor”? From 1891, when the original was painted, to the middle of the Depression, when it finally went out of style, reproductions of this work flowed into every crevice and corner of North America and the British Empire, swamping continents. Not even “The Angelus” supplied as rich a mixture of art and lesson. The two people in “The Angelus” are there to tell us clearly that the meek inherit nothing but seem not to mind; in “The Doctor” a cast of four enacts a more complex statement of Christian submission or Christian pessimism, depending on the beholder: God’s Will is manifested in a dying child, Helpless Materialism in a baffled physician, and Afflicted Humanity in the stricken parents. The parable is set in a spotless cottage; the child’s bed, composed of three chairs, is out of a doll’s house. In much of the world—the world as it was, so much smaller than now—two full generations were raised with the monochrome promise that existence is insoluble, tragedy static, poverty endearing, and heavenly justice a total mystery.

It must have come as a shock to overseas visitors when they discovered “The Doctor” incarnated as an oil painting in the Tate Gallery in London, in the company of other Victorian miseries entitled “Hopeless Dawn” and “The Last Day in the Old Home.” “The Doctor” had not been divinely inspired and distributed to chasten us after all, but was the work of someone called Sir Luke Fildes—nineteenth-century rationalist and atheist, for all anyone knew. Perhaps it was simply a scene from a three-decker novel, even a joke. In museum surroundings—classified, ticketed—“The Doctor” conveyed a new instruction: Death is sentimental, art is pretense.

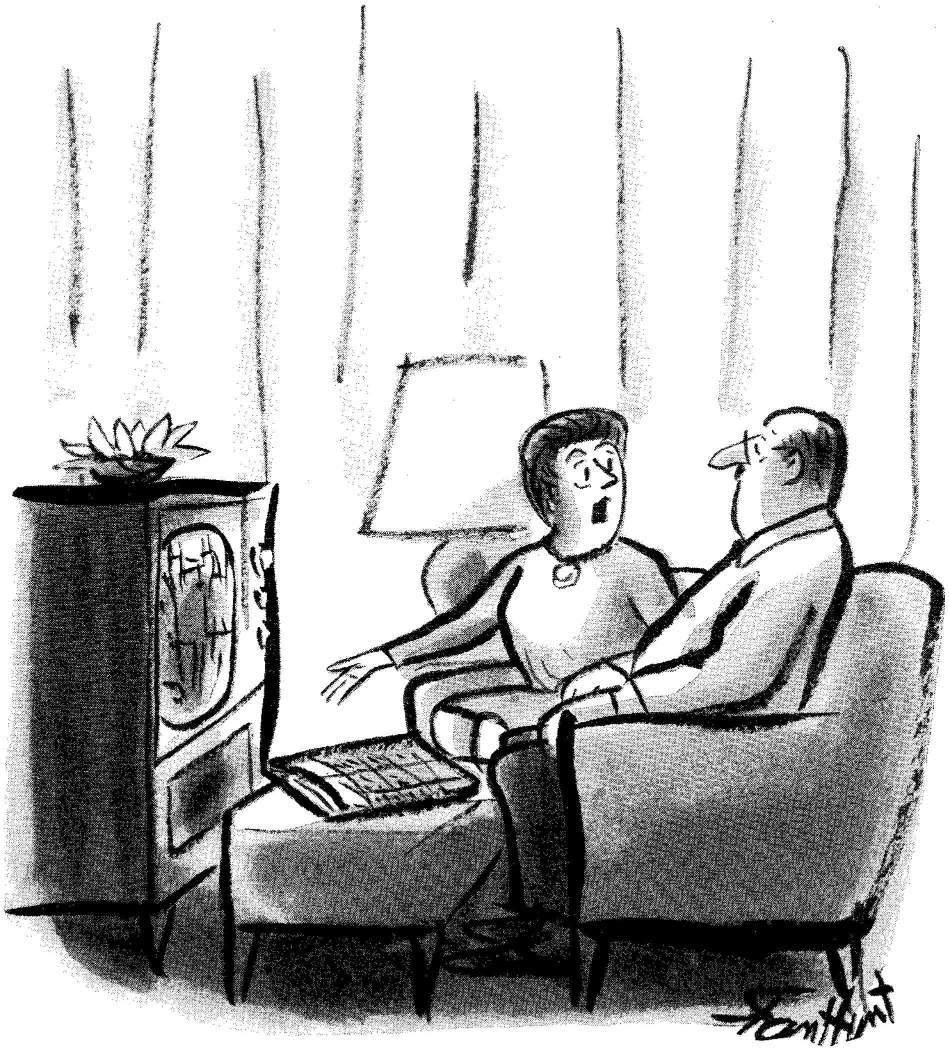
Some people had always hated “The Doctor.” My father, for one. He said, “You surely don’t want *that* thing in your room.”

The argument (it became one) took place in Montreal, in a house that died long ago without leaving even a ghost. He was in his twenties, to match the century. I had been around about the length of your average major war. I had my way but do not remember how; neither tears nor temper ever worked. What probably won out was his wish to be agreeable to Dr. Chauchard, the pediatrician who had given me the engraving. My father seemed to like Chauchard, as he did most people—just well enough—while my mother, who carried an uncritical allegiance from person to person, belief to belief, had recently declared Chauchard to be mentally, morally, and spiritually without fault.

Dr. Chauchard must have been in his thirties then, but he seemed to me timeless, like God the Father. When he took the engraving down from the wall of his office, I understood him to be offering me a portrait of himself. My mother at first refused it, thinking I had asked; he assured her I had not, that he had merely been struck by my expression when I looked at the ailing child. *“C’est une sensible,”* he said—an appraisal my mother dismissed by saying I was as tough as a boot, which I truly believe to have been her opinion.

What I was sensitive to is nearly too plain to be signalled: the dying child, a girl, is the heart of the composition. The parents are in shadow, where they belong. Their function is to be sorry. The doctor has only one patient; light from a tipped lampshade falls on her and her alone.

The street where Dr. Chauchard lived began to decline around the same time as the popularity of “The Doctor” and is now a slum. No citizens’ committee can restore the natural elegance of those grey stone houses, the swept steps, the glittering windows, because, short of a miracle, it cannot resurrect the kind of upper-bourgeois French Canadians who used to live there. They have not migrated or moved westward in the city—they have ceased to exist. The handful of dust they sprang from, with its powerful components of religion and history, is part of another clay. They were families who did not resent what were inaccurately called “the English” in Montreal; they had never acknowledged them. The men read a newspaper sometimes, the women never. The women had a dark version of faith for private drama, a family tree to memorize for intellectual exercise, intense family affection for the needs of the heart. Their houses, like Dr. Chauchard’s, smelled of cleanness as if cleanness were a commodity, a brand of floor wax. Convents used to have that smell; the girls raised in them brought to married life an ideal of housekeeping that was a memory of the polished convent corridor, with strict squares of sunlight falling where



“You mean that’s it? No murder—just a heist?”

and as they should. Two sons and five daughters was the average for children; Simone, Pauline, Jeanne, Yvonne, and Louise the feminine names of the decade. The girls when young wore religious medals like golden flower petals on thin chains, had positive torrents of curls down to their shoulder blades, and came to children's parties dressed in rose velvet and white stockings, too shy to speak. Chauchard, a bachelor, came out of this world, which I can describe best only through its girls and women.

His front door, painted the gloomy shade my father called Montreal green, is seen from below, at an angle—a bell too high for me during the first visits, a letter box through which I called, "Open the door; *c'est moi*," believing still that *moi* would take me anywhere. But no one could hear in any language, because two vestibules, one behind the other, stood in the way. In the first one overshoes dripped on a mat, then came a warmer place for coats. Each vestibule had its door, varnished to imitate the rings of a tree trunk, enhanced by a nature scene made of frosted glass; you unbuckled galoshes under herons and palm trees and shed layers of damp wool under swans floating in a landscape closer to home.

Just over the letter box of the green door a large, beautifully polished brass plate carried, in sloped writing:

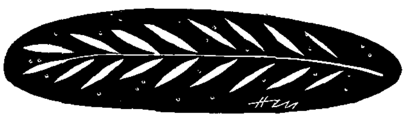
Docteur Raoul Chauchard
Spécialiste en Médecine Infantile
Ancien Externe et Interne
des Hôpitaux de Paris
Sur Rendez-vous

On the bottom half of the plate this information was repeated in English, though the only English I recall in the waiting room was my mother's addressed to me.

He was not Parisian but native to the city, perhaps to the street, even to the house, if I think of how the glass-shaded lamps and branched chandeliers must have followed an evolution from oil to kerosene to gas to electricity without changing shape or place. Rooms and passages were papered deep blue fading to green (the brighter oblong left by the removal of "The Doctor" was about the color of a teal), so that the time of day indoors was winter dusk, with pools of light like uncurtained windows. An assemblage of gilt-framed pictures began between the heron and swan doors with brisk scenes of Biblical injustice—the casting-out of Hagar, the swindling of Esau—and moved along the hall with European history: Vercingetorix surrendering to the Romans, the earthquake at Lisbon, Queen Victoria looking exactly like a potato pancake receiving some dark and humble envoy; then, with a light over him to mark his importance, Napoleon III reviewing a regiment from a white horse. (The popularity of "Napoléon" as a Christian name did not connect with the first Bonaparte, as English Canadians supposed—when any thought was given to any matter concerning French Canadians at all—but with his nephew, the lesser Bonaparte, who had never divorced or insulted the Pope, and who had established clerical influence in the saddle as firmly as it now sat upon Quebec.) The sitting-room-converted-to-waiting-room had on display landmarks of Paris, identified in two languages:

Le Petit Palais—The Petit Palais
Place Vendôme—Place Vendôme
Rue de la Paix—Rue de la Paix

as if the engraver had known they would find their way to a wall in Montreal.



Although he had trained in Paris, where, as our English doctor told my mother, leeches were still sold in pharmacies and babies died like flies, Chauchard was thought modern and forward-looking. He used the most advanced methods imported from the United States, or, as one would have said then, "from Boston," which meant both stylish and impeccably right. Ultraviolet irradiation was one, recommended for building up delicate chil-

HENGIST WANTS MEN

(449 A.D.)

Hengist wants men.

They will rally from the edges of sand which dissolve into broad seas,
from huts filled with smoke, from threadbare landscapes, from deep
forests haunted by wolves, in whose vague center Evil lurks.

The plowmen will abandon the plow and the fishermen their nets.

They will leave their wives and their children, for a man knows that—
in whatever place—in the night he can encounter the one and engender
the other.

Hengist the mercenary wants men.

He wants them to subdue an island which is not yet called England.

Cowed and vicious, they will follow him.

They know him always to have been the first among men in battle.

They know that once he forgot his vow of vengeance and that they gave
him a naked sword and that the sword did its work.

They will try their oars against the seas, with neither compass nor mast.

They will bear swords and bucklers, helmets in the likeness of the boar's
head, spells to make the cornfields multiply, vague cosmogonies, legends
of the Huns and the Goths.

They will conquer the ground, but never will they enter the cities which
Rome abandoned, for these are things too complicated for their primitive
minds.

Hengist wants them for the victory, for the pillaging, for the corruption of
the flesh, and for oblivion.

Hengist wants them (but he does not know it) for the founding of the
greatest of empires, for the singing of Shakespeare and Whitman, for
Nelson's ships to rule the sea, for Adam and Eve to be banished, hand in
hand and silent, from the Paradise they have lost.

Hengist wants them (but he cannot know it) so that I may form these
letters.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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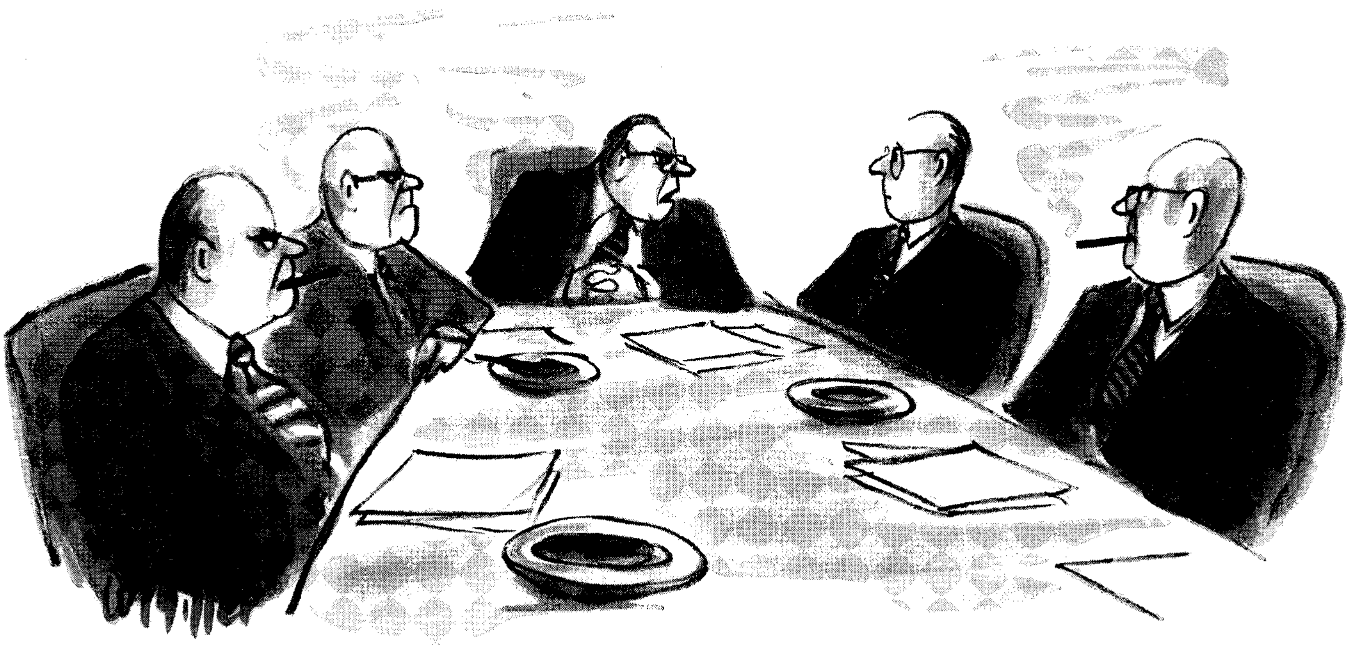


"Langsford, will you please stop interjecting quotes from Kahlil Gibran?"

• •

dren. I recall the black mask tied on, and the danger of blindness should one pull it off before being told. I owe him irradiation to the marrow and other sources of confusion: it was he who gave my mother the name of a convent where Jansenist discipline still had a foot on the neck of the twentieth century and where, as an added enchantment, I was certain not to hear a word of English. He never dreamed, I am sure, that I would be packed off there as a boarder from the age of four. Out of goodness and affection he gave me books to read—children's stories from nineteenth-century France which I hated and still detest. In these oppressive stories children were punished and punished hard for behavior that seemed in another century, above all on another continent, natural and right. I could never see the right-and-wrong over which they kept stumbling and only much later recognized it in European social fiddle-faddle—the trivial yardsticks that measure a man's character by the way he eats a boiled egg. The prose was stiff, a bit shrill, probably pitched too high for a North American ear. Even the bindings, a particularly ugly red, were repellent to me, while their gilt titles lent them the ceremonial quality of school prizes. I had plenty of English Victorian books, but the scolding could be got over, because there was no unfairness. Where there was, it was done away with as part of the plot. The authors were on the side of morality but also of the child. For a long time I imagined that most of my English books had been written by other children, but I never made that mistake with French; I saw these authors as large, scowling creatures with faces as flushed with crossness as the books' covers. Still, the books were presents, therefore important, offered without a word or a look Dr. Chauchard would not have bestowed on an adult. They had been his mother's; she lived in rooms at the top of the house, receiving her own friends, not often mingling with his. She must have let him have these treasures for a favored patient who did not understand the courtesy, even the sacrifice, until it was too late to say "Thank you." Another child's name—his mother's—was on the flyleaf; I seldom looked at it, concentrated as I was on my own. It is not simply rhetoric to say that I see him still—Fildes profile, white cuff, dark sleeve, writing the new dedication with a pen dipped in a blue inkwell, hand and book within the circle cast by the lamp on his desk. At home I would paste inside the front cover the plate my father had designed for me, which had "Linnet: Her Book" as ex libris, and the drawing of a stream flowing between grassy banks—his memory of the unhurried movement of England, no reflection of anything known to me in Quebec—bearing a single autumn leaf. Under the stream came the lines

> Time, Time which none can bind
> While flowing fast leaves love
> behind.

The only child will usually give and lend its possessions easily, having missed the sturdy training in rivalry and forced sharing afforded by sisters and brothers, yet nothing would have made me part willingly with any of the grim red books. Grouped on a special shelf, seldom opened after the first reading, they were not reminders but a true fragment of his twilit house, his swan and heron doors, Napoleon III so cunningly lighted, "Le Petit Palais—The Petit Palais," and, finally, Dr. Chauchard himself at the desk of his shadowy room writing *"Pour ma chère petite Linnet"* in a book that had once belonged to another girl.

NOW, how to account for the changed, stern, disapproving Chauchard who in that same office gave me not a book but a lecture beginning "Think of your unfortunate parents" and ending "You owe them everything; it is your duty to love them." He had just telephoned for my father to come and fetch me. "How miserable they would be if anything ever happened to you," he said. He spoke of my *petit Papa* and my *petite Maman* with that fake diminution of authority characteristic of the Latin tongues which never works in English. I sat on a chair still wearing outdoor clothes—navy reefer over my convent uniform, HMS Nelson sailor hat held on by a black elastic—neither his patient nor his guest at this dreadful crisis, wondering, What does he mean? For a long time now my surprise visits to friends had been called, incorrectly, "running away." Running away was one of the reasons my parents gave when anyone asked why I had been walled up in such a severe school at an early age. Dr. Chauchard, honored

"Are you dating anyone seriously?"

by one of my visits, at once asked his office nurse, "Do her parents know she's here?" Women are supposed to make dangerous patients for bachelor doctors; besotted little girls must seem even worse. But I was not besotted; I believed we were equals. It was he who had set up the equality, and for that reason I still think he should have invited me to remove my coat.

The only thing worth remarking about his dull little sermon is that it was in French. French was his language for medicine; I never heard him give an opinion in English. It was evidently the language to which he retreated if one became a nuisance, his back to a wall of white marble syntax. And when it came to filial devotion he was one with the red-covered books. Calling on my parents, not as my doctor but as their friend, he spoke another language. It was not merely English instead of French but the private dialect of a younger person who was playful, charming, who smoked cigarettes in a black-and-silver holder, looking round to see the effect of his puns and jokes. You could notice then, only then, that his black-currant eyes were never still.

The house he came to remained for a long time enormous in memory, though the few like it still standing—"still living," I nearly say—are narrow, with thin, steep staircases and close, high-ceilinged rooms. They were the work of Edinburgh architects and dated from when Montreal was a Scottish city; it had never been really English. A Saturday-evening gathering of several adults, one child, and a couple of dogs created a sort of tangle in the middle of the room—an entwining that was surely not of people's feet: in those days everyone sat straight. The women had to, because their girdles had hooks and stays. Men sat up out of habit, probably the habit of prosperity; the Depression created the physical slump, a change in posture to match the times. Perhaps desires and secrets and second thoughts threading from person to person, from bachelor to married woman, from mother of none to somebody's father, formed a cat's cradle—matted, invisible, and quite dangerous. Why else would Ruby, the latest homesick underpaid Newfoundland import, have kept tripping up as she lurched across the room with cups and glasses on a tray?

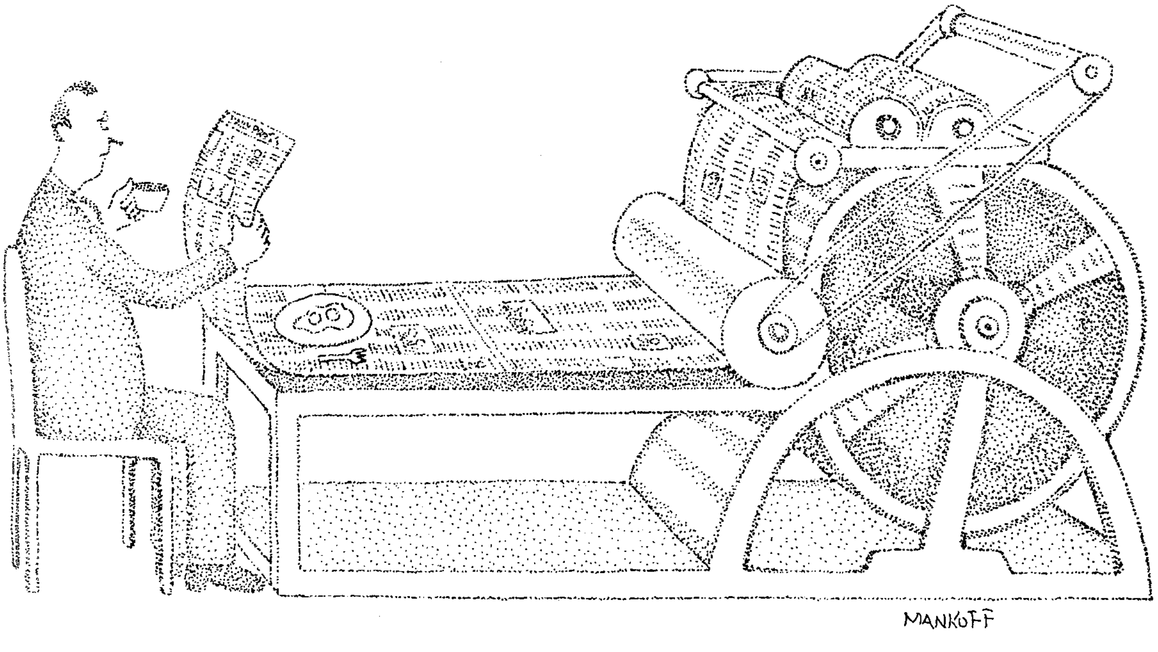
Transformed into jolly Uncle Raoul (his request), Dr. Chauchard would arrive with a good friend of his, divorced Mrs. Erskine, and a younger friend of both, named Paul-Armand. Paul-Armand was temporary, one of a sequence of young men who attended Mrs. Erskine as her bard, her personal laureate. His role did not outlive a certain stage of artless admiration; at the first sign of falling away, the first mouse squeak of disenchantment from him, a replacement was found. All of these young men were good-looking, well brought up, longing to be unconventional, and entirely innocent. Flanked by her pair of males, Mrs. Erskine would sway into the room, as graceful as a woman can be when she is boned from waist to thigh. She would keep on her long moleskin coat, even though like all Canadian rooms this one was vastly overheated, explaining that she was chilly. This may have been an attempt to reduce the impression she gave of general largeness by suggesting an inner fragility. Presently the coat would come off, revealing a handwoven tea-cozy sort of garment—this at a time when every other woman was showing her knees. My mother sat with her legs crossed and one sandal dangling. Her hair had recently been shingled; she seemed to be groping for its lost comfortable warmth. Other persons, my father apart, are a dim choir muttering, "Isn't it past your bedtime?" My father sat back in a deep, chintz-covered chair and said hardly anything except for an occasional "Down" to his dogs.

In another season, in the country, my parents had other friends, summer friends, who drank Old-Fashioneds and danced to gramophone records out on the lawn. Winter friends were mostly coffee drinkers, who did what people do between wars and revolutions—sat in a circle and talked about revolutions and wars. The language was usually English, though not everyone was native to English. Mrs. Erskine commanded what she called "*good* French" and rather liked displaying it, but after a few sentences, which made those who could not understand French very fidgety and which annoyed the French Canadians present exactly in the way an affected accent will grate on Irish nerves, she would pick her way back to English. In mixed society, such little of it as existed, English seemed to be the social rule. It did not enter the mind of any English speaker that the French were at a constant disadvantage, like a team obliged to play all their matches away from home. Dr. Chauchard never addressed me in French here, not even when he would ask me to recite a French poem learned at my convent school. It began, "If I were a fly, Maman, I would steal a kiss from your lips." The nun in charge of memory work was fiddly about liaison, which produced an accidentally appropriate "*Si j'étaiszzzzzzzzzune mouche, Maman.*" Dr. Chauchard never seemed to tire of this and may have thought it a reasonable declaration to make to one's mother.

It was a tactless rhyme, if you think of all the buzzing and stealing that went on in at least part of the winter circle, but I could not have known that. At least not consciously. Unconsciously, everyone under the age of ten knows everything. Under-ten can come into a room and sense at once everything felt, kept silent, held back in the way of love, hate, and desire, though he may not have the right words for such sentiments. It is part of the clairvoyant immunity to hypocrisy we are born with and that vanishes just before puberty. I knew, though no one had told me, that my mother was a bit foolish about Dr. Chauchard; that Mrs. Erskine would have turned cartwheels to get my father's attention but that even cartwheels would have failed; that Dr. Chauchard and Mrs. Erskine were somehow together but never went out alone. Paul-Armand was harder to place; too young to be a parent, he was a pest, a tease to someone smaller. His goading was never noticed, though my reaction to it, creeping behind his chair until I was in a position to punch him, brought an immediate response from the police: "Linnet, if you don't sit down I'm afraid you will have to go to your room." "If" and "I'm afraid" meant there was plenty of margin. Later: "Wouldn't you be happier if you just went to bed? No? Then get a book and sit down and read it." Presently, "Down, I said, sit down; did you hear what I've just said to you? I said, sit down, *down*." There came a point like convergent lines finally meeting where orders to dogs and instructions to children were given in the same voice. The only difference was that a dog got "Down, damn it," and, of course, no one ever swore at me.

This overlapping in one room of French and English, of Catholic and Protestant—my parents' way of being, and so to me life itself—was as unlikely, as unnatural to the Montreal climate as a school of tropical fish. Only later would I discover that most other people simply floated in mossy little ponds labelled "French and Catholic" or "English and Protestant," never wondering what it might be like to step ashore; or wondering, perhaps, but weighing up the danger. To be out of a pond is to be in unmapped territory. The earth might be flat; you could fall over the edge quite easily. My parents and their friends were, in their way, explorers. They had in common a fear of being bored, which is a fear one can afford to nourish in times of prosperity and peace. It makes for the most ruthless kind of exclusiveness, based as it is on the belief that anyone can be the richest of this or cleverest of that and still be the dullest dog that ever barked. I wince even now remembering those wretched once-only guests who were put on trial for a Saturday night and unanimously condemned. This heartlessness apart, the winter circle shared an outlook, a kind of humor, a certain vocabulary of the mind. No one made any of the standard Montreal statements, such as "What a lot of books you've got! Don't tell me you've read them," or "I hear you're some kind of artist. What do you really *do*?" Explorers like Dr. Chauchard and Mrs. Erskine and my mother and the rest recognized each other on sight; the recognition cut through disguisements of class, profession, religion, language, and even what polltakers call "other interests."

Once you have jumped out of a social enclosure, your eye is bound to be on a real, a geographical elsewhere; theirs seemed to consist of a few cities of Europe with agreeable-sounding names like Vienna and Venice. The United States consisted only of Boston and Florida then. Adults went to Florida for therapeutic reasons—for chronic bronchitis, to recover from operations, for the sake of mysterious maladies that had no names and were called in obituaries "a long illness bravely borne." Boston seemed to be an elegant little republic with its own parliament and flag. To English Montreal, cocooned in that other language nobody bothered to learn, the rest of the continent, Canada included, barely existed; travellers would disembark after long, sooty train trips expressing relief to be in the only city where there were decent restaurants and well-dressed women and where proper English could be heard. Elsewhere, then, became other people, and little



groups would form where friends, to the tune of vast mutual admiration, could find a pleasing remoteness in each other. They resembled, in their yearnings, in their clinging together as a substitute for motion, in their craving for "someone to talk to," the kind of marginal social clans you find today in the capitals of Eastern Europe.

I WAS in the dining room cutting up magazines. My mother brought her coffee cup in, sat down, and said, "Promise me you will never be caught in a situation where you have to compete with a younger woman."

She must have been twenty-six at the very most; Mrs. Erskine was well over thirty. I suppose she was appraising the amount of pickle Mrs. Erskine was in. They had become rivals. With her pale braids, her stately figure, her eyes the color of a stoneware teapot, Mrs. Erskine seemed to me like a white statue with features painted on. I had heard my mother praising her beauty, but for a child she was too large, too still. "Age has its points," my mother went on. "The longer your life goes on, the more chance it has to be interesting. Promise me that when you're thirty you'll have a lot to look back on."

My mother had on her side her comparative youth, her quickness, her somewhat giddy intelligence. She had been married, as she said, "for ever and ever" and was afraid nothing would ever happen to her again. Mrs. Erskine's chief advantage over my mother—being unmarried and available—was matched by an enviable biography. "Ah, don't ask me for my life's story now," she would cry, settling back to tell it. When the others broke into that sighing, singing recital of cities they went in for, repeating strings of names that sounded like sleigh bells (Venice, London, Paris, Rome), Mrs. Erskine would narrow her stoneware eyes and annihilate my mother with "But Charlotte, I've *been* to all those places, I've *seen* all those people." What, indeed, hadn't she seen—crown princes dragged out of Rolls-Royces by cursing mobs, duchesses clutching their tiaras while being raped by anarchists, strikers in England kicking innocent little Border terriers.

". . . And as for the Hun*gar*ians and that Béla *Kun*, let me tell *you* . . . tore the uniforms right off the Red Cross *nur*ses . . . made them dance the Charleston naked on top of *street*-cars . . ."

"Linnet, wouldn't you be better off in your room?"

The fear of the horde was in all of them; it haunted even their jokes. "Bolshevik" was now "Bolshie," to make it harmless. Petrograd had been their early youth; the Red years just after the war were still within earshot. They dreaded yet seemed drawn to tales of conspiracy and enormous might. The English among them were the first generation to have been raised on "The Wind in the Willows." Their own Wild Wood was a dark political mystery; its rude inhabitants were still to be tamed. What was needed was a leader, a Badger. But when a Badger occurred they mistrusted him, too; my mother had impressed on me early that Mussolini was a "bad, wicked man." Fortunate Mrs. Erskine had seen "those people" from legation windows; she had, in another defeat for my mother, been married twice, each time to a diplomat. The word "diplomat" had greater cachet then than it has now. Earlier in the century a diplomat was believed to have attended universities in more than one country, to have two or three languages at his disposal and some slender notion of geography and history. He could read and write quite easily, had probably been born in wedlock, possessed tact and discretion, and led an exemplary private life. Obviously there were no more of these paragons then than there might be now, but fewer were needed, because there were only half as many capitals. Those who did exist spun round and round the world, used for all they were worth, until they became like those coats that outlast their buttons, linings, and pockets: your diplomat, recalled from Bulgaria, by now a mere warp and woof, would be given a new silk lining, bone buttons, have his collar turned, and, after a quick reading of Norse myths, would be shipped to Scandinavia. Mrs. Erskine, twice wedded to examples of these freshened garments, had been everywhere—everywhere my mother longed to be.

"My *life*," said Mrs. Erskine. "Ah, Charlotte, don't ask me to tell you everything—you'd never believe it!"

ZENITH: WALKER CREEK

The woodcock now spends his evenings more quietly.
The robin sings less urgently, more chirpy.
Grass which sprang up for a while as though
it meant to reach the stars each afternoon
has moderated its ambitions a little.
The fields have settled down to heavy feeding and breeding.
Marsh, its winter khaki conquered,
has greened itself into equator color,
swaying taller and taller with the tides' tickling.
"Nature's first green is gold." Her second
is opaque as billiard tables. Now she plays her game,
less urgency in the dawns, less melodrama.
The pheasant's declaration rings out half as often;
the minnows flutter calmly in their pools,
having learned at last that their prey cannot escape.
The shade is deeper, more desirable.
Dogs trot in preference to running,
spend more of daylight sprawling and panting.
The pedalling bicyclists shift to lower gears,
the bay blooms with looser and larger sails.
Our sun has given of its best in waxing:
it teeters above our heads as nearly
as the earth's escapism will permit,
toppling with some reluctance after noon
toward the west to keep us on the boil
till the anger of flies and the hunger of mosquitoes
drive us from sun to shade, from shade to the shelter
of screens, where, after fall of darkness, we drown
our senses in sunburn, poison ivy, gin.
These long days are all the promise we are given.

—PETER DAVISON

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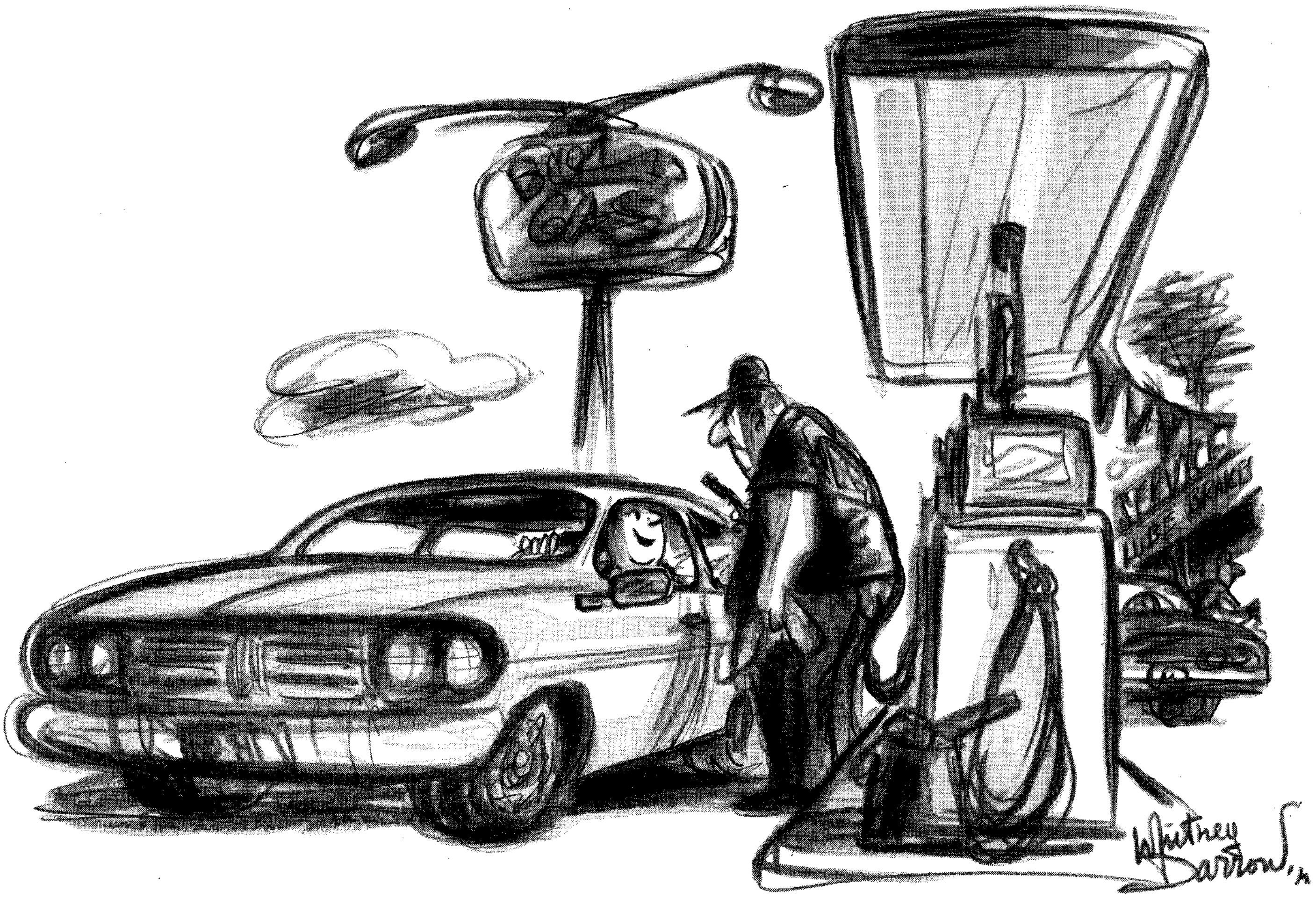

"Three bucks' worth of the regular, two bucks' worth of super-regular, and top it off with a buck's worth of high-test."

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My mother asked, and believed, and died in her heart along with Mrs. Erskine's first husband, a Mr. Sparrow, shot to death in Berlin by a lunatic Russian refugee. (Out of the decency of his nature Mr. Sparrow had helped the refugee's husband emigrate accompanied by a woman Mr. Sparrow had taken to be the Russian man's wife.) In the hours that preceded his "going," as Mrs. Erskine termed his death, Mr. Sparrow had turned into a totally other person, quite common and gross. She had seen exactly how he would rise from the dead for his next incarnation. She had said, "Now then, Alfred, I think it has been a blissful marriage but perhaps not blissful enough. As I am the best part of your karma, we are going to start all over again in another existence." Mr. Sparrow, in his new coarse, uneducated voice, replied, "Believe you me, Bimbo, if I see you in another world, this time I'm making a detour." His last words—not what every woman hopes to hear, probably, but nothing in my mother's experience could come ankle-high to having a husband assassinated in Berlin by a crazy Russian. Mr. Erskine, the second husband, was not quite so interesting, for he merely "drank and drank and *drank*," and finally, unwittingly, provided grounds for divorce. Since in those days adultery was the only acceptable grounds, the divorce ended his ambitions and transformed Mrs. Erskine into someone déclassée; it was not done for a woman to spoil a man's career, and it was taken for granted that no man ever ruined his own. I am certain my mother did not see Mr. Sparrow as an ass and Mr. Erskine as a soak. They were men out of novels—half diplomat, half secret agent. The natural progress of such men was needed to drag women out of the dullness that seemed to be woman's fate.

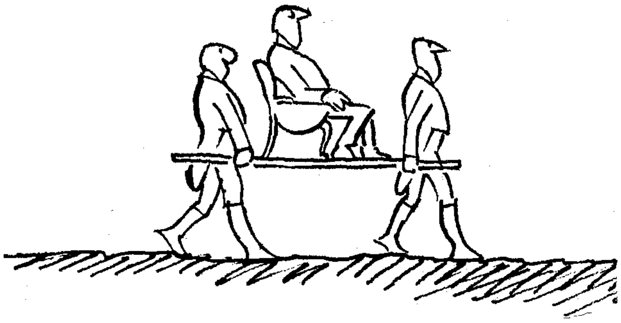
There was also the matter of Mrs. Erskine's French: my mother could read and speak it but had nothing of her friend's intolerable fluency. Nor could my mother compete with her special status as the only English and Protestant girl of her generation to have attended French and Catholic schools. She had spent ten years with the Ursulines in Quebec City (languages took longer to learn in those days, when you were obliged to start by memorizing all the verbs) and had emerged with the chic little Ursuline lisp.

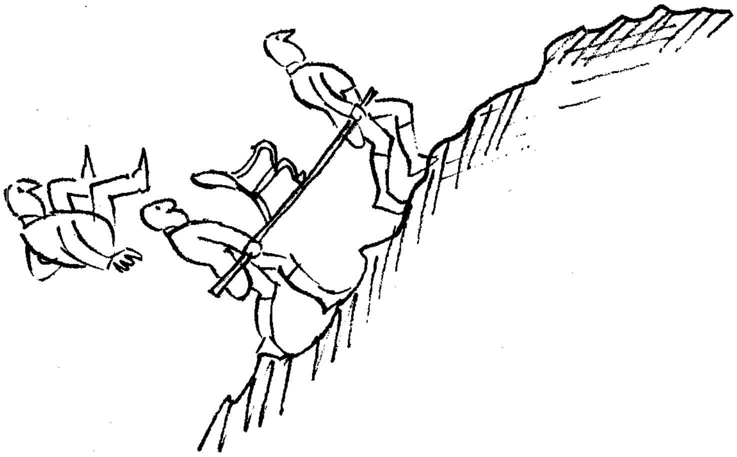
"Tell me again," my entranced mother would ask. "How do you say 'squab stuffed with sage dressing'?"

"Charlotte, I've told you and told you. '*Pouthin farthi au thauge*.' "

"Thankth," said my mother. Such was the humor of that period.

For a long time I would turn over like samples of dress material the reasons why I was sent to a school where by all the rules of the world we lived in I did not belong. A sample that nearly matches is my mother's desire to tease Mrs. Erskine, perhaps to overtake her through me: if she had been unique in her generation, then I would be in mine. Unlikely as it sounds today, I believe that I was. At least I have never met another, just as no French Canadian woman of my period can recall having sat in a classroom with any other English-speaking Protestant disguised in convent uniform. Mrs. Erskine, rising to the tease, warned that convents had gone downhill since the war and that the appalling French I spoke would





be a handicap in Venice, London, Paris, Rome; if the Ursuline French of Quebec City was the best in the world after Tours, Montreal French was just barely a language.

How could my mother, so quick and sharp usually, have been drawn in by this? For a day or two my parents actually weighed the advantages of sending their very young daughter miles away, for no good reason. Why not even to France? “You know perfectly well why not. Because we can’t afford it. Not that or anything like it.”

Leaning forward in her chair as if words alone could not convince her listener, more like my mother than herself at this moment, Mrs. Erskine with her fingertips to her cheek, the other hand held palm outward, cried, “Ah, Angus, don’t ask me for my life’s story now!” This to my father, who barely knew other people had lives.

My father made this mysterious answer: “Yes, Frances, I do see what you mean, but I have a family, and once you’ve got children you’re never quite so free.”

There was only one child, of course, and not often there, but in my parents’ minds and by some miracle of fertility they had produced a whole tribe. At any second this tribe might rampage through the house, scribbling on the wallpaper, tearing up books, scratching gramophone records with a stolen diamond brooch. They dreaded mischief so much that I can only suppose them to have been quite disgraceful children.

“What’s Linnet up to? She’s awfully quiet.”

“Sounds suspicious. Better go and look.”

I would be found reading or painting or “building,” which meant the elaboration of a foreign city called Marigold that spread and spread until it took up a third of my room and had to be cleared away when my back was turned, upon which, as relentless as a colony of beavers, I would start building again. To a visitor Marigold was a slum of empty boxes, serving trays, bottles, silver paper, overturned chairs, but these were streets and houses, churches and convents, restaurants and railway stations. The citizens of Marigold were cut out of magazines: Gloria Swanson was the Mother Superior, Herbert Hoover a convent gardener. Entirely villainous, they did their plotting and planning in an empty cigar box.

Whatever I was doing, I would be told to do something else immediately: I think they had both been brought up that way. “Go out and play in the snow” was a frequent interruption. Parents in bitter climates have a fixed idea about driving children out to be frozen. There was one sunken hour on January afternoons, just before the street lamps were lighted, that was the grey of true wretchedness, as if one’s heart and stomach had turned into the same dull, cottony stuff as the sky; it was attached to a feeling of loss, of helpless sadness, unknown to children in other latitudes.

I was home weekends but by no means every weekend. Friday night was given to spoiling and rejoicing, but on Saturday I would hear “When does she go back?”

“Not till tomorrow night.”

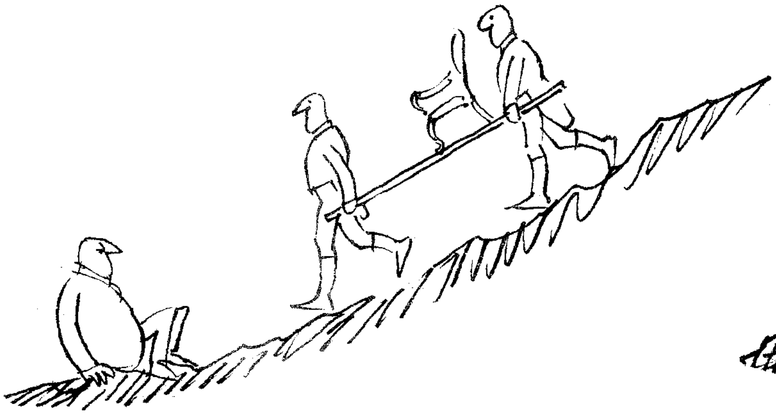
Ruby, the homesick offshore import, sometimes sat in my room, just for company. She turned the radiator on so that you saw a wisp of steam from the overflow tap. A wicker basket of mending was on her lap; she wiped her eyes on my father’s socks. I was not allowed to say to anyone “Go away,” or anything like it. I heard her sniffles, her low, muttered grievances. Then she emerged from her impenetrable cloud of Newfoundland gloom to take an interest in the life of Marigold. She did not get down on the floor or in the way, but from her chair suggested some pretty good plots. Ruby was the inspirer of “The Insane Stepmother,” “The Rich, Selfish Cousins,” “The Death from Croup of Baby Sister” (“Is her face blue yet?” “No; in a minute”), and “The Broken Engagement,” with its cast of three—rejected maiden, fickle lover, and chaperon. Paper dolls did the acting, the voices were ours. Ruby played the cast-off fiancée from the heart: “Don’t chew men ever know what chew want?” Chaperon was a fine bossy part: “That’s enough, now. Sit down; I said, *down.*”

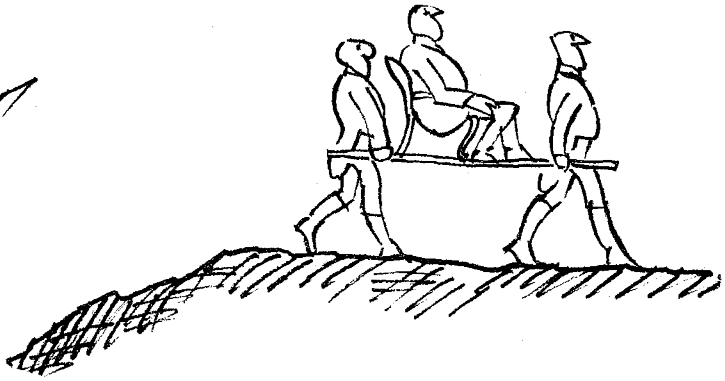
My parents said, “What does she see in Ruby?” They were cross and jealous. The jealousness was real. They did not drop their voices to say “When does she go back?” but were alert to signs of disaffection, and offended because I did not crave their company every minute. Once, when Mrs. Erskine, a bit of a fool probably, asked, “Who do you love best, your father or your mother?” and I apparently (I have no memory of it) answered, “Oh, I’m not really dying about anybody,” it was recalled to me for a long time, as if I had set fire to the curtains or spat on the Union Jack.

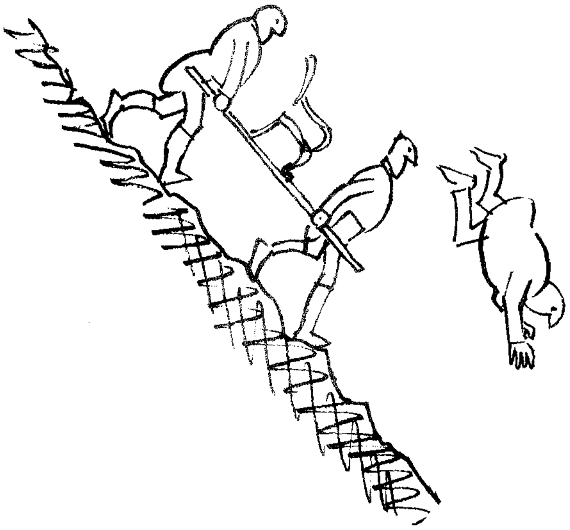
“THINK of your unfortunate parents,” Dr. Chauchard had said in the sort of language that had no meaning to me, though I am sure it was authentic to him.

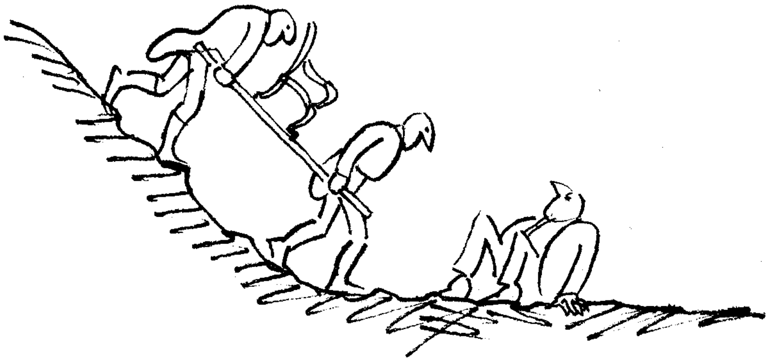
When he died and I read his obituary, I saw there had been still another voice. I was twenty and had not seen him since the age of nine. “The Doctor” and the red-covered books had been lost even before that, when during a major move from Montreal to a house in the country a number of things that belonged to me and that my parents were tired of seeing disappeared.

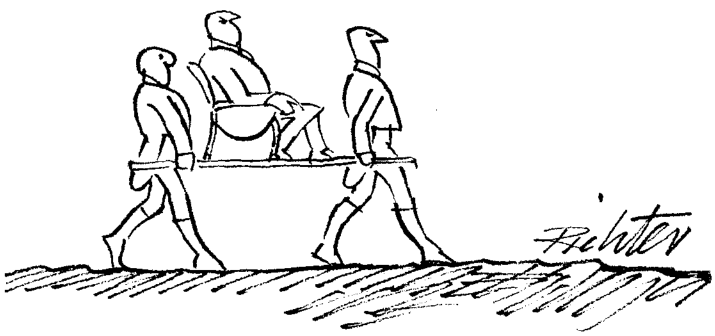
There were three separate death notices, as if to affirm that Chauchard had been three men. All three were in a French newspaper; he neither lived nor











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died in English. The first was a jumble of family names and syntax: "After a serene and happy life it has pleased our Lord to send for the soul of his faithful servant Raoul Etienne Chauchard, piously deceased in his native city in his fifty-first year after a short illness comforted by the sacraments of the Church." There followed a few particulars—the date and place of the funeral, and the names and addresses of the relatives making the announcement. The exact kinship of each was mentioned: sister, brother-in-law, uncle, nephew, cousin, second cousin.

The second obituary, somewhat longer, had been published by the medical association he belonged to; it described all the steps and stages of his career. There were strings of initials denoting awards and honors, ending with: "Dr. Chauchard had also been granted the Medal of Epidemics (Belgium)." Beneath this came the third notice: "The Arts and Letters Society of Quebec announces the irreparable loss of one of its founder members, the poet R. E. Chauchard." R.E. had published six volumes of verse, a book of critical essays, and a work referred to as "the immortal 'Progress,' " which did not seem to fall into a category or, perhaps, was too well known to readers to need identification.

That third notice was an earthquake, the collapse of the cities we build over the past to cover seams and cracks we cannot account for. He must have been writing when my parents knew him. Why they neglected to speak of it is something too shameful to dwell on; he probably never mentioned it, knowing they would believe it impossible. French books were from France; English books from England or the United States. It would not have entered their minds that the languages they heard spoken around them could be written, too.

I met by accident years after Dr. Chauchard's death one of Mrs. Erskine's ex-minnesingers, now an elderly bachelor. His name was Louis. He had never heard of Paul-Armand, not even by rumor. He had not known my parents and was certain he had never accompanied Dr. Chauchard and Mrs. Erskine to our house. He said that when he met these two he had been fresh from a seminary, aged about nineteen, determined to live a life of ease and pleasure but not sure how to begin. Mrs. Erskine had by then bought and converted a farmhouse south of Montreal, where she wove carpets, hooked rugs, scraped and waxed old tables, kept bees, and bottled tons of pickled beets, preparing for some dark proletarian future should the mob—the horde, "those people"—take over after all. Louis knew the doctor only as the poet R.E. of the third notice. He had no knowledge of the Medal of Epidemics (Belgium) and could not explain it to me. I had found "Progress" by then, which turned out to be R.E.'s diary. I could not put faces to the X, Y, and Z that covered real names, nor could I discover any trace of my parents, let alone of *ma chère petite Linnet.* There were long thoughts about Mozart—people like that.

Louis told me of walking with Mrs. Erskine along a snowy road close to her farmhouse, she in a fur cape that came down to her boot tops and a fur bonnet that hid her braided hair. She talked about her unusual life and her two husbands and about what she now called "the predicament." She told him how she had never been asked to meet Madame Chauchard *mère* and how she had slowly come to realize that R.E. would never marry. She spoke of people who had drifted through the predicament, my mother among them, not singling her out as someone important, just as a wisp of cloud on the edge of the sky. "Poor Charlotte" was how Mrs. Erskine described the thin little target on which she had once trained her biggest guns. Yet "poor Charlotte"—not even an X in the diary, finally—had once been the heart of the play. The plot must have taken a full turning after she left the stage. Louis became a new young satellite, content to circle the powerful stars, to keep an eye on the predicament, which seemed to him flaming, sulphurous. Nobody ever told him what had taken place in the first and second acts.

Walking, he and Mrs. Erskine came to a railway track quite far from houses, and she turned to Louis and opened the fur cloak and said, smiling, "*Viens voir Mrs. Erskine.*" (Owing to the Ursuline lisp this must have been "Mitheth Erthkine.") Without coyness or any more conversation she lay down—he said "on the track," but he must have meant near it, if you think of the ties. Folded into the cloak, Louis at last became part of a predicament. He decided that any further experience could only fall short of it, and so he never married.

In this story about the cloak Mrs. Erskine is transmuted from the pale, affected statue I remember and takes on a polychrome life. She seems cheerful and careless, and I like her for that. Carelessness might explain her unreliable memory about Charlotte. And yet not all that careless: "She even knew the train times," said Louis. "She must have done it before." Still, on a sharp blue day, when some people were still in a dark classroom writing "*abyssus abyssum invocat*" all over their immortal souls, she, who had been through this and escaped with nothing worse than a lisp, had the sun, the snow, the wrap of fur, the bright sky, the risk. There is a raffish kind of nerve to her, the only nerve that matters.

A Remote Corner of the Woods

For that one conversation Louis and I wondered what our appearance onstage several scenes apart might make us to each other: if A was the daughter of B, and B rattled the foundations of C, and C, though cautious and lazy where women were concerned, was committed in a way to D, and D was forever trying to tell her life's story to E, the husband of B, and E had enough on his hands with B without taking on D, too, and if D decided to lie down on or near a railway track with F, then what are A and F? Nothing. Minor satellites floating out of orbit and out of order after the stars burned out. Mrs. Erskine reclaimed Dr. Chauchard but he never married anyone. Angus reclaimed Charlotte but he died soon after. Louis, another old bachelor, had that one good anecdote about the fur cloak. I lost even the engraving of "The Doctor," spirited away quite shabbily, and I never saw Dr. Chauchard again or even tried to. What if I had turned up one day, aged eighteen or so, only to have him say to his nurse, "Does anyone know she's here?"

When I read the three obituaries it was the brass plate on the door I saw and "Sur Rendez-vous." That means "no dropping in." After the warning came the shut heron door and the shut swan door and, at another remove, the desk with the circle of lamplight and R.E. himself, writing about X, Y, Z, and Mozart. A bit humdrum perhaps, a bit prosy, not nearly as good as his old winter Saturday self, but I am sure that it was his real voice, the voice that transcends this or that language. His French-speaking friends did not hear it for a long time (his first book of verse was not sold to anyone outside his immediate family), while his English-speaking friends never heard it at all. But I should have heard it then, at the start, standing on tiptoe to reach the doorbell, calling through the letter box every way I could think of, "I, me." I ought to have heard it when I was still under ten and had all my wits about me. —MAVIS GALLANT

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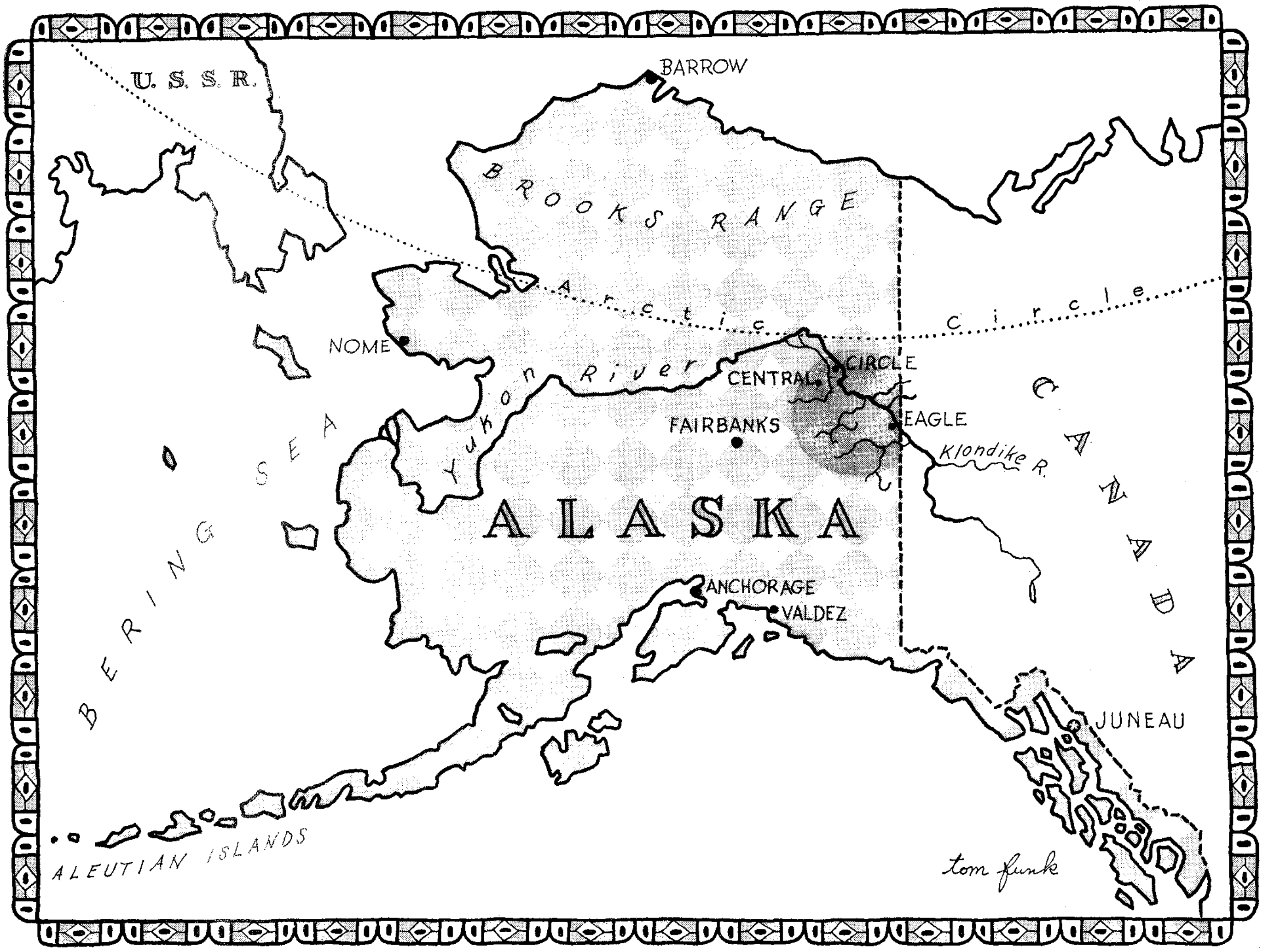
Of course, all the houses here will have architectural amenities unknown in the early 19th century. Mr. McCarthy, for instance, intends to install a very large bath in his basement. "There'll be a fireplace in it," he said, "and that just freaks me out."—*The Times.*

And if it doesn't draw, it'll smoke you out.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

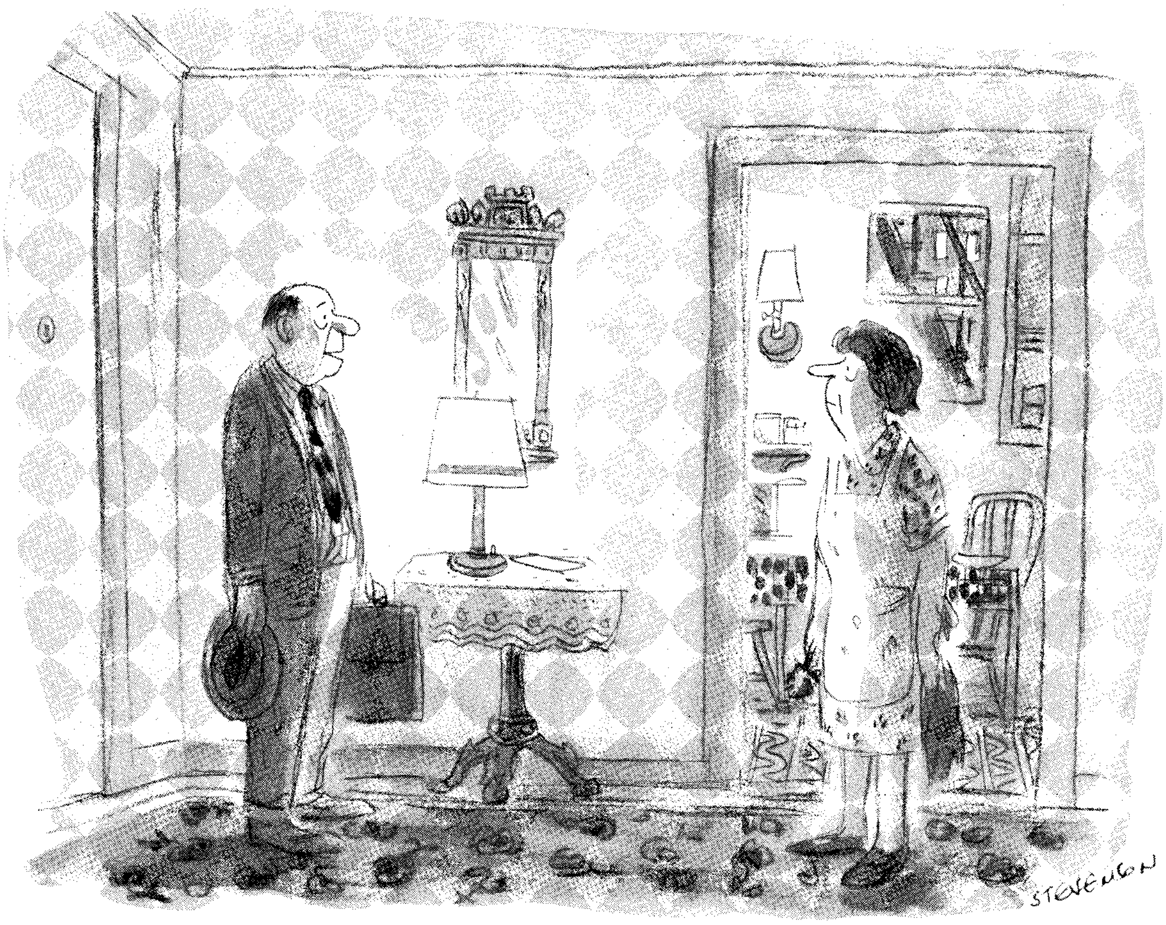
COMING INTO THE COUNTRY—I



WITH a clannish sense of place characteristic of the bush, people in the region of the upper Yukon refer to their part of Alaska as "the country." A stranger appearing among them is said to have "come into the country."

Donna Kneeland came into the country in April, 1975. Energetically, she undertook to learn, and before long she had an enviable reputation for certain of her skills, notably her way with fur. Knowledgeable people can look at a pelt and say that Donna tanned it. In part to save money, she hopes to give up commercial chemicals and use instead the brains of animals—to "Indian tan," as she puts it—and she has found a teacher or two among the Indian women of the region, a few of whom remember how it was done. The fur is mainly for sale, and it is the principal source of support for her and her companion, whose name is Dick Cook. A marten might bring fifty dollars. Lynx, about three hundred. Wolf, two hundred and fifty. They live in a cabin half a dozen miles up a tributary stream, at least forty and perhaps sixty miles from the point on the border meridian where the Yukon River leaves Yukon Territory and flows on into Alaska. The numbers are deliberately vague, because Cook and Kneeland do not want people to know exactly where the cabin is. Their nearest neighbors, a couple who also live by hunting and trapping, are something like twenty miles from them. To pick up supplies, they travel a good bit farther than that. They make a journey of a couple of days, by canoe or dog team, to Eagle, a bush community not far from the Canadian boundary whose population has expanded in recent years and now exceeds a hundred. For three-quarters of a century, Eagle has been an incorporated Alaskan city, and it is the largest sign of human material progress in twenty thousand square miles of rugged, riverine land. From big bluffs above the Yukon—five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet high—the country reaches back in mountains, which, locally, are styled as hills. The Tanana Hills. The tops of the hills are much the same height as New Hampshire's Mt. Washington, Maine's Mt. Katahdin, and North Carolina's Mt. Mitchell. Pebble-clear streams trellis the mountains, descending toward the opaque, glacier-fed Yukon, and each tributary drainage is suitable terrain for a trapper or two, and for miners where there is gold.

For Donna Kneeland, as many as five months have gone by without a visit to Eagle, and much of the time she is alone in the cabin, while her man is out on the trail. She cooks and cans things. She grinds wheat berries and bakes bread. She breaks damp skins with an old gun barrel and works them with a metal scraper. A roommate she once had at the University of Alaska went off to "the other states" and left her a hundred-and-fifty-dollar Canadian Pioneer parka. She has never worn it, because—although her cabin is in the coldest part of Alaska—winter temperatures have yet to go low enough to make her feel a need to put it on. "We've had some cool weather," she admits. "I don't know how cold, exactly. Our thermometer only goes to fifty-eight." When she goes out at such temperatures to saw or to split the



"Well, as of today I'm a free agent and can sign with anybody I want."

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wood she survives on—with the air at sixty and more below zero—she wears a down sweater. It is all she needs as long as her limbs are active. Her copy of "The Joy of Cooking" previously belonged to a trapper's wife who froze to death. Donna's father, a state policeman, was sent in to collect the corpse.

Donna is something rare among Alaskans—a white who is Alaska-born. She was born in Juneau, and as her father was biennially transferred from post to post, she grew up all over Alaska—Barrow, Tok, Fairbanks. In girlhood summers, she worked in a mining camp at Livengood, cooking for the crew. At the university, which is in Fairbanks, she majored in anthropology. In 1974, she fell in love with a student from the University of Alberta, and she went off to Edmonton to be with him. Edmonton is Canada's fourth-largest city and is the size of Nashville. "In Edmonton, every place I went I could see nothing but civilization. I never felt I could ever get out. I wanted to see something with no civilization in it. I wanted to see even two or three miles of just nothing. I missed this very much. In a big city, I can't find my way out of a paper bag. I was scared to death of the traffic. I was in many ways unhappy. One day I thought, I know what I want to do—I want to go live in the woods. I left the same day for Alaska."

In Alaska, where "the woods" are wildernesses beyond the general understanding of the word, one does not prudently just wander off—as Donna's whole life had taught her. She may have lived in various pinpoints of Alaskan civilization, but she had never lived out on her own. She went to Fairbanks first. She took a job—white dress and all—as a dental assistant. She asked around about trappers who came to town. She went to a meeting of the Interior Alaska Trappers Association and studied the membership with assessive eyes. When the time came for a choice, she would probably have no difficulty, for she was a beautiful young woman, twenty-eight at the time, with a criterion figure, dark-blond hair, and slate-blue, striking eyes.

Richard Okey Cook came into the country in 1964, and put up a log lean-to not far from the site where he would build his present cabin. Trained in aspects of geophysics, he did some free-lance prospecting that first summer near the head of the Seventymile River, which goes into the Yukon a few bends below Eagle. His larger purpose, though, was to stay in the country and to change himself thoroughly "from a professional into a bum"—to learn to trap, to handle dogs and sleds, to net fish in quantities sufficient to feed the dogs. "And that isn't easy," he is quick to say, claiming that to lower his income and raise his independence he has worked twice as hard as most people. Born and brought up in Ohio, he was a real-estate appraiser there before he left for Alaska. He had also been to the Colorado School of Mines and had run potentiometer surveys for Kennecott Copper in Arizona. Like many Alaskans, he came north to repudiate one kind of life and to try another. "I wanted to get away from paying taxes to support something I didn't believe in, to get away from big business, to get away from a place where you can't be sure of anything you hear or anything you read. Doctors rip you off down there. There's not an honest lawyer in the Lower Forty-eight. The only honest people left are in jail." Toward those who had held power over him in various situations his reactions had sometimes been emphatic. He took a poke at his high-school principal, in Lyndhurst, Ohio, and was expelled from school. In the Marine Corps, he became a corporal twice and a private first class three times. His demotions resulted from fistfights—on several occasions with sergeants, once with a lieutenant. Now he has tens of thousands of acres around him and no authorities ordinarily proximitous enough to threaten him—except nature, which he regards as God. While he was assembling his wilderness dexterity, he spent much of the year in Eagle, and he became, for a while, its mayor. A single face, a single vote, counts for a lot in Alaska, and especially in the bush.

The traplines Cook has established for himself are along several streams, across the divides between their headwaters and on both banks of the Yukon—upward of a hundred miles in all, in several loops. He runs them mainly in November and December. He does

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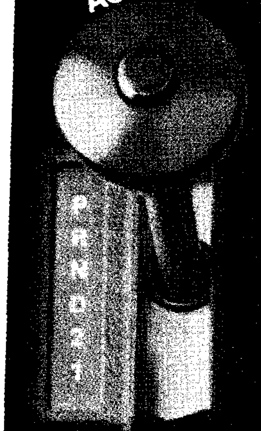

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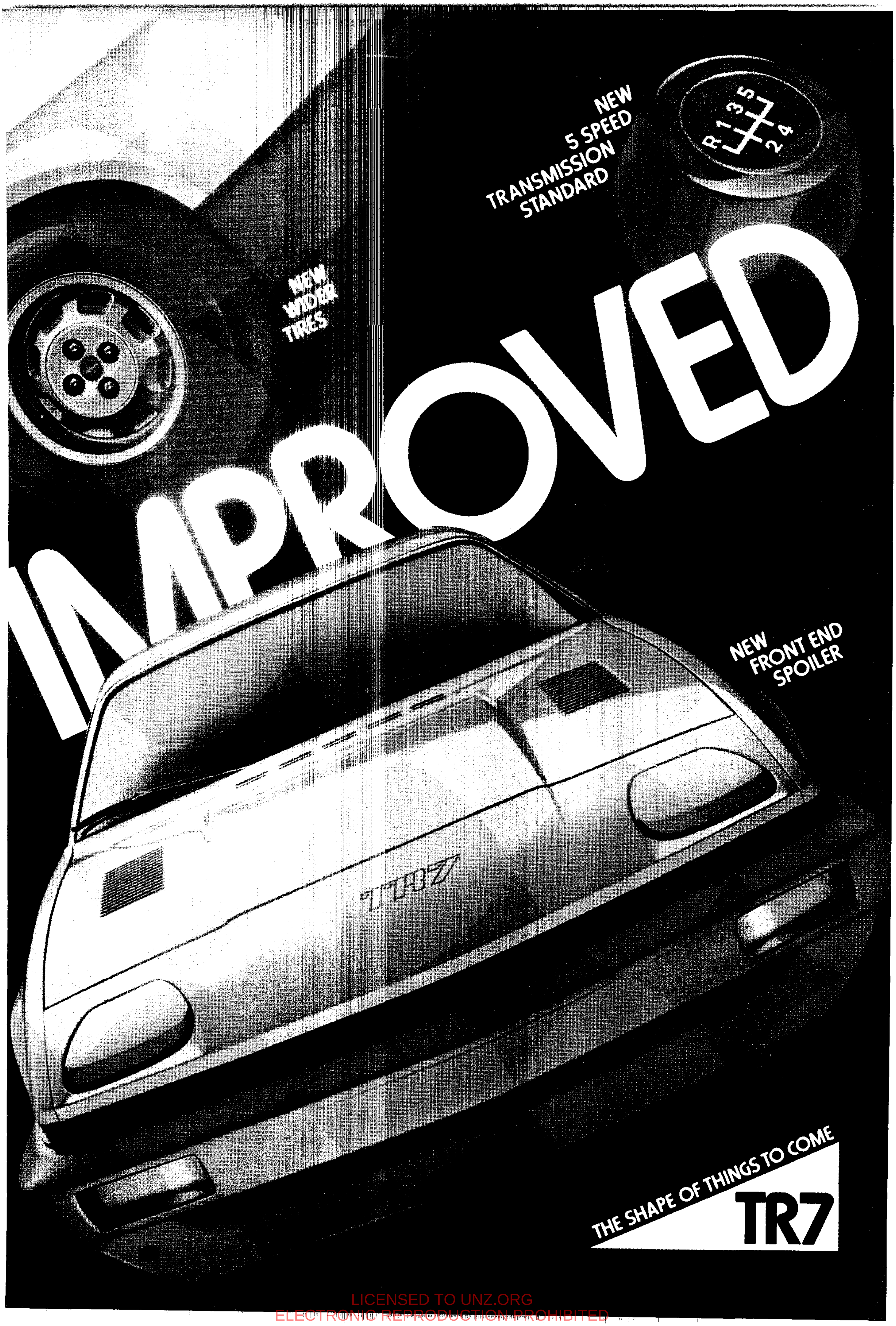
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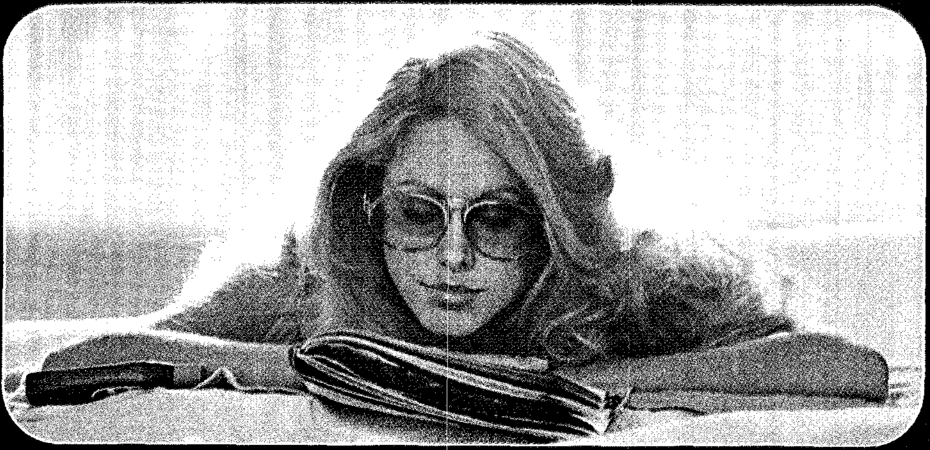

We're not against the sun. We're just against sun burned hair.

Ah, summer.

There isn't any good that can possibly come out of this three month orgy of sunbathing and swimming. For your hair, that is.

Sunning. Since this is the chief assailant, we'll quickly review all the not so glorious things it does. Sun dries hair. Leaves it brittle and dull. Sunlight streaks hair. And not necessarily in an attractive, natural looking way either.

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Then to compound this unlovely series of disasters for hair, we shampoo more frequently in summer and blow hair dry. But what hair doesn't need is more heat. What hair needs is help.

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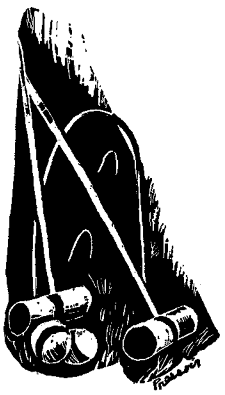
not use a snow machine, as many trappers in Alaska do. He says, "The two worst things that ever happened to this country are the airplane and the snow machine." His traplines traverse steep terrain, rocky gullies—places where he could not use a machine anyway. To get through, he requires sleds and dogs. Generally, he has to camp out at least one night to complete a circuit. If the temperature is colder than thirty below, he stays in his cabin and waits for the snap to pass. As soon as the air warms up, he hits the trail. He has built lean-tos in a few places, but often enough he sleeps where he gets tired—under an orange canvas tarp. It is ten feet by ten, and weighs two and a half pounds, and is all the shelter he needs at, say, twenty below zero. Picking out a tree, he ties one corner of the tarp to the trunk, as high as he can reach. He stakes down the far corner, then stakes down the two sides. Sometimes, he will loft the center by tying a cord to a branch above. He builds a lasting fire between the tree and himself, gets into his sleeping bag, and drifts away. Most nights are calm. Snow is light in the upper Yukon. The tarp's configuration is not so much for protection as to reflect the heat of the fire. He could make a closed tent with the tarp, if necessary. His ground cloth, or bed pad, laid out on the snow beneath him, is the hide of a caribou.

He carries dried chum salmon for his dogs, and his own food is dried moose or bear meat and pinole—ground parched corn, to which he adds brown sugar. In the Algonquin language, pinole was "rockahominy." "It kept Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett going. It keeps me going, too." He carries no flour. "Flour will go rancid on you unless you buy white flour, but you can't live and work on that. I had a friend who died of a heart attack from eating that crap. It's not news that the American people are killing themselves with white flour, white sugar, and soda pop. If you get out and trap thirty miles a day behind dogs, you can damned well tell what lets you work and what doesn't." From a supplier in Seattle he orders hundred-pound sacks of corn, pinto beans, unground wheat. He buys cases of vinegar, tomato paste, and tea. Forty pounds of butter in one-pound cans. A hundred pounds of dried milk, sixty-five of dried fruit. Twenty-five pounds of cashews. Twenty-five pounds of oats. A forty-pound can of peanut butter. He carries it all down the Yukon from Eagle by sled or canoe. He uses a couple of moose a year, and a few bear, which are easier to handle in summer. "A moose has too much meat. The waste up here you wouldn't believe. Hunters that come through here leave a third of the moose. Indians don't waste, but with rifles they are overexcitable. They shoot into herds of caribou and wound some. I utilize everything, though. Stomach. Intestines. Head. I feed the carcasses of wolverine, marten, and fox to the dogs. Lynx is another matter. It's exceptionally good, something like chicken or pork."

With no trouble at all, Dick Cook remembers where every trap is on his lines. He uses several hundred traps. His annual food cost is somewhere under a thousand dollars. He uses less than a hundred gallons of fuel—for his chain saws, his small outboards, his gasoline lamps. The furs bring him a little more than his basic needs—about fifteen hundred dollars a year. He plants a big garden. He says, "One of the points I live by is not to make any more money than is absolutely necessary." His prospecting activity has in recent years fallen toward nil. He says he now looks for rocks not for the money but "just for the joy of it—a lot of things fall apart if you are not after money, and prospecting is one of them."

In winter on the trail, he wears a hooded cotton sweatshirt, no hat. He does use an earband. He has a low opinion of wool. "First off, it's too expensive. Second off, you don't have the moisture problem up here you have in the States." He wears Sears' thermal long johns under cotton coveralls, and his feet are kept warm by Indian-made mukluks with Bean's felt insoles and a pair of wool socks. He rarely puts on his parka. "You have to worry up here more about overdressing than about underdressing. The problem is getting overheated." Gradually, his clothes have become rags, with so many shreds, holes, and rips that they seem to cling to him only through loyalty. Everything is patched, and loose bits flap as he walks. His red chamois-cloth shirt has holes in the front, the back, and the sides. His green overalls are torn open at both knees. Half a leg is gone from his corduroy pants. His khaki down jacket is quilted with patches and has a long rip under one arm. His hooded sweatshirt hangs from him in tatters, spreads over him like the thrums of a mop. "I'll tell you one thing about this country," he says. "This country is hard on clothes."



Cook is somewhat below the threshold of slender. He is fatless. His figure is a little stooped, unprepossessing, but his legs and arms are strong beyond the mere requirements of the athlete. He looks like a scarecrow made of cables. All his features are feral—his chin, his nose, his dark eyes. His hair, which is nearly black, has gone far from his forehead. His scalp is bare all the way back to, more or less, his north pole. The growth beyond—dense, streaked with gray—cantilevers to the sides in unbarbered profusion, so that his own hair appears to be a parka ruff. His voice is soft, gentle—his words polite. When he is being pedagogical, the voice goes up several registers, and becomes hortative and sharp. He is not infrequently pedagogical.

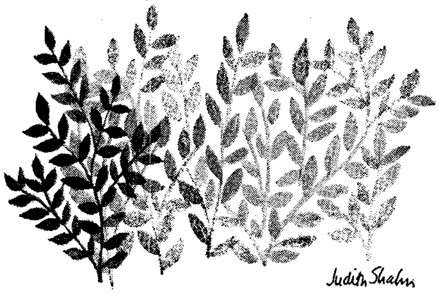
A decade and more can bring deep seniority in Alaska. People arrive steadily. And people go. They go from Anchorage and Fairbanks—let alone the more exacting wild. Some, of course, are interested only in a year or two's work, then to return with saved high wages to the Lower Forty-eight. Others, though, mean to adapt to Alaska, hoping to find a sense of frontier, a fresh and different kind of life. They come continually to Eagle, and to Circle, the next settlement below Eagle down the Yukon. The two communities are about a hundred and sixty river miles apart, and in all the land between them live perhaps thirty people. The state of New Jersey, where I happen to live, could fit between Eagle and Circle. New Jersey has seven and a half million people. Small wonder that the Alaskan wild has at least a conceptual appeal to certain people from a place like New Jersey. Beyond Circle are the vast savannas of the Yukon Flats—another world. Upstream from Circle are the bluffs, the mountains, the steep-falling streams—the country. Eagle and Circle are connected only by river, but each of them is reachable, about half the year, over narrow gravel roads (built for gold mines) that twist through the forest and are chipped out of cliffsides in high mountain passes. If you get into your car in Hackensack, Circle is about as far north as you can go on North America's network of roads. Eagle, with its montane setting, seems to attract more people who intend to stay. In they come—young people in ones and twos—from all over the Lower Forty-eight. With general trapping catalogues under their arms, they walk around wondering what to do next. The climate and the raw

Alaskan wild will quickly sort them out. Some will not flinch. Others will go back. Others will stay on but will never get past the clustered cabins and gravel streets of Eagle. These young people, for the most part, are half Cook's age. He is in his middle forties. He is their exemplar—the one who has done it and stuck. So the newcomers turn to him, when he is in town, as sage and mentor. He tells them that it's a big but hungry country out there, good enough for trapping, maybe, but not for too much trapping, and they are to stay the hell off his traplines. He does not otherwise discourage people. He wants to help them. If, in effect, they are wearing a skin and carrying a stone-headed club, he suggests that technology, while it can be kept at a distance, is inescapable. "The question," he will say, "is how far do you want to go? I buy wheat. I use axes, knives. I have windows. There's a few things we've been trained to need and can't give up. You can't forget the culture you were raised in. You have to satisfy needs created in you. Almost everyone needs music, for instance. Cabins may be out of food, but they've all got books in them. Indian trappers used deadfalls once—propped-up logs. I wouldn't want to live without my rifle and steel traps. I don't want to have to live on a bow and arrow and a deadfall. Somewhere, you have to make some sort of compromise. There is a line that has to be drawn. Most people feel around for it. Those that try to be too Spartan generally back off. Those who want to be too luxurious end up in Eagle—or in Fairbanks, or New York. So far as I know, people who have tried to get away from technology completely have always failed. Meanwhile, what this place has to offer is wildness that is nowhere else."

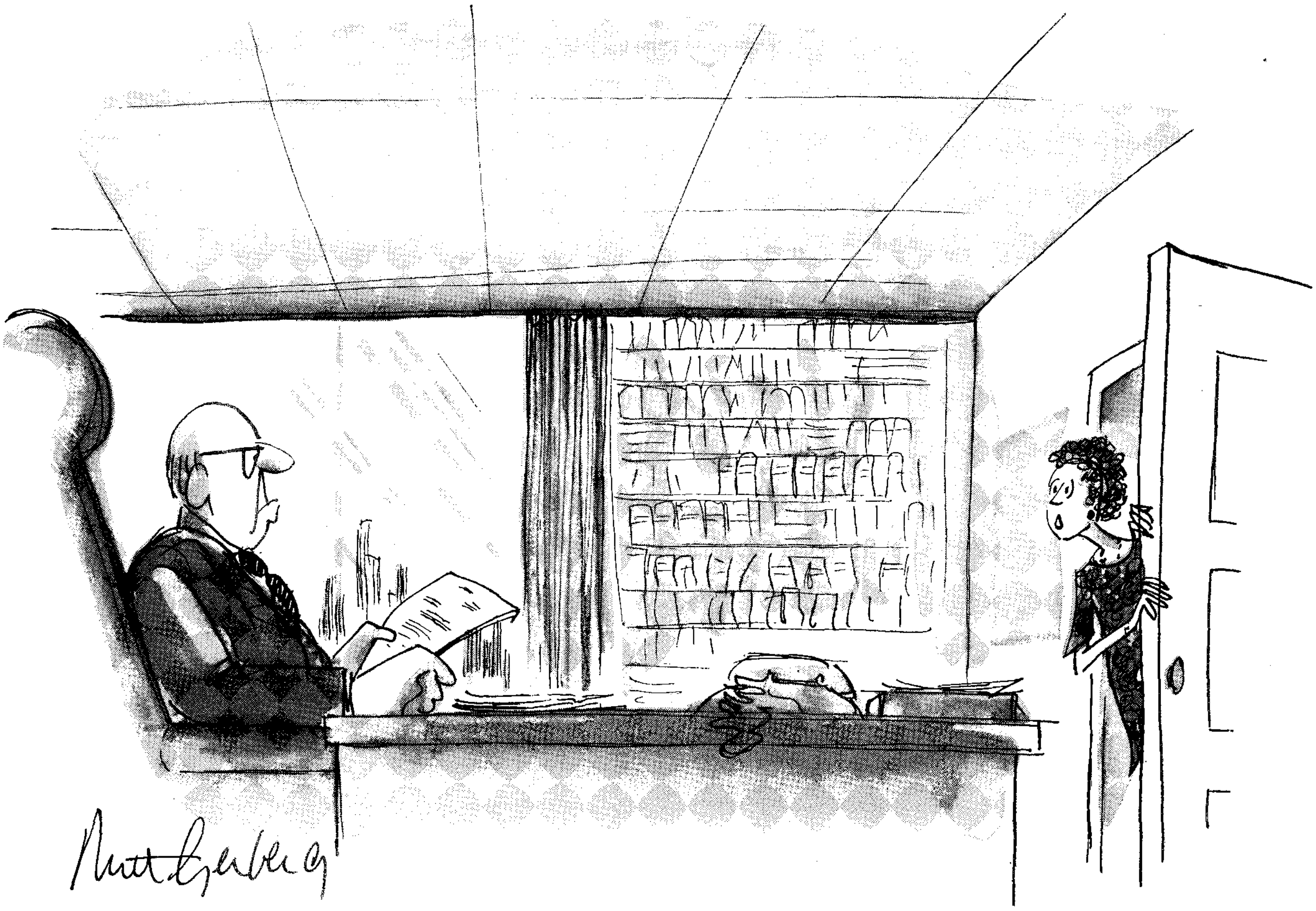
A favorite aphorism of Cook's is that a farmer can learn to live in a city in six months but a city person in a lifetime cannot learn to live on a farm. He says of newcomers, "A lot of them say they're going to 'live off the land.' They go hungry. They have ideas about everything—on arrival. And they've got no problems. But they're diving off too high a bridge. Soon they run into problems, so they come visiting. They have too much gear and their sleeping bags are too heavy to carry around. They are wondering where to get meat, where and how to catch fish, how to protect their gear from bears. You can't tell them directly. If you tell them to do something, they do the opposite. But there are ways to let them know."

Cook seems to deserve his reputation. In all the terrain that is more or less focussed on the post office at Eagle, he is the most experienced, the best person to be sought out by anyone determined to live much beyond the outermost tip of the set society. He knows the woods, the animals, sleds, traps, furs, dogs, frozen rivers, and swift water. He is the sachem figure. And he had long since achieved this status when a day arrived in which a tooth began to give him great pain. He lay down in his cabin and waited for the nuisance to pass. But the pain increased and was apparently not going to go away. It became so intense he could barely stand it. He was a couple of hundred miles from the most accessible dentist. So he took a pair of channel-lock pliers and wrapped them with tape, put the pliers into his mouth, and clamped them over the hostile tooth. He levered it, worked it awhile, and passed out. When he came to, he picked up the pliers and went back to work on the tooth. It wouldn't give. He passed out again. Each time he attacked the tooth with the pliers, he passed out. Finally, his hand would not move. He could not make his arm lift the pliers toward his mouth. So he set them down, left the cabin, and—by dogsled and mail plane—headed for the dentist, in Fairbanks.

John Borg came into the country in 1966. He was a mailman, on vacation, and he pitched his tent by American Creek a mile out of Eagle. The Army had brought him to Alaska in the nineteen-fifties—just before Alaska became a state—and (in his phrase) "plain opportunity" was what had caused him to stay. He carried letters around Anchorage for a number of years while opportunity in other forms withheld itself. And then he found Eagle. From birth he had been at home among low populations in open settings. He had grown up in Spirit Township, in the hills of northern Wisconsin, and had gone to Rib Lake High School, thirteen miles away. Now here was a town smaller by far than any he had known—some log cabins and a few frame buildings aggregated on a high bank above a monumental river. It seemed to him beautiful in several respects. "The quality of the people who lived here at the time is what made it particularly attractive." In 1968, he and his wife, Betty, took over the Eagle Roadhouse, providing bunks and board for exploration geologists, forest-fire fighters, and anyone else who might happen into Eagle. Before long, they had the propane franchise; and Borg became, as well, the regional Selective Service registrar, and president of the Eagle Historical Society, and the local reporter for the National Weather Service, and the sole officer (at this river port of entry) representing the United States Customs Service, and—on the payroll of the United States Geological Survey—the official observer of the Yukon. Borg had left Anchorage, Alaska's metropolis, because half of the people of Alaska lived there and that was "just too many." Now, hundreds of miles distant in the bush, he was on his way to becoming a one-man city. Inevitably, with his postal background, he also became the postmaster—of Eagle, Alaska 99738—and, as such, he is the central figure in the town. He is a slim, fairly tall man, who looks ten years younger in a hat. He was born in 1937. He has a narrow-brimmed cap made from camouflage cloth that, once on his head, is unlikely to come off, indoors or out, and gives him a boyish, jaunty air as he cancels stamps, weighs packages, and exercises his quick, ironic wit. There is a lightness about him, of manner, appearance, and style, that saves him from the weight of his almost numberless responsibilities. One place where the hat comes off is in the small log cabin called Eagle City Hall. Inside are a big iron stove, benches for interested observers, and a long table, where Borg sits with the Eagle Common Council. His bared forehead is a high one—an inch or two higher than it once was. His eyes seem lower beneath it. His regard is uncommonly stern. Shadows come into his mustache, which turns into an iron brush. The youth in the post office has been returned to sender. Behind the heavier demeanor at the head of the Council table is John Borg the Mayor.



The post office is in a small cabin about a hundred yards from the riverbank at an intersection of unpaved streets—the heart of town. Borg owns the building and rents it to the United States. He arrives there by eight in the morning, after checking the height of the river (when the river is liquid). Because this is where the Yukon enters Alaska, its condition at Eagle



"There's a gentleman on the line who insists on speaking with you. He wishes to vow vengeance."

• •

is of considerable interest to the two dozen villages in the thirteen hundred river miles between the Canadian boundary and the Bering Sea. Borg also reads instruments that react to the weather, and he turns on the Weather Service's single-side-band radio to attempt to send facts to Anchorage. Eagle is not in perfect touch with the rest of the world. Signals get lost. Fairbanks, urban center of the northern bush, would be the more appropriate place to call, because, among others, the bush pilots of Fairbanks want the information. But the radio gets through to Fairbanks only about one time in five. Success in reaching Anchorage is about eighty per cent. So Borg calls Anchorage, toward four hundred miles away, and the word—of the river, of the weather, of an emergency—is relayed back north to Fairbanks.

"KCI 96 Anchorage. KEC 27 Eagle. Clouds now, six to eight thousand feet. Visibility, fifteen miles. Winds, calm. River, thirty-eight and falling. Water temperature, thirty-six degrees." The air in the night went down to twenty-eight. Yesterday's high was fifty. Right now, the air is at forty-five on an uncertain morning under volatile skies—May 13, 1976. It is mail day, the country's substitute for organized entertainment, but there is no guarantee that the plane will come through. It comes two, three, occasionally four times a week. The weather is inconstant, mutable. Squalls of snow may be shoved aside by thunderheads that are soon on the rims of open skies. Borg's records show that on a July day in the nineteen-sixties the thermometer reached ninety-six. During a night in January, 1975, the column went down to seventy-two degrees below zero. Borg says the air was even colder by the river. While this is the coldest part of Alaska, it is also the hottest and among the driest. Less than four feet of snow will fall in all of a winter, and about a foot of total precipitation (a figure comparable to New Mexico's) across the year. Because of the latitude—about a hundred miles from the Arctic Circle—the climate tends to conserve what falls, and this is not a desert. There is a dusting of new snow, Borg comments, on the mountains down the river.

The foyer stirs. The post office has a miniature lobby, a loitering center, with a small grid of combination boxes, public notices, and a wicketless window framing Borg himself. Camouflage hat. Faded plaid shirt. "What can I do for you?"

Lilly Allen (in her twenties) has a cartful of textbooks to ship back to the University of Nebraska. High school in Eagle is by correspondence, and is controlled from filing cabinets in Lincoln. The teachers are in Nebraska. Lilly is the resident supervisor.

Jim Dungan comes in, slowly, hands Borg a letter, and makes no move to go. He leans forward on his crutches and draws on his pipe. Dungan has more time even than his fellow-townsmen do this year, as a result of an accident. He says, often, "I'll be off these crutches soon. I won't be wearing them all my life, that's for sure." There are lead weights on the crutches today. Borg asks about them, and Dungan says they are divers' weights, and that when his leg gets better he will slip them into pockets in his wet-suit when he dives for gold. One on each crutch, the weights total fifty pounds. They are not there to create a vanity of muscles but to build his stamina, to keep him in condition.

"It's easy to get out of condition,"

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Borg remarks. "All you have to do is nothing."

Bertha Ulvi and Ethel Beck, Indian sisters, come in to mail raingear to Ethel's husband, who is working in the Arctic for the Alyeska pipeline consortium.

A plane goes overhead. Borg, busy at the scales, says it's not the mail plane—just Jim Layman in his Taylorcraft. A few minutes later, he hears another plane, and says, "No. That's not it. That's Warbelow, coming up from Tok." Borg doesn't have to go out for a look. From the sound alone, he can usually say where an aircraft is coming from, what kind it is, and who is flying it.

Eagle is a dry community. Its leading bootlegger comes in and posts a letter, followed by his closest competitor. They, in turn, are followed by Elva Scott, Sage Cass, Horace Biederman, Sarge Waller (an alumnus of the Marine Corps), and Jack Boone. With dark furry hair and a dark furry beard, Boone appears to be part bear and part wolf. "You've got a bunch of weird individuals in this town," he observes. And he adds, "Me included."

On one wall of the post-office lobby is a thick sheaf of notices about fugitives all over the United States who are "WANTED BY FBI." They include descriptions, fingerprints, and pictures of people who appear to have arrived long since in Eagle.

Roy Miettunen comes in with a letter—a rare public appearance. He likes to talk, but he stays in his cabin; you have to go to him. In the warmer weeks of the year (a short season), he works his claim on Alder Creek, far out in the mountains, sluicing gold. He once prematurely used up his food, and he walked out in eleven days, eating squirrels. It takes more than squirrels to keep Roy Miettunen in form. He lost more than sixty pounds, and came out of the woods weighing two thirteen. He speaks slowly, firmly, attractively. With his great frame and his big head, his unfrivolous jaw, he looks more sergeant than Sarge. He was, long ago, of the Seattle police. In his cabin he has eighteen rifles, thirty-four pistols, and two swords.

A visitor from the state Department of Highways, concerned about the condition of a stretch of local road, comes in and speaks with Borg about the use of his Cat. The term Cat derives, of course, from the Caterpillar Tractor Company, of Peoria, Illinois, and, in the synecdochical way that snow machines in Canada are generally called Ski-Doos and snow machines in the Alaskan upper Yukon are called snogos, all bulldozers of any make or size are called Cats. John Borg's Cat is a forty-two-horse John Deere, with a seven-foot blade. Borg mentions forty dollars an hour as the asking price for his Cat—at work with him on it. The State of Alaska hems but does not completely haw. Borg nods at thirty-eight.

Anton Merly appears, and Jack Greene, followed by Ralph Helmer, who now runs the roadhouse. He has a letter for his grandmother near Spokane. She is in her eighties, and the letter is in acknowledgement of her birthday. He tells Borg that he lived for three years on her farm after his parents were divorced. "That was a very beneficial thing in my life, although I didn't realize it at the time." Helmer, about a dozen others, and the central buildings of the city of Eagle are supplied with electricity at thirty-five cents a kilowatt-hour by a private power company consisting of Charlie Ostrander and John Borg. They have two diesel generators, which can put out twelve kilowatts over an effective radius of a thousand yards. Borg sells power to the post office. But his home cabin, in the woods far back from the river, is out of range. He has a small generator there to run the washing machine and power tools, but the cabin does not use electric light.

Kay Christensen comes in. She has no letter. She wants to speak to Borg about plowing up her garden with his Rototiller. Borg accepts the job. In the eighteen-nineties, Jack McQuesten, a storekeeper celebrated in the country, used to plow his garden with a moose.

The sky was clear at 7 A.M. Then cumulus built up, and some rain fell, and now, at eleven, comes the dinning sound of hail. Dan Kees, a relative newcomer, talks about the hail in West Virginia, where he is from, and Borg listens. Borg is a member of the Bible Chapel, politically the strongest unit in Eagle, and Kees is his pastor. Kees wears a cowboy-style hat, so wide-brimmed it could be looked upon as a stunted sombrero. He is technically a missionary here. That is, the church headquarters at Glennallen, Alaska, pays him. His parishioners are referred to locally as "the bloc," "the group," "the Christians," "the fundamentalists." They also include the families of Ralph Helmer, Ron Ivy, the Ostrander brothers, and Roger Whitaker, the previous pastor, who resigned to go into police work and is now the regional constable. In the spectrum of Eagle society, the fundamentalists are all the way over in the ultraviolet, beyond the threshold of visible light. Dick Cook and the young people of the river (the wheat grinders, meat hunters, trappers—liberal, certainly, and in some ways lawless) are at the opposite end, deep into the infrared. A few whites are married to Indians. The Indians number less than fifty, and almost all live three miles upriver, outside the plat of the town. Philosophically, they are as close to the river people as they are to anyone else. Across the middle span of the society are—among others—drifters, merchants, visionaries, fugitives, miners, suburbanites, and practitioners of early retirement. There is something of the rebel in everyone here, and a varying ratio between what attracts them to this country and what repels them in places behind. "Never put restrictions on an individual" is probably page 1, line 1 of the code of the bush. But people here encounter restrictions from governments state and federal, from laws to which they do not all subscribe, and—perhaps to an extent just as great—from one another. Compressed, minute, Eagle is something like a bathysphere, lowered deep into a world so remote it is analogous to the basins of the sea. The people within look out at the country. John Borg remembers regretfully when there was more room to move around inside.

He takes from a wall a photograph of someone in Eagle holding a gold pan full of hailstones the size of eggs, and shows the picture to Kees, possibly to imply that hail like that could destroy a place like West Virginia. The stones falling now are scarcely half an inch thick. Their clatter is considerable, but is not enough to kill the sound of a Cessna 207, up there in the storm with the incoming mail. Borg loads up a van and drives out to the airstrip, which is halfway between the town and the Indian Village. The strip, for the moment, is white as winter. The hail continues, but the skies are broken, and around the gray clouds are wide bays of blue. Borg has collected mail here at sixty below zero, coming out from town on a snow machine for half a ton of Christmas cards arriving one month late. The 207 flares, lands, and taxis up, its wings like snare drums under the pounding stones. The pilot gets out, catches some hail, and examines it. The stones, in shape, resemble Hershey's Kisses. He looks back into the storm and sees seven geese fighting their way through the same airspace he was in moments before. "How would you like to get *that* in the eyeballs?" he says, with feeling for the

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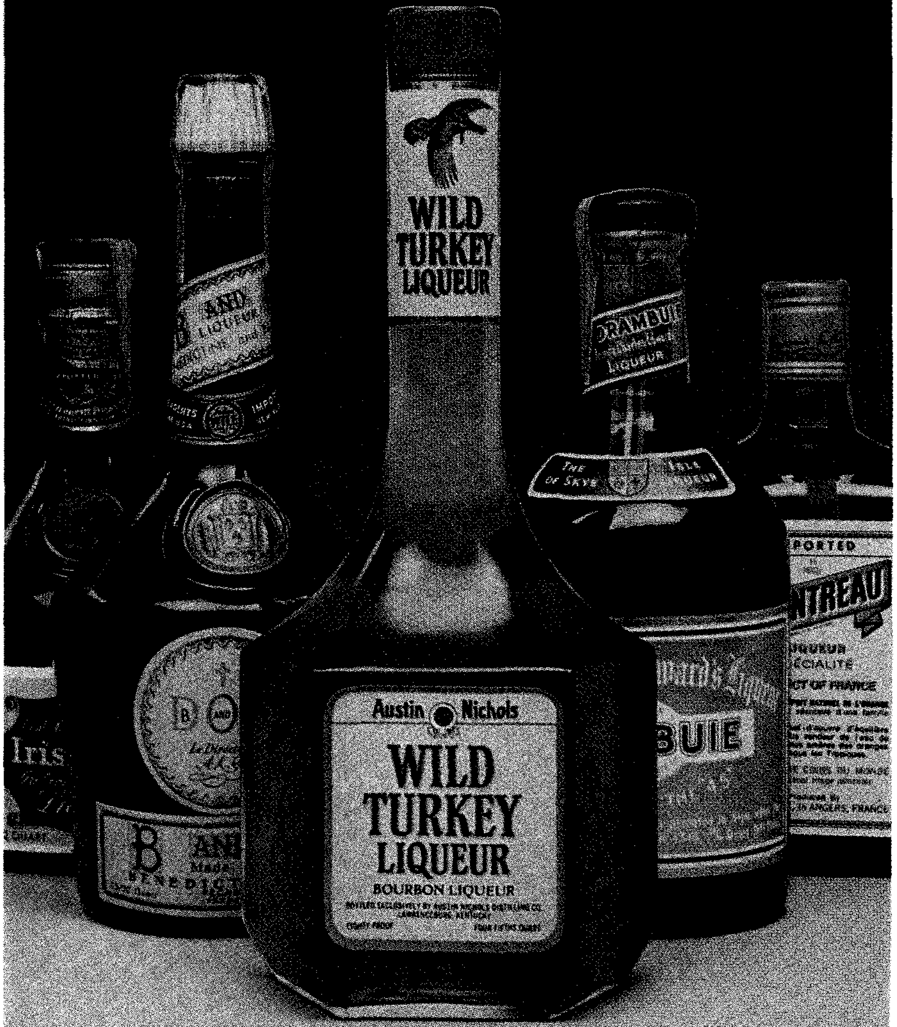

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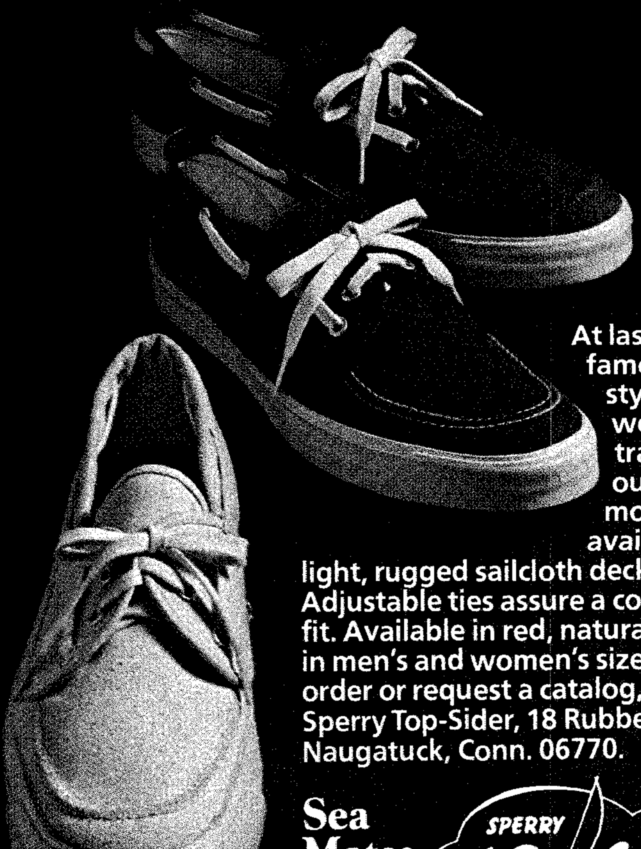

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geese. The pilot, new in Alaska, is from New Jersey. There is a passenger or two. A small roll of chain-link fence comes off the plane. An Indian family is expecting it, and is on hand to pick it up. Borg stuffs the van with mailbags and cardboard cartons. The wing of the 207 is now coated with slush. "That will raise hell with the airfoil," says the pilot, and Borg produces a broom. He sweeps three hundred pounds of slush off the airplane, and the pilot returns to the air.

People throng the post office like seagulls around a piling, like trout at the mouth of a brook. Many, of both races, wear sweatshirts and windbreakers on which are stencilled the words "Eagle, Alaska." Make what they will of the country, they seem to yearn for contact with the outside world. On days when the mail plane does not come, the human atmosphere is notably calmer than it is now. With a sheet of plywood against his postal window, Borg blocks himself away while he and his wife, whose head tops out at his shoulder blades, do the sorting. As letters go into the boxes, the doors open and slap shut. The babble declines. Many stand and read without dispersing to their cabins. Viola Goggans is baffled by something to do with wheel bearings. Borg gives her a short lesson in their function and potential flaws. Almost gingerly, he hands Lilly Allen a package that—as he knows from her many inquiries—contains a beautifully crafted dulcimer. He is obviously relieved that it has come at last. Sara Biederman, an Indian who lives in the town, is having trouble with the legal phraseology of a letter from Fairbanks. She comes to the window and hands the letter to Borg. "It says there's fourteen hundred and ninety-eight dollars due on your truck and if the money is not paid they will come and get the truck," he tells her. Michael David collects mail and packages, for himself and others in the Indian Village. He is young (twenty-five), slim, without expression. A headband holds his long black hair. Michael David is the Indian Village Chief. "He's got an awful uphill grade in front of him," remarks his counterpart, the Mayor.

STEVE ULVI wants to know if a fourth crate of bees, shipped from Navasota, Texas, has arrived for Dick Cook—and possibly a queen bee as well, due in from Louisiana. Borg shakes his head. The post office is, for the moment, innocent of bees.

Three crates arrived about a week ago, and Cook was here waiting for them, having traveled up the frozen river with his dog team to fetch them. While he waited, breakup came. It was early, and took him by surprise. He had intended to collect the bees and mush back down the Yukon to Donna and the cabin well before the ice would run. But then, one Sunday afternoon, the silent river began to move. Bank to bank fifteen hundred feet, the ice subdivided itself without particular spectacle, and, like an ore in motion on a giant belt, departed for the Bering Sea. The Yukon is a practical thoroughfare in summer and in winter, but during its times of transition it becomes almost unapproachably inimical. Great floes coming on from upriver roll, heave, compile; sound and surface like whales. Many hundreds of millions of tons of ice, riding a water discharge of two hundred thousand cubic feet per second, go by Eagle at a speed approaching ten miles an hour. Looking at the river, you cannot help but recoil. In water that cold, a human being couldn't live much more than a few minutes—a benevolent brevity, the struggle being hopeless anyway against the current and the ice. The river's edges are lined with ice that is stationary—"shelf ice," "shore ice," the first to freeze at the start of winter and the last to go in spring. It is four feet thick, but will break apart under a stamping foot, shattering into columnar palisades, untapered icicles known as "needle ice" or "candle ice." The shore ice rests on rock and gravel, while only a step or two away is the riverborne ice, big masses pounding into one another with a sound like faraway thunder, or, often, like faraway surf. These are muted sounds. For all its weight and speed, the ice moves softly much of the time, fizzing like ginger ale.

The ice run will thin out now and again, nearly disappear. The river becomes clear of all but isolated floes. In another hour, or day, heavy ice is running again—wall to wall, crunching, jamming, lethal as ever. The ice comes segmentally from upriver and from the tributary rivers. The Yukon, even above Eagle, has tributaries four hundred miles long. When ice of the Yukon, ice of the tributaries comes free and begins to run, it does so in big units. People watch for ice from Dawson—which is about a hundred miles away, in Yukon Territory—and whenever barrels, garbage, foul debris go hurtling by on soiled floes, someone will grunt knowledgeably and say, "Dawson ice." The White, the Klondike, the Stewart, the Pelly, the Nordenskiöld, the Teslin, the Fortymile let go their ice arrhythmically and give it into the Yukon. Pelly ice. Stewart ice. Teslin ice. Fortymile ice. It takes two or three weeks for it all to go by a single point like Eagle. In weeks thereafter, it forms a temporary, bobbing delta spread miles out to sea.

With the ice comes wood. The breakup flushes out of Alaskan and Canadian uplands many millions of cords of forest debris. Trunks go by that are sixty and seventy feet long. Some ride just beneath the surface. They are called sleepers. The big logs rarely retain their branches, but many still have their root structures, and those that do are sometimes called preachers, because the roots ride down in the water while the upper trunk breaks through the surface at an angle, and bows and rises, bows and rises, as it glides by. Once in a while a big trunk will nosedive and stick like a javelin into the bed of the river. Then a following ice floe snaps it in half with the sound of a battleship gun. Sometimes the wood in the river seems as voluminous as the ice. The people of Eagle collect logs that have paused in eddies or have otherwise come near enough to shore. Firewood is worth sixty dollars a cord, and twice that in winter. People have to travel considerable distances—to forest burn areas, for example—to get it legally. So it is not just wood but a great deal of cash that is bobbing by on the Yukon. For the most part, the people can't do much, however, but wistfully watch it go. The big river delivers the wood to the Yupik Eskimos of the western coast, where there is no timber to speak of and where for ten millennia—before missionaries, books, schools, and visual aids—fires were made with fuel from a forest-mountain landscape that the Eskimos had never seen and could scarcely have imagined.

Cook was anxious to get back to Donna. So, less than a week after breakup, with ice running heavy, he borrowed a canoe and started for the river with his dogs. He might have used the quiet eddy at Eagle's boat landing, a short distance upstream, but that would have meant taking the dogs through town, and Cook did not wish to create a disturbance. Several dozen dogs are chained to stakes beside cabins throughout Eagle, and Cook's loose ones, running amok, could be counted on to start fights and drive the tied ones berserk. So Cook, whose base in Eagle is a shack on some land he owns,

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led his dogs through woods and down to the river just below the town. He met Steve Ulvi there, who meant to go downriver with him. Slipping, falling into crevices, they slid the canoe over high shelf ice and lowered it into a small indentation of water, a petty cove. This was at an outside bend, where current runs fast in a river. Flying ice chunks in tumbling hundreds pounded by. Big flat discs, called pan ice, their edges worn round, spun among the chunks. The canoe was a nineteen-foot Grumman aluminum freighter. Cook and Ulvi loaded it—three crates of bees, two hundred and fifty pounds of gasoline, an old outboard motor, the corpse of a great gray owl, a big wooden box of supplies, two rifles, a shotgun, a sixty-pound sack of sugar, and the five sled dogs (about four hundred pounds of dog). Steve sat in the bow. Cook, in the stern, made a few shifts for balance. Then he shoved the canoe out into the stream. The ice was so heavy and concentrated that the mean free path for anything attempting to move through to a safer part of the river would inevitably be extremely short. The canoe travelled about ten feet. It was on the current for perhaps two seconds when it was hit from behind and driven like a nail into the stationary ice. It might as easily have been upended, or pressed down into the water, or, most probable event of all, rolled over. But luck was running with the ice. Wedged there, stuck, protruding backward into the river, the canoe was at least upright. Blood ran out of Cook's face. His skin became as pale as the floes in the river. If more ice were to strike the canoe now, it could crumple it up like an aluminum can. Ulvi wrenched the bow free and shoved the canoe backward. Once more it floated among the ice. He and Cook, prying hard to get the bow around, were nudged but not hit. They tried an angling path toward the slower side of the river. Ahead of them to the end of the view was a thousand acres of ice-filled water. Beyond sight, it was impossible to guess the level of danger, for ice can jam at bends, entrapping with it anything that floats, while the weight of the river builds up behind until the force is sufficient to explode the ice free.

Sarge Waller—who is, among other things, a professional riverman—later commented on Cook and Ulvi's journey and described them as “yahoos.” Sarge said, “Them ice floes could knock the boat over and wipe it out. They could get wiped out ten miles down. They could be dead now. Who would know?” And no one did know for a number of days—or think much about it, truth be told. Then Ulvi and the canoe reappeared in town. He looked tired, cold, gaunt, but, withal, intact.

Ulvi is a young, cinematically handsome man, with blond curls and blue eyes and a nineteenth-century drooping gold mustache. He came into the country when he was twenty-three, and has been here two years. He followed his brother Dana, who first encountered Eagle as a stop on a Yukon raft trip, and who is now married to Bertha Paul, of the Eagle Indian Village. Harold Ulvi, an uncle, was the Northern Commercial Company's storekeeper here in Eagle twenty-five years ago. After growing up in California, Steve went to college briefly in Oregon. He backpacked all over the Western mountains. When he moved to the Alaskan bush (with his wife, Lynette Roberts), he had in advance some of the skills he would need. He had rebuilt every car and motorcycle he had owned. He knew cooking, carpentry, and more than a little about edible wild plants. Lynette and Steve, who expect a baby, have a cabin upriver near the international boundary and live there as much as they do in Eagle. “Dick Cook and I both hold in highest regard not the intellectual but the man of maximum practical application. Like Dick, I'm trying to be self-sufficient on this earth, to live successfully without altering the environment. Cook is not sucking on fossil fuels, and I don't want to, either. People say, ‘If you feel that way, why don't you make candles out of bear fat?’ But I'm not prepared to do that. It's all relative, of course. I do burn ten or fifteen gallons of kerosene a year for light, some white gas for my Coleman stove, some fuel for my kicker. But if everybody else did no more than that we would not have an energy problem. I learn things when I visit Dick. I go see him about his garden, for example. The most returns for the least effort—Dick is definitely interested in that. He has great perspective, a good body of working knowledge. He remembers when caribou were really running around here. He's been here long enough to cover a couple of the natural cycles. He knows a lot about guns. He hand-loads. I hand-load. He carries a 6.5 x 55 Swede military carbine. I carry a 7 x 57 Mauser. Some people like a high-speed bullet. Some like a big, slow bullet. They all

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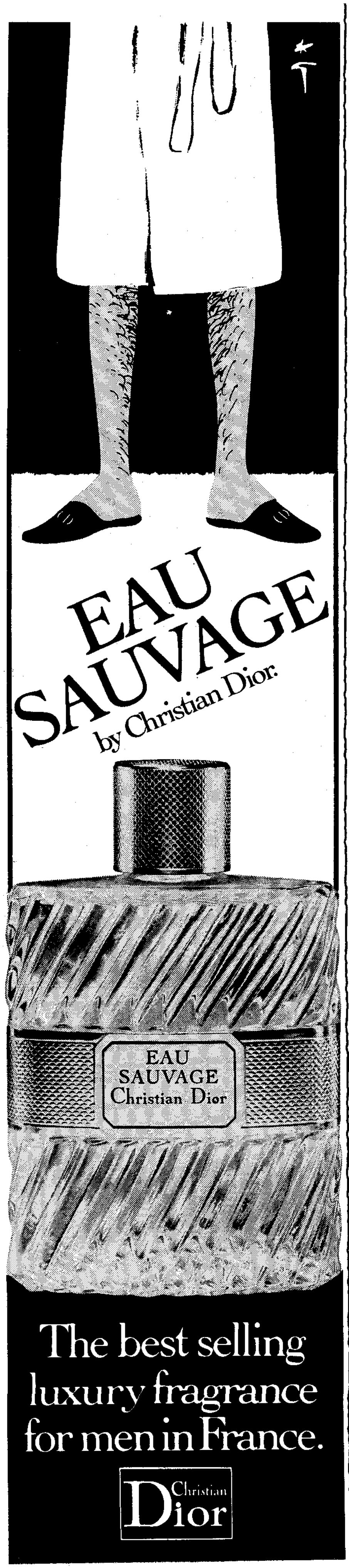
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kill. Dick goes for a long bullet at a moderate recoil. He believes that placing the shot is what matters most."

When the conversation in Eagle—outside the post office, inside the general store—concentrates, as it does sometimes, on Cook, not everyone is so admiring. In fact, as Lilly Allen's husband, Brad Snow, once said to me, "You will find it impossible here to say anything nice about anybody without considerable disagreement."

"Cook is a romanticist, fancies himself a latter-day Henry David Thoreau. There's not a hell of a lot of depth there."

"He's a patient hunter. He will sit half the night waiting for a beaver to come out of his house."

"He is a pontifical, messianic guru. He's no dummy. He likes all these young river buckos sitting at his feet while Donna works her tail off tanning a moosehide."

"It takes Cook two years to develop an idea."

"It took him *six* years to get himself together and get out to his cabin downriver. Anne, his second wife, was not a bush woman, and—like some other women in the country—was not willing to compromise."

"He's a wealth of information. If he's going to do something, he does it right. Build a sled. Snowshoes. Rifles. Gardens. Dogs. He's an excellent musher—as good at dogs as anybody."

"His dogs are no better than mine."

"He *is* self-sufficient. He is the closest to attaining the goals of all of the people of the river. He is the old man of the business, and he is making it work pretty well."

"He manages to suggest he knows the country, but he has never even seen the Charley River."

"Cook is not good at one-to-one relationships. So he's here in Alaska, here in the bush. We are all here for similar reasons. My mother would say we're all failures. That's not so. We are seeking alternatives."

"Cook does not want anyone else doing his thinking for him. He also does not want to let other people think. Donna is now learning and following. When Donna starts thinking for herself, there will be trouble."

VIOLA GOGGANS and her family came drifting into the country in a school bus a couple of years ago, with purpose ignited by the presence of gold. They stayed first in the drainage of the Fortymile River, and then shifted to Eagle. Because Communists would before long take over the nation as a whole, they reasoned, there could be "no future for the kids." Money would be "worthless," and "the only thing that will buy anything is gold." Tom and Vi Goggans were not in a position to hoard commercial bullion. They had entered Alaska some years before with a baby and a dime, and only the baby had substantially grown. If they wanted gold, they would have to separate it from placer ground.

The school bus was their mobile home. For its future they had imaginative plans. It was full size, yellow, the standard model, and they were going to convert it into a boat. They would then launch the bus on the Yukon and navigate downstream to a tributary river and up that to high creeks with promise of gold. To scoffers who cared to listen Vi was not reluctant to give details. ("They thought we was crazy. They thought we was going to drive out on the water. They was about ready to send a straitjacket down. We had 'em all confused.") People seemed to think that the Gogganses were going to seal the body, drive off the bank, and let the wheels spin in the river. Actually, they meant to slice the bus in half—the long way, under the windows and around the ends—and then flip over the top part and make it into a barge. The lower half would float upright on eight evenly spaced steel barrels, and, barge in tow, would be powered by the bus engine, with a propeller on the drive shaft. Old Cap Reynolds, long gone from Eagle now, once built his own miniature sternwheeler. He took it down the Yukon a couple of hundred miles, and far up the Porcupine River. The school bus, for its part, never had a chance to prove itself one way or the other. The Gogganses had two partners, who got into money trouble and withdrew. Vi and Tom could not fund the adventure on their own. So Tom is off working on someone else's claim, and for months at a time Vi is alone with her children in a rented cabin in Eagle—a gold widow, showing visitors the few flakes and small nuggets that are the beginnings of the family's defense fund against the second coming of Russian America.

She is a small woman, not five feet tall, with a touching, uncalculating friendliness that would win her more friends almost anywhere than it has in Eagle. She says, "I'll play you a tune on this here, if you'd like it," and she picks up her Hohner accordion. Beth and Jimmy, seven and five, look

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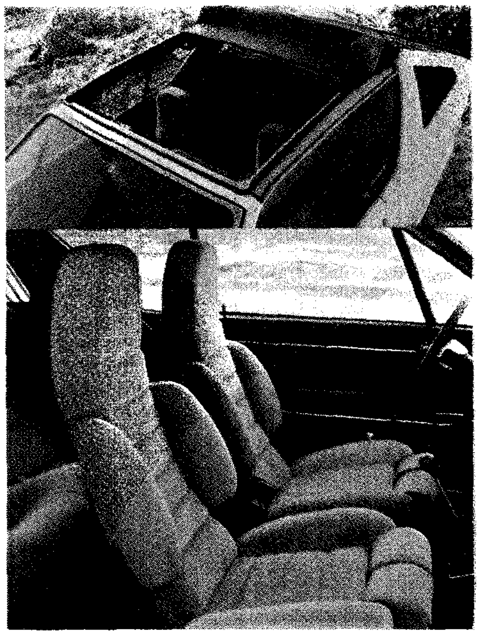

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PERFORMANCE			
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*Standing ¼ mile	17.1	17.3	17.3
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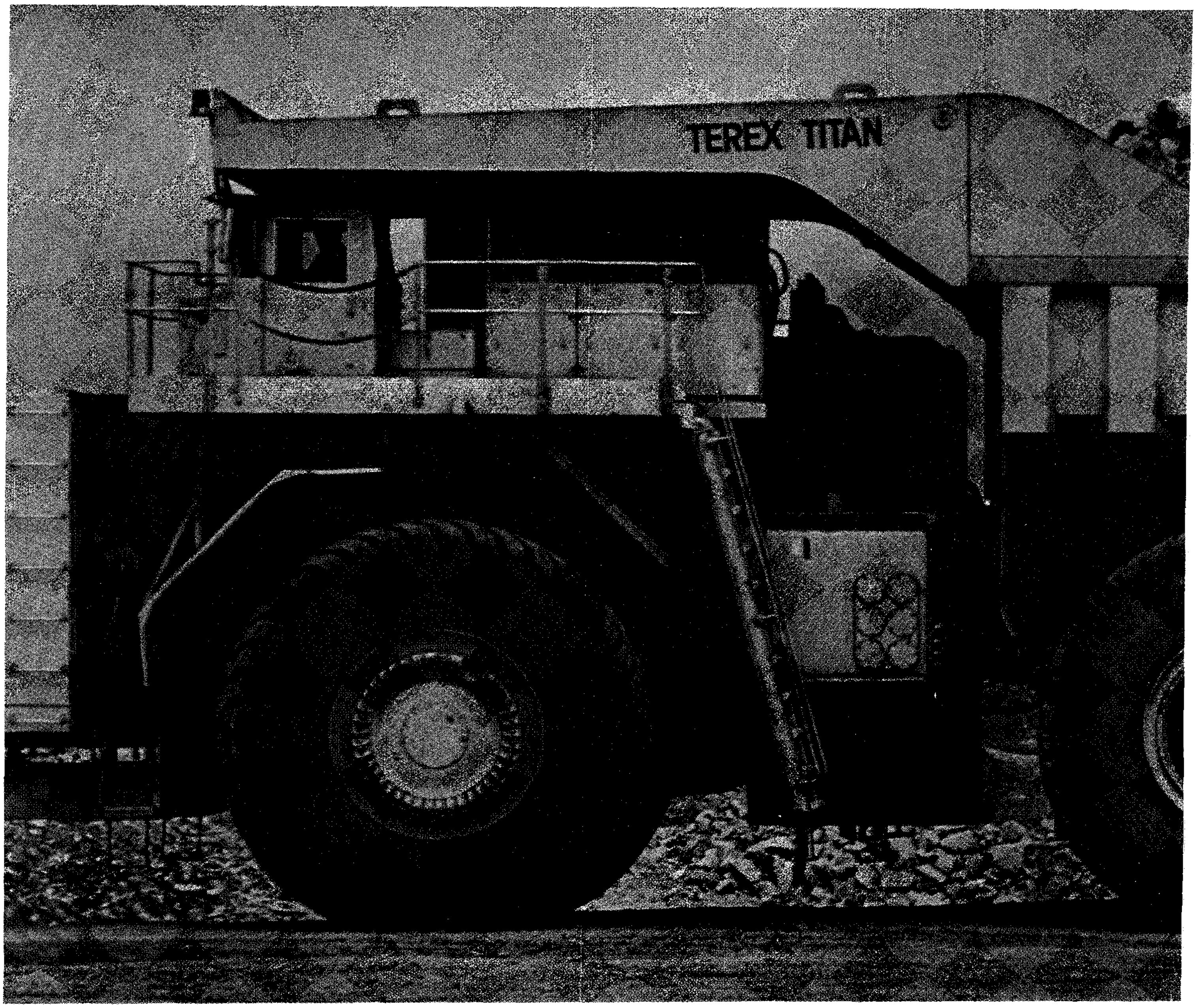

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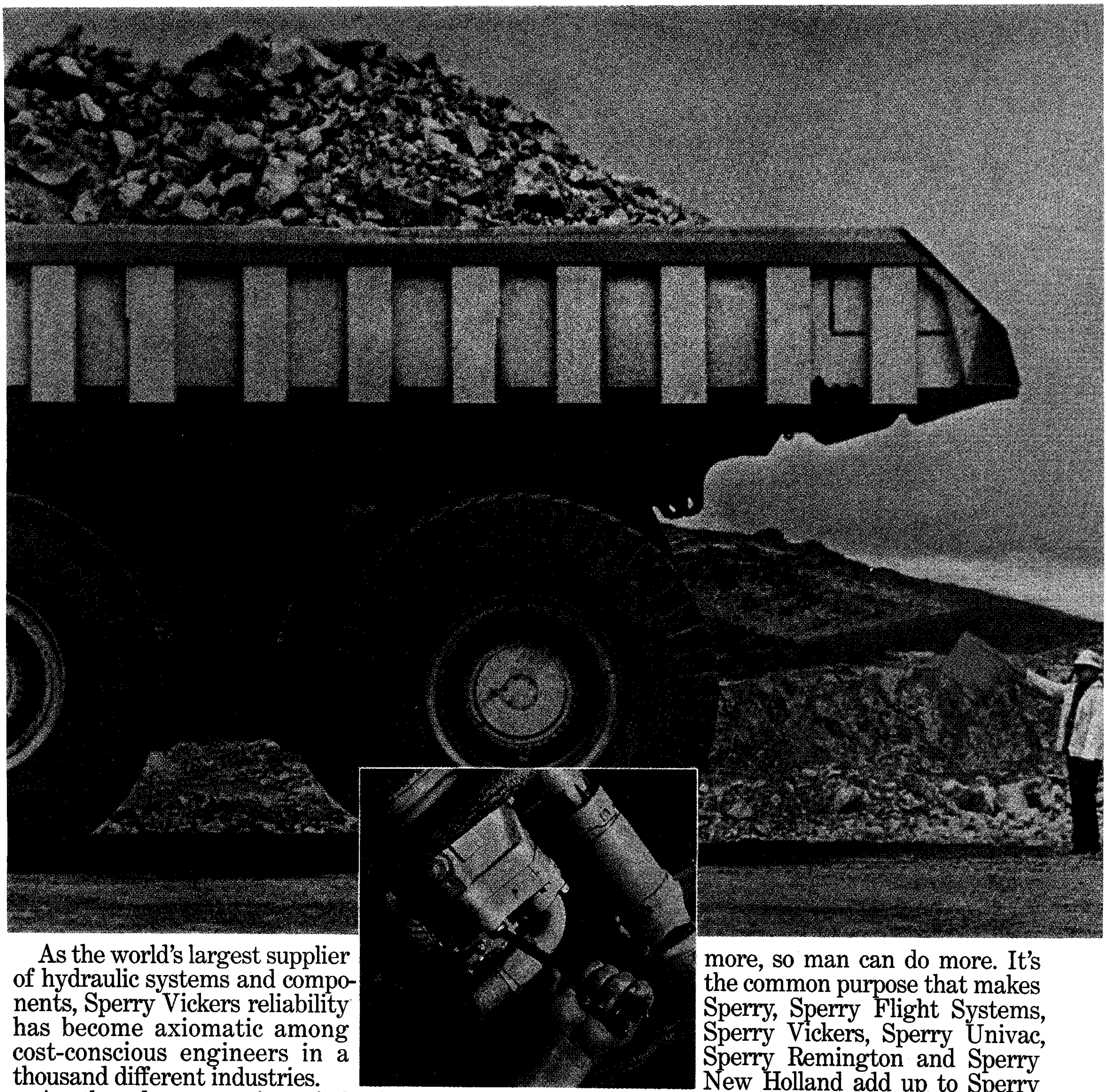

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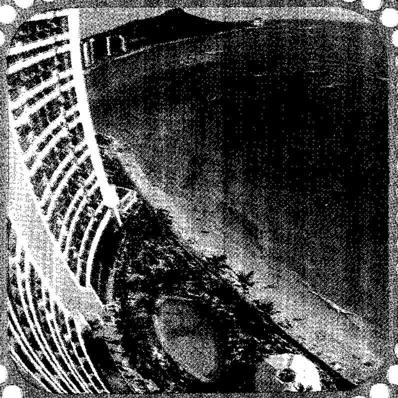

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on. She plays "You Are My Sunshine." It is the only tune she knows on both the piano and the chord sides. She plays it again. Intently, she tilts her head toward the keyboard. Her hair is tallowy blond. She has a narrow face, and many missing teeth, a prominent nose. She wears a red headband above blue denim. She is thirty-nine. Before Alaska, she lived all her life, and went for a time to grade school, in Havre, Montana. Asked for more, she plays "Roll Out the Barrel," apologizing for its incompleteness, for without the support of chords, she suggests, a barrel will not roll. Carrying a thermos of coffee, she goes to the Common Council meetings, where she is sure she has identified at least one pure Communist, albeit he is just an observer like herself and not a member of the Council. "I got a family now. I like to find out what's going to happen when they get older. I never been to a council meeting before I came to Eagle."

Jess Knight, thirty years ago, made a log raft, draped a car over the raft with paddle wheels in place of tires, and drove on the river a hundred and sixty miles to Circle. The school bus is still beside the Yukon but is hardly ready to go anywhere. It is beyond hope for road or river. It has no wheels, no motor, no seats—items sold to pay for food. The bus interior is utterly stripped out, and all the windows have been shattered—random targets of random bullets.

"I like Eagle, but not the people. They are either Bible thumpers or alcoholics. They try to rub the Bible on you. They don't like it that I won't go up in front of them and confess. If you confess, you confess in silence, before God, and not broadcastin' it. Leanin' on the Bible there, they can't stand up on their own two feet. They talk nice to you, and what they say about you hurts when they think you won't know."

At home, I spend much of my time looking out of windows, and in the cabin I am occupying here nothing changes the habit. Outside is First Avenue: mud and dust, pocked and gravelled, the principal thoroughfare of the city, where children go by in wagons harnessed to dogs, and old-timers in pickups cruise slowly back and forth—"trolling," as someone has put it, for conversation. The cabin is tight, comfortable, heated by an Ashley. It is said of a fine stove like this one that it "will drive you out of here at seventy below," a promise enhanced by bush architecture. Cabins are generally small, so the stove can retain command. My wife was here for a time. We slept in a loft just above the Ashley. Routines developed. Every other day, we sawed and split some wood, but, with the ice petering out on the river and the sun shining eighteen hours a day, we were soon using the stove for little more than to get our blood moving in freezing temperatures as the day began.

All water must be lugged from the community well house, which is up past the post office, in the center of town—drinking water, dishwater, bathwater. I prefer my scent. Under the eaves of the cabin, however, are barrels, buckets, tubs, which will occasionally catch enough water to wash and rinse a moose. In the rainwater, lather swells and crowns, forms pillows on the skin. The lather is a particular luxury in Eagle, where rain is fairly scarce and the well water is so hard it turns soap into stone. Eagle is directly over an old inactive fault, and its water rises through a fracture from an exceptionally deep source, bearing a taste of soda. There is a stream not far away called Champagne Creek. The ground that lies between the cabin and the outhouse is unvegetated glacial flour—fine-ground riverine soil, soft as powdered talc, brought down by the Yukon from the ice fields of the high Wrangells and left here for aeons past. It sticks to shoes and is tracked in. Clothes become stiff with it, so they are washed in leftover bathwater—and, after that, in goes the odd pot or pan. Finally, the water washes the floor, where its arc of utility ends. What is left is carried to the riverbank and dumped over. A block of shore ice, at the same time, is chipped out with an axe in order to refill an insulated cooler.

A quart of milk in the cooler cost $1.36. It came from Visalia, California. It is neither condensed nor evaporated but "sterilized" whole milk, in a can, without preservatives. It is fine milk, but too expensive. Condensed milk, appropriately diluted, works out at 60¢ a quart, and powdered milk at half of that. Frozen steak costs $4.20 a pound, bacon $2.07, chicken $1.15, hamburger $2.10, cheddar cheese $2.35, butter $1.85—all this in Eagle's only store. Grapefruit cost 55¢ apiece, a cucumber 75¢, tomatoes and lettuce about $1.15 a pound. Fresh food, after travelling upward of two thousand miles, for the most part has jet lag. Campbell's soup is 51¢ a can, a dozen eggs $1.30. A standard box of Morton's salt costs 62¢. Much is said about the high cost of things in Alaska, but what seems remarkable is that prices

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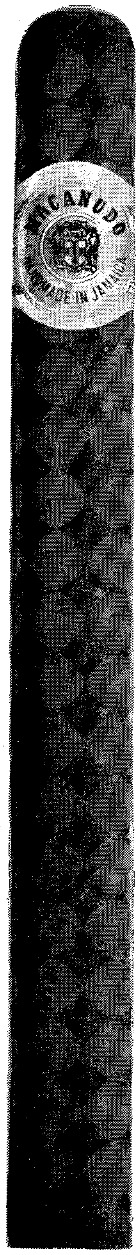

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are not much higher than these, since virtually everything arrives by truck, plane, or boat from the rest of the United States. The supply lines to Anchorage and Fairbanks are long and costly enough, but these prices—roughly half again as high as they would be in New Jersey—are set in Eagle, where nearly everything has been brought in light planes another two hundred miles over mountains. Dave McCall, the pilot-storekeeper, charges 19¢ a pound for flying things in. Hence the especially costly salt.

Outside the cabin window, a robin is hopping around with feathers fluffed up against the cold. The ice goes out. The birds come in. Transition is almost instant from winter to spring. It is curious to see these robins—big, tough robins—so far up here, so near the Arctic Circle, near the top of their range. They seem miserable, fluffing themselves up into balls in an attempt to make down jackets of their own feathers. Dozens of Lapland longspurs are jumping, pecking, jumping, pecking in the dust near the robins, and looking immeasurably more at home. We have seen warblers, juncos, blackbirds, gyrfalcons, a pair of golden plovers, an Arctic tern. A seagull sits on the outhouse, thirteen hundred miles upriver from the sea.

Twilight holds through the night now, and darkness has gone for the summer. There is little need of lamps, but when I want them to read or write by I fiddle with mantles and pump up pressures for intense white-gasoline light.

The dogs staked out all over town set up a chorus wail. They seem to be responding to direction from the sky, because their arioso howls begin with a simultaneity that has no explanation. There is a hint of wolf in some of these dogs, and the part that is wolf seems to be their voices. The wailing stops the way it starts—all at once there is silence, and no saying why.

In woods across from the cabin window, the remains are visible of two or three older cabins—moldering away, so far gone now they are barely discernible and have almost disappeared. A little to the right of them is Elmer and Margaret Nelson's new place, wood still shining from the saw. The neighborhood represents the rise and fall and rise of Eagle. The Nelsons have come here to retire, like one or two other couples in the town, which, as retirement centers go, is about as far as you can get from Sun City. Margaret Nelson is grandmotherly, with whitening hair, and Elmer is wiry, spare, and gray. She came to Alaska from the state of Washington in the thirties, worked for the Northern Commercial Company, and, during the war, wrapped parachutes in Fairbanks. He grew up on a homestead in Montana and has lived in Alaska fifty years. He built roads and he trapped. Deep among the mountains off the left bank of the Yukon, Nelson and a partner had a chartered airplane fly them around while they dropped packages. Eventually, they landed at a hand-dug airstrip. This would be in September most years. They would ask the pilot to return a day or two before Christmas. Then—without machines of any kind, without dogs—they would separate and cover country as rapidly as they could in an attempt to get to their dropped supplies in advance of foraging bears. They laid out patterned traplines—loops, cloverleafs. Every five days, they rendezvoused—each to see that the other was all right, and to pass on information. This was total wilderness. They were something over a hundred miles from Circle and eighty from Eagle and eighty from Big Delta, where the Nelsons lived at the time. In any kind of need, there was nowhere else to go. In discrete valleys were a few cabins, and they stayed in them or siwashed (camped on the trail). When they were picked up—after three months in there, generally apart and alone—they had collected a good share of their income for the following year.

THE Nelsons' place is landscaped only by its woods. Neat, odd, it lacks the expectable outdoor furnishings of an Alaskan cabin. My side of the road makes up for that. A few feet away from me, in the direction of the center of town, is the cabin of Dale and Gloria Richert, who sell used snow machines, washing machines, sleds—examples of which are strewn about the space between the cabin and the road. The cabin is roofed with slit and flattened fuel cans. Richert had a store in Michigan not long ago. It was firebombed by hoodlums. This helped him decide that an appropriate community in which to seek a new life might be somewhere near the Arctic Circle. A sign among the used machines says "Eagle Sports Shop." Richert has lures, flashlights, tents, boots—a little L. L. Bean going on inside the cabin. In their regard for his goods, the river people call him Taiwan.

Close by me the other way are the yard and cabin of Louise and Sarge Waller. The remarkable propinquity of these dwellings is characteristic of near-

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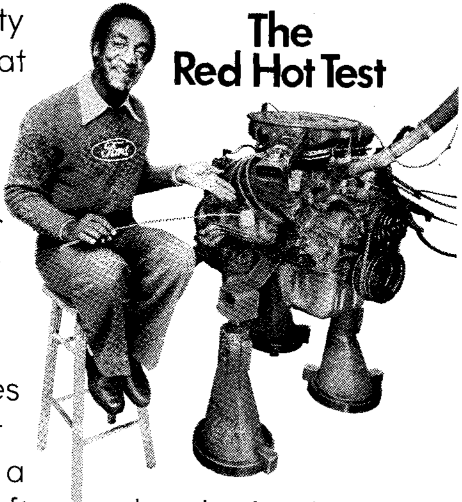

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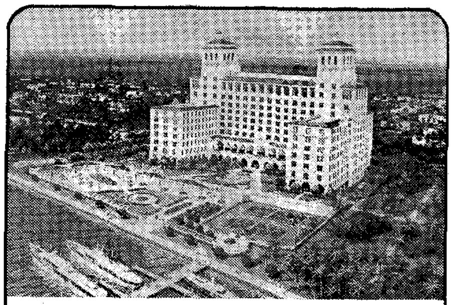

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ly all settlements, large and small, in Alaska. In three hundred and seventy-five million acres—a sixth of the whole United States—so little property is available for purchase that conditions are as crowded as they are in Yonkers. A window of my cabin frames a post-card view of Sarge's yard, which, in no discernible geometric arrangement, contains boxes, tarps, stove parts, cans, buckets, Swede saws, washtubs, tires, sawhorses, fourteen fifty-five-gallon drums, and five snow machines in different stages of dismantlement. When you drive along an old back road in the Lower Forty-eight and come upon a yard full of manufactured debris, where auto engines hang from oak limbs over dark tarry spots on the ground and fuel drums lean up against iron bathtubs near vine-covered glassless automobiles that are rusting down into the soil, you have come upon a fragment of Alaska. The people inside are Alaskans who have not yet left for the north. An architect I know, who prefers to style himself an "environmental psychologist," once remarked to me, "Aesthetics are not compatible with survival." In any case, Sarge Waller's place is by no means atypical of the world he has taken for his own. He is out in his yard now, surviving. He is piling up wood. On his pickup—which has three spare tires, a gun rack, and a searchlight—is a load of driftwood he has collected from the boat-landing eddy. To get his cabin through a winter, he needs at least five cords. His cabin, exhaling smoke, is angular and miscellaneous. Sarge himself is less vulnerable to heat loss. He is a big man, with a girth approximating four feet. His arms are legs of lamb. His large, ovoid head is covered with Marine brush. In all this magnitude, his eyes, which are dark, seem small. Sarge is amiable, garrulous. In his house is a framed photograph of the younger Sarge, dimensions the same. He is dressed for battle, but not in his staff sergeant's uniform of the United States Marines. Instead, he wears the white robes of karate, cinctured with black. Sarge was tough. He has dragons on his skin, and snakes, and skulls—eleven tattoos, from as many parts of the world. He survived the battle of the Chosin reservoir, in Korea. He liked the Marine Corps as he found it in 1949 but not as he left it a decade later. He was a junior in high school when he joined up, and what the Marines had then, he says, was "spirit de corps." In the aftermath of Korea, the U.S. Marines, in his view, "turned into a Girl Scout troop." If a private first class became troublesome, a sergeant could no longer "punch him in the mouth." An increasing number of officers, at any rate, would not encourage or support such gestures. One day at Camp Lejeune, in North Carolina, a corporal in Sarge's unit had trouble with a private and the private was locked up in the brig. Sarge took justice literally into his own hands. He went to the brig, reached through the bars, grabbed the offending Marine private, and pulled him forward with such force that his face crashed into the bars and blood ran from his nose. Sarge explained why he had come, and left. In short order, his phone "jumped a foot off the desk." The chaplain wanted to see him. "This is no longer the old Marine Corps," the chaplain informed him, and warned him that a repetition of such behavior could cost him his stripes. He remained a sergeant, but such a disappointed, disillusioned one that he planned on quitting, and wondered what on earth he would do.

He had grown up in Massillon, Ohio. (His father was a conductor, brakeman, trainman on the Nickel Plate.) In Massillon, there was an old man with fur clothes and nuggets in his pockets—a living mothball from the far-northern rush for gold. He liked to talk to kids, and every Saturday he told them stories. He showed Sarge pictures of the wild north. Sarge took to trapping, hunting, and fishing until the truant officer was sent in search of him. When he was nine, he got his first rifle, and decided he would live someday in Alaska. All this came back to him as a depressed Marine—in 1959, the year the territory became a state. Sarge quit the Corps and moved north. It was another eleven years before he came into the upper-Yukon country. He lived meanwhile in Slana, on the "Nigger Highway"—that is to say, on a road that had been built by a black regiment of the Army Engineers. He married Louise there, a somewhat metropolitan woman, touched with glamour. She was an outback restaurateur. She had a daughter, and they had two more, and Sarge, all the while, had a vision. He was a riverman whose time had not yet come, and one day he would live, utterly on his own, on a big river in a big wilderness. To fulfill these requirements, he need not go far—not two hundred miles away. He arrived in Eagle in 1970 with two boats, a thousand feet of lumber, corrugated roofing, and what he estimated to be a year's supply of food. It was a place "where a guy could branch out into the country." With his three daughters and his wife, he went fifty miles down the Yukon and built a cabin. Sixteen by twenty feet, with log walls, it was two stories high, and was thus unusual. Its upper level was a sleeping loft. Food ran low, and Sarge's hunting, much of the time, failed to make it up. On rabbit tacos, his waist shrank and shrank to a low of thirty-four. He trapped with some success. Meanwhile, his "womenfolks," as he lumps them, were not affectionate toward the cabin. They were lonesome, for one thing—miles from the nearest human being—and, for another, the cabin had not been designed by a heating engineer. The warmth of the wood stove collected against the roof, and the overall insulation was not adequate to keep much heat on the ground floor. The family was in the cabin all winter, 1970-71, and spent much of it up in the loft. There were times—too many times for the womenfolks—when the stove could not raise the temperature of the ground floor any higher than forty degrees below zero. In this situation, Sarge's vision, the dream of his life, froze solid. He saw himself as a man of the wild, but his family did not. Whatever else might happen to him, though, he was not about to lose his spirit de corps—and the corps, now, was his family. He retreated from the deep wild and settled with them back in Eagle. Louise, quickly at home, became the clerk of the city and in some ways its leading politician. Gracefully, she will still say of her husband, "He does not have blood in his veins—he has Yukon River water." Sarge has set himself up as a charter boatman, taking hunters and geologists downriver. He has established traplines near town. For the most part, though, he seems to enjoy himself talking; and he likes to say, "I did not come up here to work anyway. I don't work. And my family is happy."

JIM DUNGAN comes swinging up the road on his way from his cabin to the urn of coffee at the store, where he can sit on a stool and use up a part of his day. When he leaves, he will go down by the river and stare, leaning forward on his crutches, for as much as an hour at the flamelike, firelike movement of ice. Meanwhile, he greets Sarge. He waves in my direction, too. "Just call me Hopalong," he says. Visiting Jim's cabin now and again, I will have a drink of Postum

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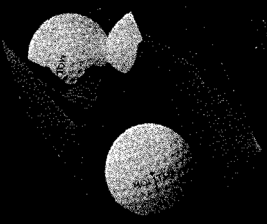

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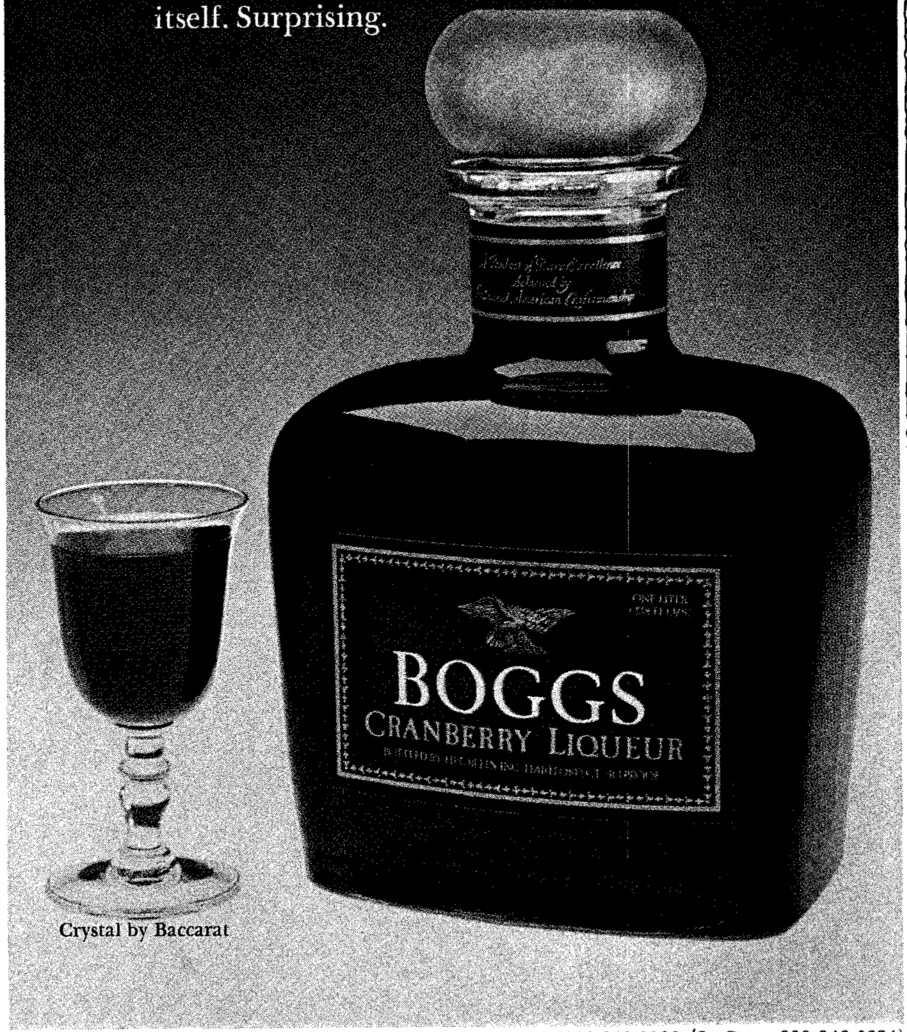

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or coffee and be let into his present and all but disoriented world, which has no walls of time. "I'll be off these crutches soon," he says, as if I had not previously heard him say it. "I won't be wearing them all my life, that's for sure."

When the crutches go, he wants to get out again into the wild with a suction dredge. Like Sarge Waller, Jim Dungan has dreamed of a life beyond community, a cabin somewhere up a faraway stream, an existence financed (in his case) not with furs but with gold. "Just to get out and live the way I figure a guy should. I didn't buy land here in Eagle because I like the town. I like the country. The dredge gives me a purpose out there. If you're not gettin' good color, you can shut down the dredge, take a pan, and go off prospecting for a couple of weeks. Set up a little lean-to. Find a better place. Get the dredge and work the better place."

Suction dredges are a modern vogue, and, if any comparison is valid, are miniature versions of the old gold dredges—the shiplike, company-owned floating units that elsewhere in Alaska still eat whole streams. Suction dredges are portable, cheap, irresistible to a certain class of lone, adventuring miner. They are floating units, using inner tubes or Styrofoam blocks. Typically, they will have a seven-horsepower engine and a short, narrow sluice box. The whole unit can be dragged about by someone in a wet-suit, holding a long hose that sucks up stream-bed gravel. *Alaska* magazine advertises a "high-impact Jet Age plastic" sluice box that sells for $39.95, a Gold-Vac dredge for $295. Dungan prefers somewhat better gear, and figures that thirteen hundred dollars would equip him. Generally, the miner kneels in the river, its riffles driving at his chest, but he can go down eight, ten feet, if he knows what he is doing, and draw gravels from crevices in rock. The hoses are usually about four inches in diameter, and can swallow stones almost as large. Rocks, sand, gold, and gravel go into a hopper, then on through the sluice box, which catches the gold. That is what Jim Dungan came into the country to do—in 1968, with a partner called Polack Joe. Dungan was an experienced diver. ("I used to be able to hit sixty feet free-diving with no air.") The partners first worked the Bottom Dollar, a small tributary in the Birch Creek Mining District, upward of a hundred miles west of Eagle. In one six-day period, they got forty-seven ounces of gold, worth about two thousand dollars. They left Alaska, but came back for good in 1970 and worked the Fortymile River, near Eagle. “We were living all over the Fortymile. We’d find an old cabin, and dry off, and then get back on the river. We caught grayling, shot rabbits, Me and Joe. It’s a different way of life, not the rat race you got down there. That’s all it is down there that I can see. Up here, a person is as good as he’s going to make it. A guy’s freer in this country. Down there, you’re so restricted. Up here, they ain’t gettin’ you for spittin’ on the sidewalk.”

◆

A flood on the Fortymile for the time being killed the good life. It might have killed the partners. It utterly destroyed their suction dredge. The partnership broke up; Dungan went to Fairbanks and took a job. He planned to work until he had bought a truck, a cabin in Eagle, and a new dredge. First as a cook and later as a jug-hustler, chain man, and shooter, he worked for Geophysical Service, Inc., using seismic instruments in the search for oil. From the air, six months of the year, large parts of the green surface of Alaska appear sutured with seismic trails. A jug is a geophone, and as many as two thousand may be set in the ground, usually in straight lines, to monitor the waves from dynamite blasts as they reflect from underground formations. After each blast, jugs from the rear are moved to the front. Day after day—usually in winter, to reduce damage to the terrain—the procession moves cross-country. Dungan worked on seismic crews from the North Slope to southeastern Alaska—walking a hundred and ten miles once in the Arctic in winter, calling in helicopters to drive off grizzlies in summer, and saving the money he earned. He once worked a line down the Susitna Valley, and on winter nights could see the lights of Anchorage. He went no closer. “Jesus Christ, you go in there and there goes your winter’s paycheck. I just stayed in camp.” He saved enough to buy his cabin in Eagle and, later, a three-quarter-ton green Ford pickup. He was about ready to buy his new suction dredge when he came back to Eagle on leave from a job in the Brooks Range, May 14, 1974.

He got drunk that night with a celebrational friend, and the next morning, feeling drier than the town itself, he decided to take a ride over the mountains to a roadhouse where he could see some friends, drink a beer or two, and buy some booze for fresh reunions. The pickup spat and sputtered. It was just a year old and in powerful shape, but had been idle all through the winter. He reasoned that its engine was full of carbon, so he went into the hills burning it out with speed. He was found two hours later. The truck had rolled three times. He had broken all his left ribs and both legs. The right leg was not so much broken as shattered. Pieces of the bone were never found. Eagle’s satellite radio called for help. Thirteen hours after the accident, Dungan reached the hospital in Fairbanks, two hundred miles away. In the years since, he has been given skin grafts, bone grafts, a steel plate, and seven pins that look like wood screws. “They said I didn’t have much chance of keeping my leg after the bone graft and the plate, but I fooled ’em. I still have the leg.” The plate is to come out when the bone graft is solid, but the plan is not working well, because a hole will not close in the leg above the plate. “Sometime next winter, I should be working. After the cast comes off, I can walk with a shoepac and a cane. I’ll be off these crutches soon. I won’t be wearing them forever.”

His cabin, where he does most of his waiting, is eight feet by twelve—not quite three steps by four. He sits at a table, and I sit on his bunk. The stove fills the rest of the room. The previous owners were a family named Waite—trappers, now gone from the country. Four of them—two girls and their parents—lived in the cabin two years. With a tar roof and board siding, it is lined with aluminum foil and looks like a baked potato experienced from the inside. There is one small window, with two panes, presenting a view of stacked cordwood—birch and spruce. When I first called on Dungan, in the course of a trip through the country in 1975, he said he was disturbed about his wood stove, because it was not airtight and had been hard to control. When the temperature outside was sixty below zero, the stove had driven the temperature up to a hundred and thirty degrees, and Dungan was besaunaed in his own steam. He has since replaced the stove. I remember, too, that he had a glass jar full of king salmon preserved in rock salt. He said he was saving it for his Christmas dinner.

I ask him now about the salmon, and he tells me that it spoiled. He spent Christmas in the hospital. He still has the bad salmon. “When my leg heals, I’ll use it for bear bait.”

His green pickup, its roof crushed down, now sits in front of Dan Kees’

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house, next door. Kees bought it for parts, and the hulk is there for Dungan to stare at, which he often does. Dungan is thirty-nine. His dark hair is receding. He has a quietly modulated voice, and the wide stare of a wounded creature. He grew up mostly in Wisconsin, stepson of a railroad switchman, and went to Cudahy High School, in Milwaukee, and straight into the U.S. Marines. He worked for eight years on the assembly line at American Motors. "That's enough to drive a man completely insane." It drove him, at any rate, to Vietnam—as a reënlisted Marine. "That's one place I'd rather forget, to tell you the truth. I hear all this petty-ante bitching around here, and I think, They should really have something to bitch about. This town is divided between the outlaws and the do-gooders. I don't give a damn about their stories about each other. I try to stay out of it. This is just like every other bush town. If I could be, I'd be in the high country, or on the Yukon River."

A quiver of arrows hangs from a rafter. Tacked to another rafter is an emblem that says "GSI ARCTIC OPERATION 1969-70." A note on a wall calendar under January 17th says "SUN—frist time sence Nov. 21." There are pictures on the table and the windowsill. One is of his stepfather, recently dead, others of a child or two. There are six pictures in all, of the family of his only, and older, brother. "My brother, Bob, was killed in 1972 in a light airplane in the Lower Forty-eight. That's him. That's his little girl there. She got run over by a car."

"Have you ever been married?"

"No. I've always been just kind of a bum."

Joseph Hajec, Polack Joe, also worked for American Motors. Dungan tried decking on car ferries and driving spikes in the railroad yard before the two of them left for Alaska. "We were working the whole god-damned year to get two weeks' vacation. Then we'd head for open country. Then back to work for eleven and a half months to get back to the country. Some people get a good job at American Motors and think they've got it made. If you can go out and enjoy the country—to me, that's the life. My reason for being up here is basically a guy can be an individual. In Milwaukee, we had armed robberies, murders, rapes. There's no crime in Eagle. I didn't feel safe walking a country road in Wisconsin. I feel safe going down here to the store."

In Dungan's cabin are two pistols,

two shotguns, and three rifles. He keeps a pistol and a shotgun always loaded. "Bears come right into town here. You never know. The first night I ever spent in Eagle, I was sleeping in a tent. I had two Eskimo women with me and a case of booze. When I was sleepin', I had a four-hundred-pound black bear lookin' me in the face. Dave Crump, who was there, shot him under the chin with a .30-'06. You never know. Besides, I've got a philosophy. I let the people know the guns are loaded. I've always kept a gun. I kept a .38 in Wisconsin. There are no bears there. But there are jealous husbands. I'm not exactly an angel."

He lights his pipe. It is long and low and looks somewhat Sherlockian and even more like a toilet bowl. He wears a cotton sweatshirt, corduroy trousers. His toes look like dead wizened tubers protruding from the cast. "I'm hopeful that in a matter of weeks they'll cut this cast off and say, 'Dungan, put on a shoe.' That damned life goes by too quick. You look back and say, 'Where'd that go to?' If this hole's healed up by summer, I'm going to go for gold. Everybody says a suction dredge is just a god-damned toy. But I'm going up there as a way of being independent, as a way of making a winter's grub. These guys who go out trapping—Cook, Edwards, Potts—they could make five times as much on the pipeline. But they're independent. I'll use all the proceeds from dredging first to buy a snow machine to take food and equipment in winter to the dredging sites—spare parts, gasoline, case lots of bacon, beans, and rice. Up in the Fortymile country, I got a couple of places picked out. It's high country, closer to bedrock. I'll stake no claims. I'll just go for the gold."

"What would you do if you got a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold?"

"Put it in the bank."

"How would it change your life?"

"It wouldn't."

Wyman Fritsch, a conventional placer miner, has a nugget larger than his thumb. He found it in the Discovery Fork of American Creek, some ten miles out of Eagle, and he says it is by no means the largest one he has taken from that stream. He has been mining there for fifty years. He was a boy when he came into the country. He is currently known as The Man with the Big Nugget. He showed it to me the other day, so that I could hold it in my hand and rub the genius

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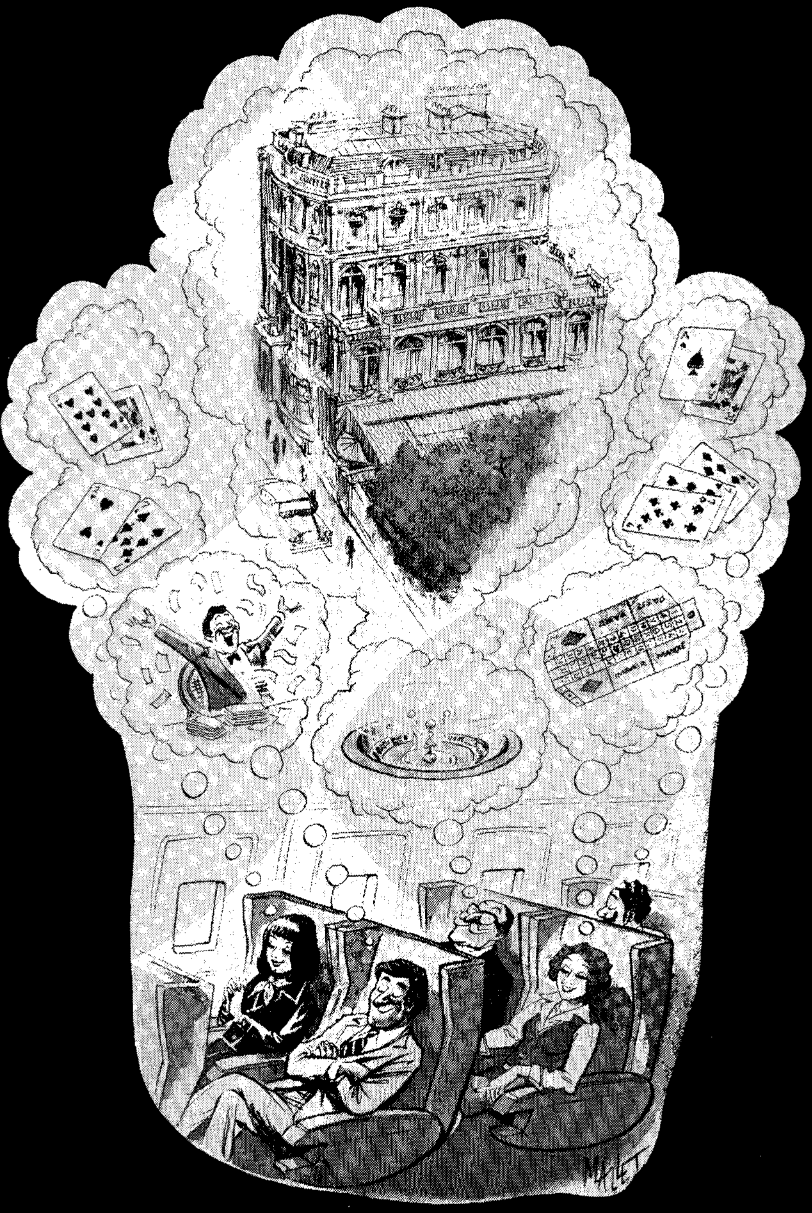

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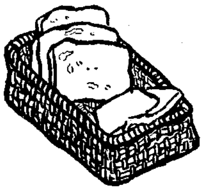
of the gold. It was lumpy, pitted, pocked, rough, ugly—an apparent filling from the tooth of a Sasquatch. The marvel of it—as the earth's elements go—is that when Fritsch came to it with his mining equipment, scraping up the deep gravels of American Creek, it was there as nearly pure metal. Gold is not merely rare. It can be said to love itself. In the idiom of science, it is, with platinum, the noblest of the noble metals—those which resist combination with other elements. It wants to be free. In cool crust rock, it generally is free. At very high temperatures, however, it will go into compounds; and the gold that is among the magmatic fluids of interior earth may be combined, for example, with chlorine. Gold chloride is "modestly" soluble, and will dissolve in water that comes down and circulates in the magma. The water picks up many other elements, too: potassium, sodium, silicon. Heated, the solution rises into fissures in hard-crust rock, where the cooling gold breaks away from the chlorine and—in sizes ranging from specks to the eggs of geese—falls out of the water as metal. Silicon precipitates, too, filling up the fissures and enveloping the gold with veins of silicon dioxide, which is quartz.



Gold can be taken from such veins with dynamite blasts, pneumatic drills. But that requires the funds and efforts of a large corporation. The deepest mine in the Western Hemisphere—the Homestake gold mine, in Lead, South Dakota—goes down into the earth more than a mile and a half. Its capital cost to date has been upward of a billion dollars. Alaskan lone miners—people who have, or who have had, names like Pete the Pig, Pistolgrip Jim, Groundsluice Bill, Coolgardie Smith, Codfish Tom, Doc La Booze, the Evaporated Kid, Fisty McDonald, John the Baptist, Cheeseham Sam, The Man with the Big Nugget—prefer to wait for God to break open the rock, to lift up and expose something like the Sierra Nevada and with epochal weathers blast it and spall it and tear it apart until the gold rolls out into the rubble of the streams. Placer mining—separating gold from stream gravels—is difficult work, but beside any other method it is comparatively easy. "*Placer*," in Spanish, means "pleasure."

This is the country that Arthur Harper came into in 1873. The journey itself—two thousand miles, a large part of it on scarcely charted Arctic rivers—was an accomplishment in exploration, but to Harper that was incidental. A native of Ireland—intelligent, intense—he was a big bull-shouldered man with an H-beam jaw and a look so glazed it correctly suggested a quest. He had spent a lot of time in American goldfields, and he had what the geologist Alfred Hulse Brooks later described as "a conception of the broader orographic features of the western cordillera." That is to say, Harper had noticed that the important gold discoveries of North America had occurred in the Western mountains, and that the mountains went a great deal farther north than did—at that time—the discoveries. This suggested to him that as the highlands traced their way around the basin of the Yukon River, in Canada and in Alaska, their contributive streams in all likelihood contained undiscovered deposits of gold. Always confident that this was true, he searched with only modest results for upward of twenty years. Elusive stories were already in the air. An itinerant missionary named Robert McDonald, eleven years ahead of Harper, was said to have found a stream in the country where gold was so concentrated he picked it up with a spoon. There was no saying where, except that it was probably a tributary of Birch Creek. The strike in 1880 at what became Juneau was far to the south but was nonetheless encouraging. It was the northernmost discovery in North America to date. Harper tried Birch Creek, the Fortymile, the White, the Stewart, the Tanana, and myriad branching streams. He went to some of the right rivers and looked in all the wrong places. The luck of the Irish he had left at home. He killed and ate game along streams near the mouth of the Tron-diuck, missing the gold below. Here and there, with his pan, he did find enough color to support his conviction. With Leroy Napoleon (Jack) McQuesten, who came into the country by the same route in the same year, he sent back the word that drew prospectors northward in numbers sufficient to favor a find. And so—in a broad orographic way—he was the discoverer of the gold of the Yukon.

McQuesten, from Maine, was no less a believer than Harper, but it was McQuesten's way to support the search rather than pursue it. He took furs downriver and returned with goods. Representing the Alaska Commercial Company, he set up trading posts—for example, Fort Reliance (1874), forty miles up the Yukon from what

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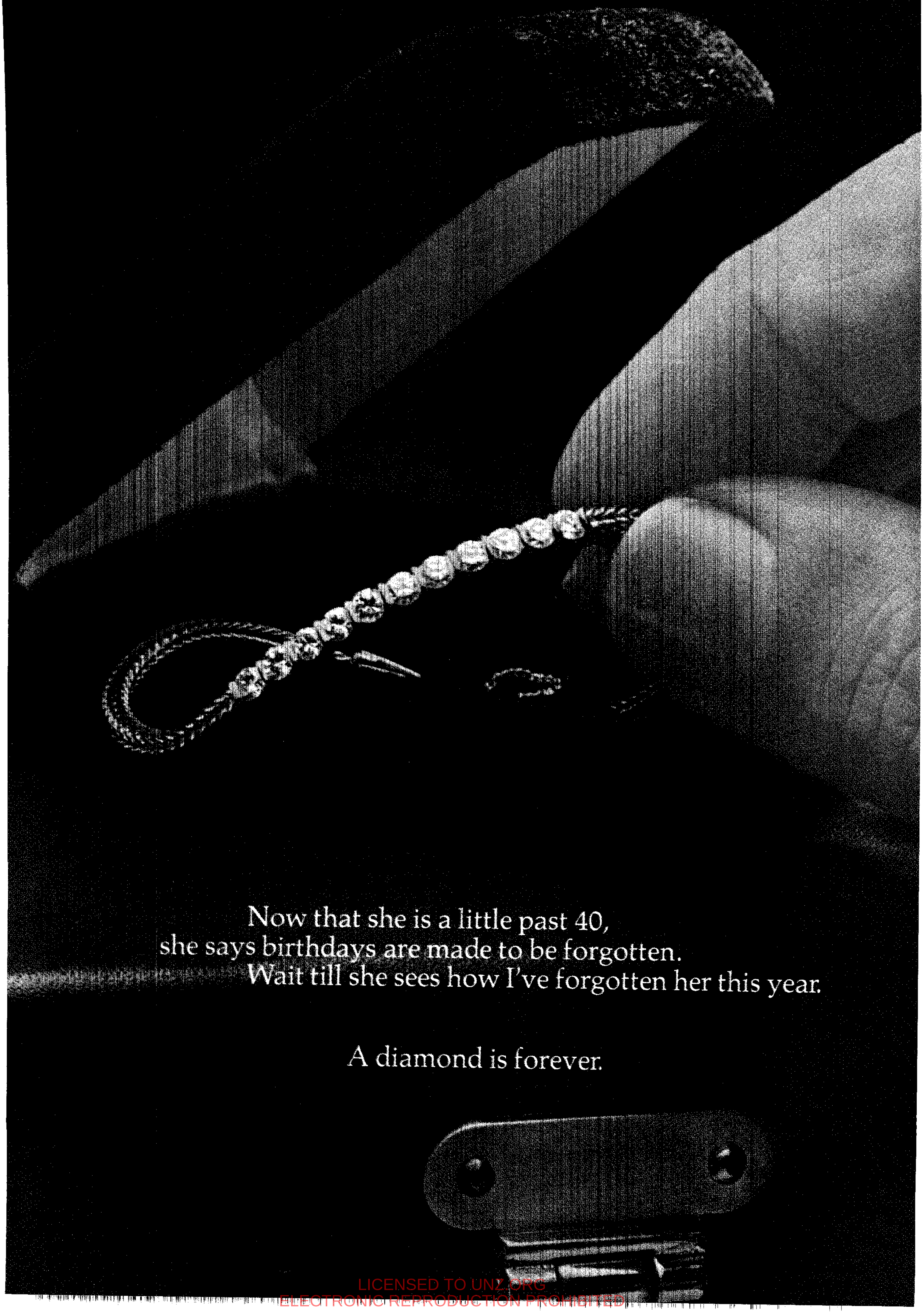

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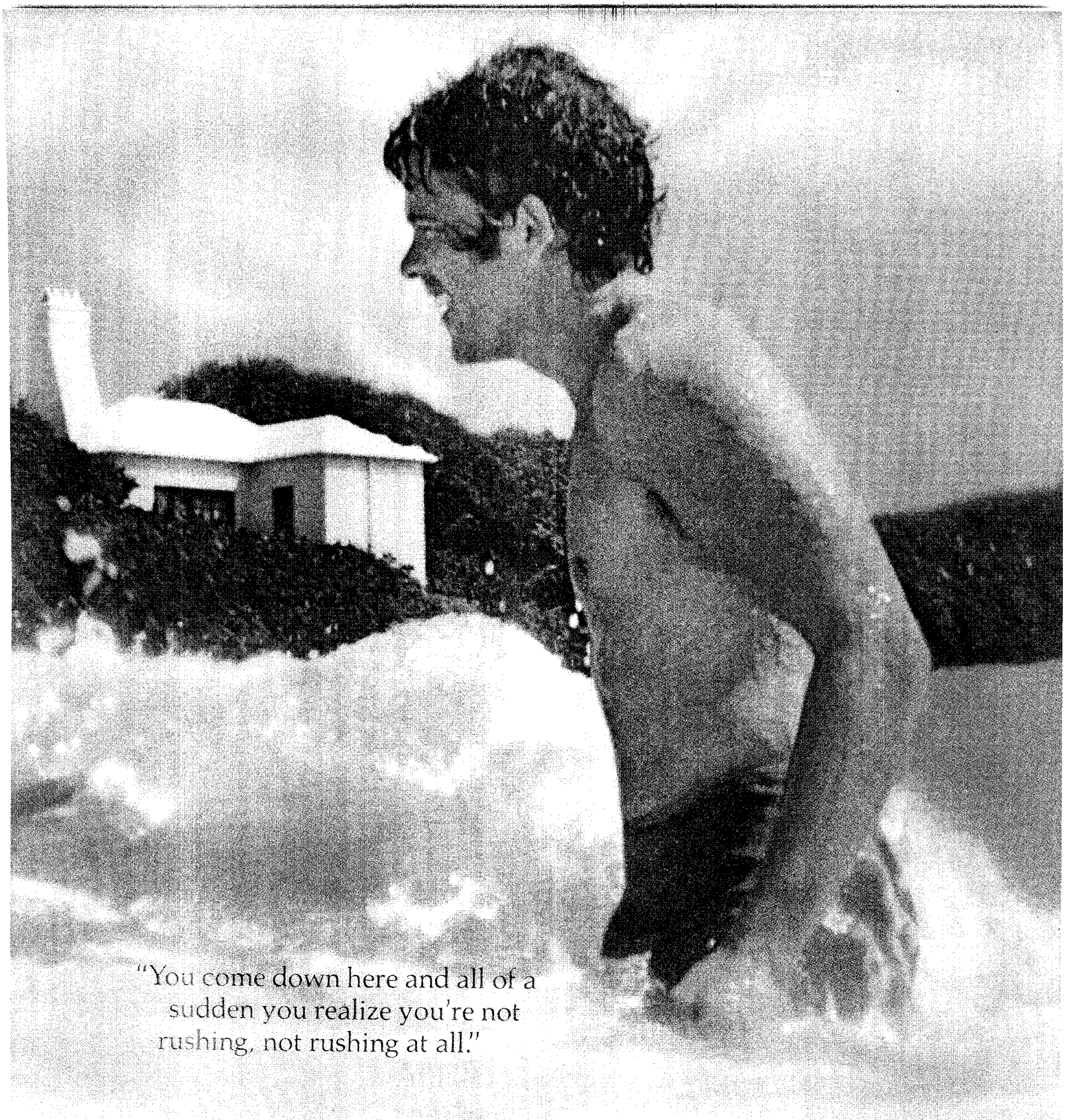

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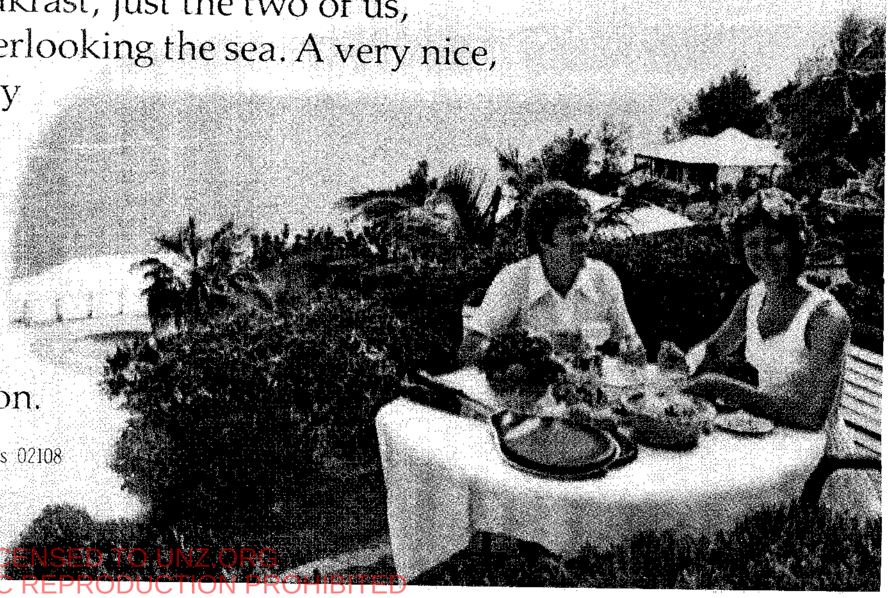

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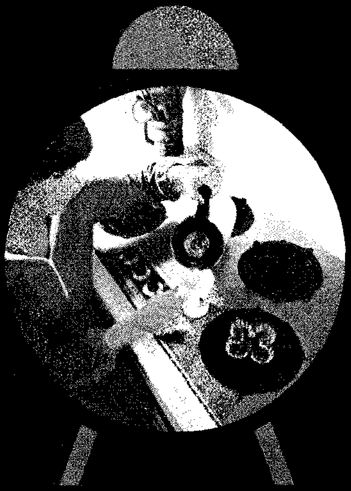

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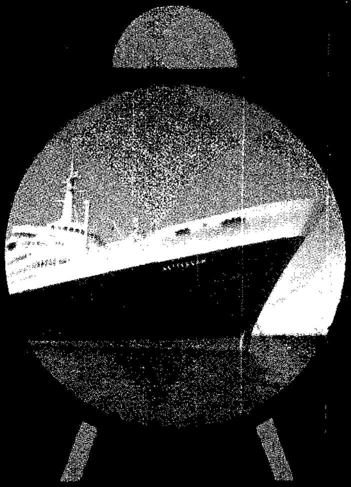

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came to be known as the Fortymile River. The posts were served by stern-wheeled steamers arriving from the Bering Sea. McQuesten grubstaked prospectors—in many cases, for penniless year after penniless year—with a generosity that would have bordered on charity were it not for his merchant's instinct that when the dust at last came out of the streams it would settle in the merchant's safe. The first major strike in the region was made on the Fortymile in 1886, when prospectors named Harry Madison and Howard Franklin—acting on suggestions made by Harper—went twenty-five miles up the river, dug to bedrock, and found coarse gold. Just before freeze-up, they emerged with the news. After volunteering to relay it to the outside world, an Alaska Commercial Company river pilot named George Williams made an overland trip and raced the coming winter. He almost survived the trip. Of exhaustion and cold, he died like Pheidippides delivering his message. McQuesten, who was in San Francisco buying supplies, bought more supplies. He need hardly bother to help spread the word. Along the two thousand miles of the Yukon, a dozen whites had lived before. They would now be coming in many hundreds, and soon in many thousands. Harper and McQuesten had spent thirteen years preparing the way—developing transportation, gathering detailed geographical and geological information. Needless to say, they readily established a trading center where the Fortymile goes into the Yukon. Shovels and flour, picks and pans were for sale there. Advice was plentiful and free.

For seven years, the Fortymile—yielding as much as eight hundred thousand dollars in a season—was the focus of attraction in the mining of Yukon gold. The drainage was almost wholly in Alaska but ran a few miles into Canada—dissecting a high plateau immediately to the south of what is now Eagle. In 1893, excitement shifted to a relatively distant part of the country. McQuesten grubstaked two prospectors named Pitka and Syroska, sending them downriver and into the hills to have another look for the Reverend Mr. McDonald's legendary spoonfuls of gold. Pitka and Syroska made their strike at a fork of small streams some fifty miles from the Yukon, in a world of mica schists and quartz intrusions, of sharp-peaked ridges, dendritic drainages, steep-walled valleys, flat spurs, and high, isolated mountains locally known as domes. While find followed find, small brooks acquired their ultimately storied names—Mammoth Creek, Mastodon Creek—and since all of them drained into Birch Creek, the area became known as the Birch Creek Mining District. Hundreds of miners left the Fortymile to rush to the new discoveries. McQuesten, of course, followed, and built a store. Because miners were so scattered in the hills, McQuesten established his trading post at the river port that supplied them, which had been named Circle City in the mistaken belief that it was on—and not, as it was in fact, fifty miles below—the Arctic Circle. Quickly becoming the foremost settlement on the Yukon, it proclaimed itself "the largest log-cabin city in the world." By 1896, there were ten thousand miners in the district. The resident population of Circle was twelve hundred. Works of Shakespeare were produced in its opera house. It had a several-thousand-volume library, a clinic, a school, churches, music and dance halls, and so many whorehouses they may have outnumbered the saloons. Then certain fresh information came floating down the river from the half-abandoned settlement at the mouth of the Fortymile.

Two men known for their low credibility had walked into Big Bill McPhee's Caribou Saloon, at Fortymile, and announced a new find upriver. Scarcely an eyelid moved. One of the men, Tagish Charlie, was an Indian. The other was Lying George Carmack. Lying George said they had found pay on a small stream off the Tron-diuck, where a third member of their party, an Indian named Skookum Jim, had remained to guard their claims. The saloon was full of miners. No one was much impressed. For every worthwhile tip that might ever come along there were dozens upon dozens of meretricious leads to feverish diggings and dismal disappointment. Moreover, Carmack had a reputation for tall tales and short accomplishments. He was also the victim of their prejudice, for he was the white husband of a Tagish squaw. He had gone so native he actually wished to be chief. He encouraged himself with a double dram of whiskey. It mattered a great deal to Carmack that these skeptics believe him. He felt, he said later, as if he had dealt himself "a royal flush in the game of life." He and his companions had staked all the ground the law allowed them, and now he earnestly sought the respect that might come to him if he made these beggars rich. He finished his whiskey, and he took a used rifle cartridge from his pocket and turned it upside down. Gold is characteristic of the stream it comes from—the shape of the nugget, the rustlike shadings of the flake. Flat, rough, oblong, tear-shaped, round, smooth—bits of gold are the consistent signatures of the source placer. An experienced miner can look at a nugget and name the stream. A crowd drew in around Carmack's gold. Only a small amount was there, but no miner in the saloon had seen its like before. They fell silent. The surveyor William Ogilvie, who was working out of Fortymile at the time, made the quiet observation that, in effect, the gold could not have fallen from the sky. Faking nonchalance, miners melted away. The claims of George Washington Carmack, Skookum Jim, and Tagish Charlie were recorded, and soon the stream where they had staked them was named Bonanza Creek. It is the richest placer stream that has ever been found in the world. The discovery claim was ten miles above the Tron-diuck—an Athapaskan phrase meaning "hammer water." (Fish traps made of stakes had been driven into its bed.) Tron-diuck, alchemized into English, became Klondike.

I cannot resist a digression into the fate of Big Bill McPhee, who was apparently generous with his cache in a way that any number of his clansmen are not. One person who asked for his help after Carmack's visit to the saloon was Clarence Berry, a young man from California who was eager to stake his own claims and who had all the determination and physical strength required in a miner but had come to Fortymile with no money, no food, no supplies of any kind. McPhee told Berry to go out to the cache and take whatever he needed. Berry's claims, as things proved out, were among the richest on Bonanza Creek, and they led to the development of a widespread mining conglomerate and, later, to added fortunes in California oil. Big Bill, for his part, settled in Fairbanks. One day his home and saloon there burned to the ground, destroying all of his assets in the world. Berry, in California, heard of this through his company and at once sent a message north: Rebuild, restock, restore everything; have all accounts sent to me.

The fact that a hundred and fifty million dollars was awash in the drainages of the Klondike diminished but

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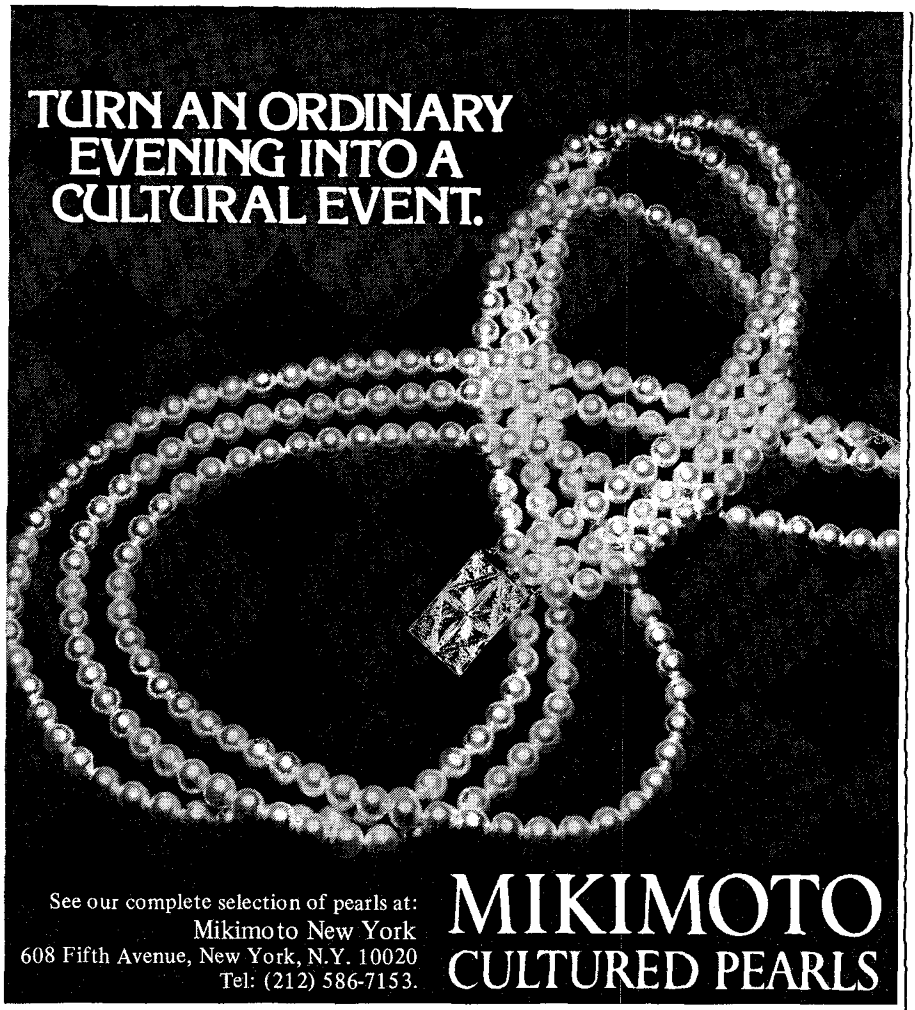
did not extinguish the goldfields of the Alaskan Yukon. Circle City declined by eighty per cent but did not ghost out. Enough miners remained in the Birch Creek District to remove half a million dollars' worth of gold in the season after the Klondike strike. The Fortymile region was drained of talent, but not necessarily of the best talent. Established miners continued to work its streams. For the majority, certainly, the years around the turn of the century were ones of rushing to and fro, impelled by the brightness of news. Miners of the Alaskan gold country went into the Klondike with the advantages of propinquity and experience over the green multitudes coming up from the United States, most of whom found every stream that showed any color completely staked. The Klondike was in Canada. Ninety per cent of the miners were American. The Crown imposed a heavy tax on wealth drawn from Her Majesty's placers. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, understaffed and apprehensive, sent a letter to Ottawa setting forth the possibility that the Americans might by force attempt to move the international boundary far enough east to comprehend the Klondike. But, without violence, many of them just went quietly "home," crossing the line to Alaska, to settle in places—and to work streams—that often flaunted remarkably patriotic names: Eagle, Star City, Nation, American Creek, Washington Creek, Fourth of July Creek. In 1900 came the rush to the beaches of Nome. Eight thousand left Dawson, the instant city where the Klondike meets the Yukon, and conspicuous among them all was Ed Jesson, who came walking into Eagle carrying a bicycle. Riding down the frozen river, he had thirteen hundred more miles to go, but for the time being he was going nowhere; his bearings were cold and stiff. When the temperature went up enough, he rode away. Meanwhile, someone else on his way to Nome went by on ice skates. Populations halved in Eagle and Circle, but, as before, miners by no means disappeared from the country. Nor have they ever. Birch Creek and the Fortymile, where the Yukon mining began, have always since discovery had miners on their creeks.

The principal technique of placer mining is to wash gravel through a long, narrow sluice box, its bottom ribbed with partitions that simulate the riffles of a stream. Gold and heavy sands settle among the riffles, while stones and boulders move on through the box and out the far end as "tail-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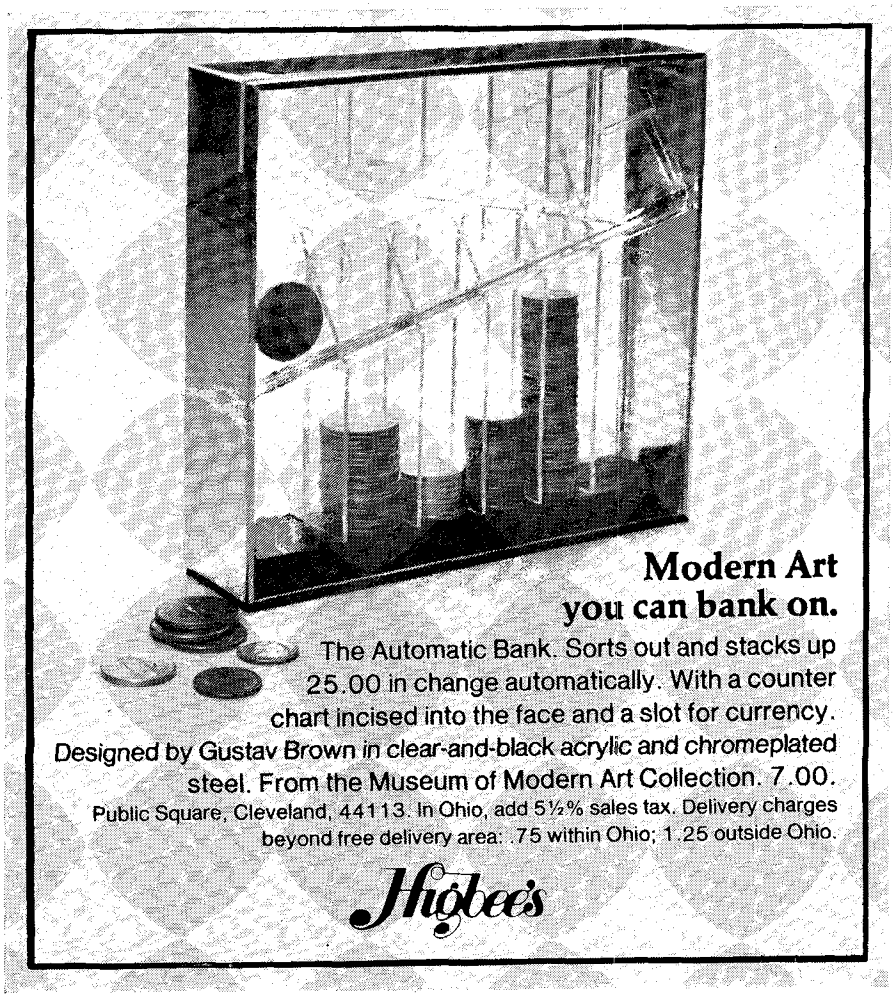
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ings." The pioneers, with their picks and shovels, could move about five cubic yards of gravel a day. Before long, these individual prospector-miners were outdone by small groups who could collectively move more stone—for example, with mechanical scrapers—and who could greatly increase available water by building elaborate wooden flumes. Giant, high-pressure hoses were developed as well, with dug reservoirs feeding mountainside ditches from which water would fall through pipe to emerge from nozzles with power enough to excavate gravels to bedrock. Inevitably, big dredges were built, too—by companies that bought up claims and worked entire streams. The dredges floated on ponds of their own making and on capital from cities months away.

Notwithstanding all this, the individual miner persevered. Quite apart from the major strikes, a kind of life had been discovered that to some—to Axel Johnson, for example—was no less alluring than the gold. Johnson was a Swedish fisherman who came into the country in 1898 and built a cabin, dug a garden at the falls of the Seventymile River. He worked Big Granite Creek, Alder Creek. He "sniped" a lot of his gold—just took it from likely spots without settling down to the formalities of a claim. He would go to the deep holes of stream rapids and periodically clean them out with a large instrument that resembled a spoon. Or he might take, say, eighteen hundred dollars out of a little bench of gravel, working it by hand. When he came into Eagle for mail and supplies, he sniped as he travelled, and once picked up sixty-seven ounces on the way. He trapped; and below his falls he caught Arctic grayling in such quantities that he had enough to dry and keep for winter. He lived well. He died in his cabin, in 1933. The life that attracted him, with its great liabilities and its great possibilities, has gone right on attracting others, and has been enhanced occasionally by a fresh sense of boom. There have, in fact, been three boom eras in the gold streams of Alaska. The second came in the nineteen-thirties, when the price of gold doubled. During the rushes of the eighteen-nineties, the price had been around seventeen dollars an ounce—a figure that remained essentially steady until 1934, when the government raised it to thirty-five. Lonely miners out on the creeks were suddenly less lonely. Fresh activity was encouraged as well by the almost simultaneous advent of the bulldozer, which could push around

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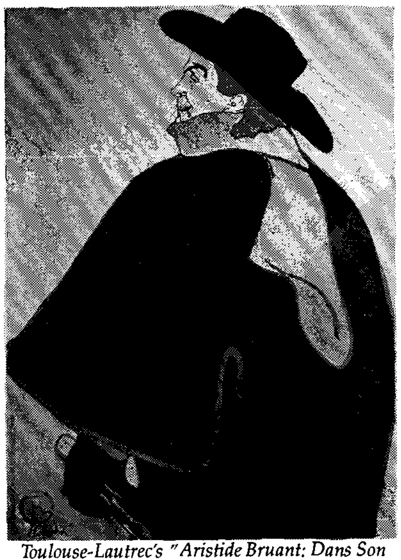

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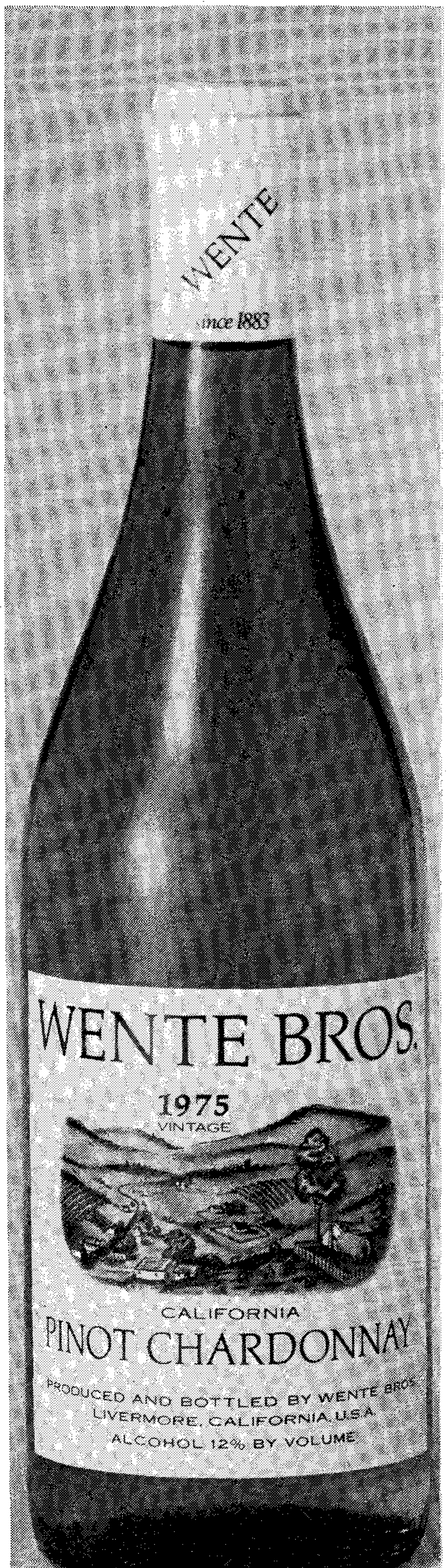

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roughly four hundred times as much gravel per day as an old-timer with a pick and a shovel. The third Alaskan gold boom began in the early nineteen-seventies, when the United States allowed the price to float with the world market and announced that American citizens, for the first time in forty years, would be allowed to buy gold and save it. The price giddied. It approached two hundred dollars an ounce. Then it settled back to present levels—below a hundred and fifty.

New miners come into the country every year—from Nevada, Montana, Oregon, wherever. They look around, and hear stories. They hear how Singin' Sam, on Harrison Creek, "hit an enrichment and took out nuggets you wouldn't believe." They hear about "wedge-shaped three-quarter-inch nuggets just lying there where water drips on bedrock." They hear about a miner in the Birch Creek District pulling nuggets from the side of a hill.

"I have always been mining, always preparing ground. I'm not telling you how much money I've got ready to dig up. She's in the bank. Trouble is, there's too much gravel with it."

In tailing piles left behind by dredges, people hunt for nuggets that were *too big* to get stopped in the sluice boxes and went on through the dredge with the boulders. People reach into their shirt pockets and show you phials that are full of material resembling ground chicken feed and are heavier than paperweights. Man says he saw a nugget big as a cruller tumbling end over end in the blast from a giant hose. It sank from view. He's been looking for it since. Man on Sourdough Creek, working for someone else, confessed he had seen a nugget, and reached to pick it up, and found it was connected by a strand of wire gold to something much larger and deeper. He broke off the nugget and reported nothing. He could hardly mark the spot. Later, he went back to try to find what was there—he knew not where.

TO stories of such nature Stanley and Ed Gelvin have not always been immune. Son and father, deep-rooted in the country (the one by birth, the other since long before statehood), they live in Central, a community with a Zip Code and a population of sixteen, so named because it was the point on the Birch Creek supply trail from which the miners fanned out to the gulches. Some went surprisingly far. Both Stanley and Ed Gelvin are, among other things, pilots, familiar with the country from the air; and some years ago they became more than a little interested in certain conjunctive stream courses in high remote terrain, where they saw aging evidence of the presence of miners. The site is—they request that I not be too specific—somewhere in the hundred-plus miles of mountain country that lies between Eagle and Central. Along a piece of valley floor more than three thousand feet high they noticed, among other things, a wooden sluice box weathered silver-gray, a roofless cabin, a long-since toppled cache. The old-timers did not build cabins, caches, and sluice boxes just in hopes of finding worthwhile concentrations of gold. Having found it, however, they lacked the means to remove anything like the whole of what was evidently there, even when they dug down in winter into places where flooding would stop them in warmer weather—thawing frozen deep gravels with fires and hoisting it up in buckets for sluicing in the spring. Under the stream beds were soaked unfrozen depths known as live ground, where the old-timers could not have worked at all. While some Alaskan streams freeze solid, most continue to run all winter under phenomenally increasing layers of ice and snow. The phenomenon is overflow, which has so often been lethal to people travelling streams on foot—soaking themselves, freezing to death. Water builds up pressure below the ice until it breaks through a crack and spreads out above. When the pressure is relieved, the flow stops and the water becomes a layer of ice. Before long, snow falls, and compacts. More pressure builds, and water again flows out on top. Through a winter, these alternating layers of snow and ice, white and blue, can build up to great confectionery thicknesses—but the stream below remains liquid to bedrock. With appropriate earthmoving equipment, Stanley pointed out, a guy could go into that live ground and scrape up what lay on the rock. No such machine had ever reached these alpine streams, as a glance at their unaltered state confirmed. They were much too far from the mining road and the dredged and bulldozed creeks of the district. It was almost too bizarre to imagine—a bulldozer in the roadless, trail-less wilderness of those mountains. The price of gold, on the other hand, had lately quintupled. Maybe going in there was worth a try. Over the Gelvins' kitchen table, father and son kept talking, and a program gradually evolved. Attention became focussed on the family backhoe. The first necessity would be to sample the deep gravels and see what was there. That long steel arm and big steel bucket could reach many feet into the bottom of a stream. If a guy wanted to have a look at what was lying on the bedrock, that backhoe would be the thing. Maybe a guy could fly it up there. The backhoe was a modified tractor that had once belonged to the United States Air Force and had hauled bombers around in Fairbanks. It weighed five thousand seven hundred pounds. A guy could take it apart. Reduce it to many pieces. Fly it, in the family airplanes, like birds carrying straws, nut by bolt in fragments into the hills.

When I first met the Gelvins, in the early fall of 1975, pieces of backhoe were strewn all over the ground beside the airstrip behind their cabin. The machine itself was still recognizable but was fast melting away under the influence of the wrench. The airstrip looked like a dirt driveway scarcely ten feet wide, with weeds upgrown on either side almost to the level of a Cessna's wings. The runway had a dogleg. Every so often, Stanley or Ed would stuff some parts into an airplane, roll off in a plume of dust, disappear around the bend, and reappear eventually, rising, to clear a backdrop wall of spruce. Stanley—tall, lanky, still in his middle twenties—being of the country, was a gold miner almost by nature. His father, Ed Gelvin, was more diversified. Over the years, he had become, it seems safe to say, as much as anyone in Alaska an example of what Steve Ulvi has in mind when he speaks so admiringly of "the man of maximum practical application." Mining, as it happened, was what first drew Ed and his wife, Ginny, into the country. In the early nineteen-fifties, he worked some claims on Squaw Creek, near Central. He moved a lot of gravel but not a lot of gold. They liked the country, turned to other things, and stayed. Trapper, sawyer, pilot, plumber, licensed big-game guide, welder, ironworker, mechanic, carpenter, builder of boats and sleds, he suffered no lack of occupation. I once asked him if there was anything that could go wrong around his place that would cause him to seek help from elsewhere. He looked off into the distance and carefully thought over the question—this compact and gracefully built man of fifty or so with thick quizzical bifocals, a shy smile, a quiet voice. Finally, he said no, he guessed there wasn't. Ginny hunted with him, and ran the traplines as well. They raised a son and three daughters, who were so fond of moose and caribou they never much

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cared for beef. Over all the years, meanwhile, and despite the multifarious activities which followed that first attempt at mining, Ed had more trouble getting gold out of his mind than he had had getting it out of Squaw Creek. He had contracted gold fever, the local malaria; and he passed it on to Stanley.

If they were teased by the sight of the old relics they saw in that high nameless valley, there were stories around that were stimulating, too. Old miners in the district said they had always heard it was shallow ground up there, with good colors near the surface—and not much developed by the real old-timers. It had been the valley of, among others, Pete the Pig. That would be his cache lying on its side. Pete the Pig Frisk was a savvy prospector, an efficient miner, not one to waste his time where there was no pay. He found a good pay streak there, and not a few bears. He was a clean, attractive man, Pete the Pig—but he grunted while he worked, while he rooted for gold. When he opened his mouth to speak, he grunted first. When he got old, he went to the Sitka Pioneers' Home. From time to time, the miners out in the country saw a published list of who was there. One year, Pete Frisk's name was gone from the list. In 1962, a man named Brown—from Oregon or "somewhere down near there"—had had himself flown to Pete Frisk's valley in a helicopter. He had a partner with him, two pet Airedales, and a set of miniature sluice boxes that were innovative and effective as tools for prospecting. He also had a .357 Magnum for grizzlies, of which he killed three. When the partners left, they attempted to walk out, by crossing mountains to the Yukon. Because the creeks and streams of Alaska have a geminate quality that can fool even people who know them well, the two men thought they were on Coal Creek headed for the big river when in fact they were on Hanna Creek headed somewhere else. Brown's partner came out weeks later, with an injured leg, floating on a raft he had made on the Charley River. Brown, for his part, "stayed" in the high country; that is, he apparently died there. He was never heard from again. His partner said they had separated after the injury, as Brown went on for help. All that was ever found was the carcass of an Airedale, butchered out as for the table, but uneaten. Possibly, a bear ate Brown. His widow suspected something worse. She thought there had been more than just colors

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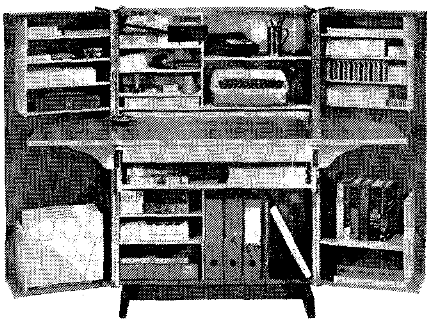

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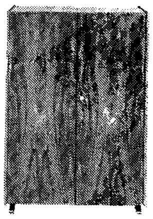

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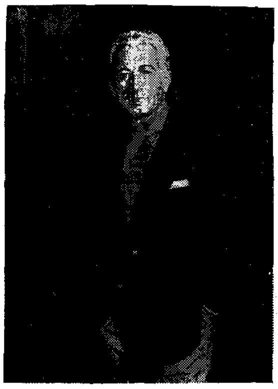

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found up there in Pete Frisk's valley.

A dozen years later, Stanley Gelvin, in his Aeronca Champ with its dune-buggy tundra tires, flew so low he skimmed the dwarf willows, hunting the valley for a place to land. Thirteen treeless summits, each about the height of the high Adirondacks, surrounded the three confluent streams there, and down from this nippled coronet ran sweeping tundra fells deceptive to view. They appeared to be as smooth as fairways, but with their sedge tussocks and fissured soils they were in fact as rough as boulderfields. Flying near stallout speed, Stanley followed one creek and another, studying the ground. Finally, he saw a place he thought he could get out of if he were to set the plane down. The walk would be long if he couldn't—not to mention what to do about the plane. Rising, circling, returning, he gingerly put his wheels on the ground and jumped back at once into the air. Felt pretty good. He circled again. He rolled his wheels on the tundra twice more. It was thumping rough, but it seemed negotiable. He set the Aeronca down.

Taking off successfully, he went home and told his father, and they began to advance their plans. First, they should improve the landing place. They had a little Ranger—a diminutive tractor, like a Cub Cadet—which they had used to like purpose when they built a cabin on the Charley River years before. Ed cut the Ranger in half. They flew it to the mountains, and he welded it back together. The backhoe before long followed, and when it was at last reassembled they scooped into the center of a stream. Bedrock was eight feet down. Even at six, they panned the colors they had hoped to see.

They had intended to spend the whole of the following season ranging with the backhoe around the claims they had made, trying out pieces of seven miles of streams, but early results were so encouraging that they sharply foreshortened the tests. To put it conservatively, a pay streak appeared to be there, and what was needed now—since the backhoe was just a fifty-seven-hundred-pound shovel—was a means of moving gravel in a major way. The Caterpillar Tractor Company produces the eponymous Cat in seven sizes—styled D3, D4, and so on to D9. Most gold miners use something less than the largest, but the Gelvins—forming a partnership with two friends in Fairbanks—decided to go all the way. The supreme Cat, twenty-seven feet long, eleven feet high, with a blade of four-

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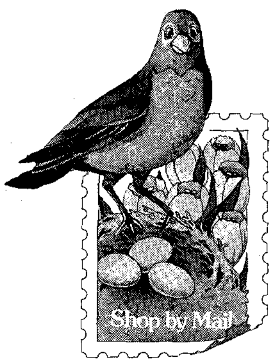

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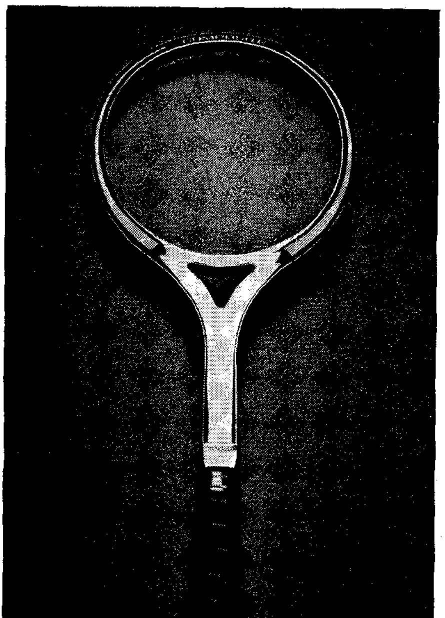
THE HORCHOW COLLECTION

teen feet, could sweep forty yards of gravel before it—possibly a hundred dollars a shove. Ed Gelvin went to Los Angeles to shop for a used D9.

With his partners in Fairbanks putting up the money in return for a half interest in the claims, he paid forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars for a ten-year-old machine—D9, Series G. In the fleets of general contractors, it had spent its lifetime ripping raw California land, making freeways, and preparing building sites on beaches and deserts. Who, watching it there—clanking, dozing, wheezing, roaring, grunting like Pete the Pig—could ever in farthest-fetched imaginings have guessed where it would go? It went to Seattle by train, and by barge to Whittier, in Prince William Sound. There the Alaska Railroad picked it up and took it to Fairbanks, where, in early April, a lowboy hauled it up the dirt road north. Forty miles from Central, the haul stopped—blocked by the still unbroken winter snows. The road had been smothered since October. Ed Gelvin, who was observing from the air, landed on the road and with Stanley put the blade on the Cat. The weather in a general way was warming. Snow was melting. Ice was beginning to rot. If the D9 was going to move up frozen stream beds and climb into the mountains, it had to keep going now. If the road was closed, the Cat would open it.

When Stanley Gelvin was a small boy and did his elementary-school work by correspondence from the kitchen table in Central, he was from time to time required to draw a picture. When the choice of subject was his to make, he always drew a Cat. He operated one before he drove anything else. Now, with a Cat all around him, he knew where things were. He sensed like an athlete the rhythm of the parts—the tilt cylinders, the blade-lift arms. A good Cat skinner is a Cat mechanic, and, from the torque converter to the sun-and-planet gears, he knew what was making the moves. "I know what's inside the thing—everything—and what makes it work. My father knows how the stuff goes together, too. If the thing needs work, we do it."

The snow-obscured road leading on toward Central was—even at its best, in summer—a tortuous trail. In several high places, it traversed the flanks of mountains as a fifteen-foot shelf with no rail of any kind and a precipitous plunge on the outboard side. On the last of these mountain passes, twenty miles from home, Stanley encountered



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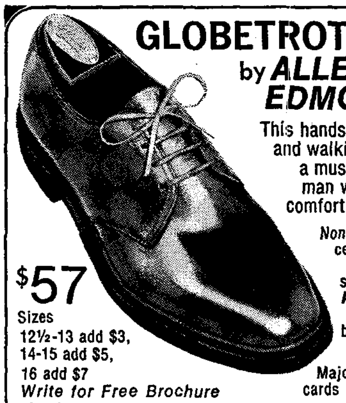

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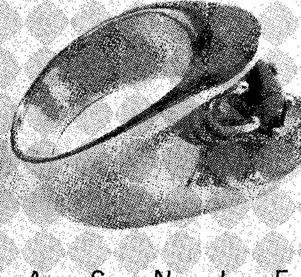

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drifts that were thirty feet deep. To keep going, he had to bite into the snow, doze some to the brink, send it avalanching down, then turn and bite some more—all the while feeling for the road, feeling with his corner bits (the low tips of the blade) for the buried edge where the road stopped and the plunge began. A D9 is in some ways the most difficult Cat to operate. "You've got so much iron in front of you you can't see what you're doing." It is also his favorite size, because it is so big it does not bounce around. This one weighed sixty-eight thousand five hundred pounds. Its balance point was ten feet back of the blade. Repeatedly, Stanley moved the blade eight feet over the edge. He knew where it was. If he had gone off the mountain, he would have raised one fantastic cloud of snow. Instead, he trimly dismantled the prodigious drifts and dozed on down to Central.

To the pads of the track Ed Gelvin welded ice grousers. They would keep the Cat from sliding. They were small pieces of steel, protruding like hyphens from the tracks. Ed and Stanley had built a steel slick plate and a steel sluice box, and Ed had rearranged them as a huge loaded sled—eight feet wide and twenty-four feet long: I-beams, H-beams, three-sixteenths-inch plate. He had made a thousand-gallon fuel tank. It was full and on the sled. Here and there, he slipped in snowshoes, gold pans, a two-hundred-amp generator, a welding tank and torch. Finally, he secured to the top of the load a plywood wanigan—that is, a small hut, with three bunks, propane, and a cupboard full of food. The rig, composed, weighed about twelve tons. When it was hooked to the D9, Stanley left for the mountains.

He crossed low terrain at first. His mother rode with him. His father hovered in the air. Then he changed passengers, taking on a friend named Gary Powers, and they began to move up Woodchopper Creek. His altitude at the start was nine hundred feet. The highest point on the trip was well above four thousand. They travelled five days, fourteen hours a day. There was plenty of wind. The highest temperature they experienced was zero. They stopped to cut their way through trees with a chain saw (fearing to doze them because the wanigan might be crushed). The Cat fell twice through rotting ice. With no difficulty, it climbed out of the water. There was some luck in the conditions, but not much. With less ice in Woodchopper Canyon, he might have been stopped. But successive overflows on the creek had built the ice thickness in places to thirty feet. Nearing the head of Woodchopper, Stanley moved the Cat slowly up a steep slope of ice, slid back, crept again, slid back, and thought for a while he wouldn't make it. Without the grousers, the big rig would have been stopped, but they held just enough, and gradually he crawled out of the head of the creek—only to move into snow so deep the D9's steel tracks spun out. Stanley thought it wise to stop for the night. For one thing, all this was happening in a blizzard. Next day, the sky was clear, the air colder, and Stanley moved on a contour through the deep snow until he found an uphill route. Steadily, he climbed ridges, sometimes in little snow, sometimes in seven-foot drifts. At one point, the going was so steep that he disengaged the sled and tried first to clear a trail. "I knew that ridge was too steep to go over, because it was almost vertical. So I went around to the right. Without them ice grousers, the machine would have slid sideways and straight to the bottom as if it was on skates. Gary was scared to death. I went real slow now, and slipped some, and then went down to a dead crawl. I had it idled as low as it would go. I went on a half a mile or so. When I saw it was possible, I went back for the sled."

Landing on skis, his father would fly him out, and the D9 would sit idle in the mountains until summer. Meanwhile, there was one last ridge to cross. "One side was sheer, and the other had deep snow and was very steep. It must have been forty-five degrees. A guy could have maybe gone around one side—if you'd left the wanigan, dug the snow, and plowed a road. But I didn't want to make a horrible-looking mess. I moved slowly up. The track did spin a bit. I couldn't go straight up. It was too steep. I couldn't go sideways too well. I couldn't go back, because I had the sled. I'd have been afraid to back down. You can cut a road into the side of a mountain if you want to with a Cat like that, but I just inched up the thing, and over. I didn't want to dig up the country."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat]

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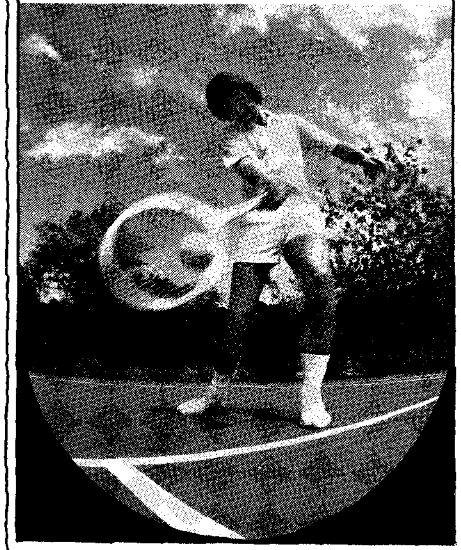

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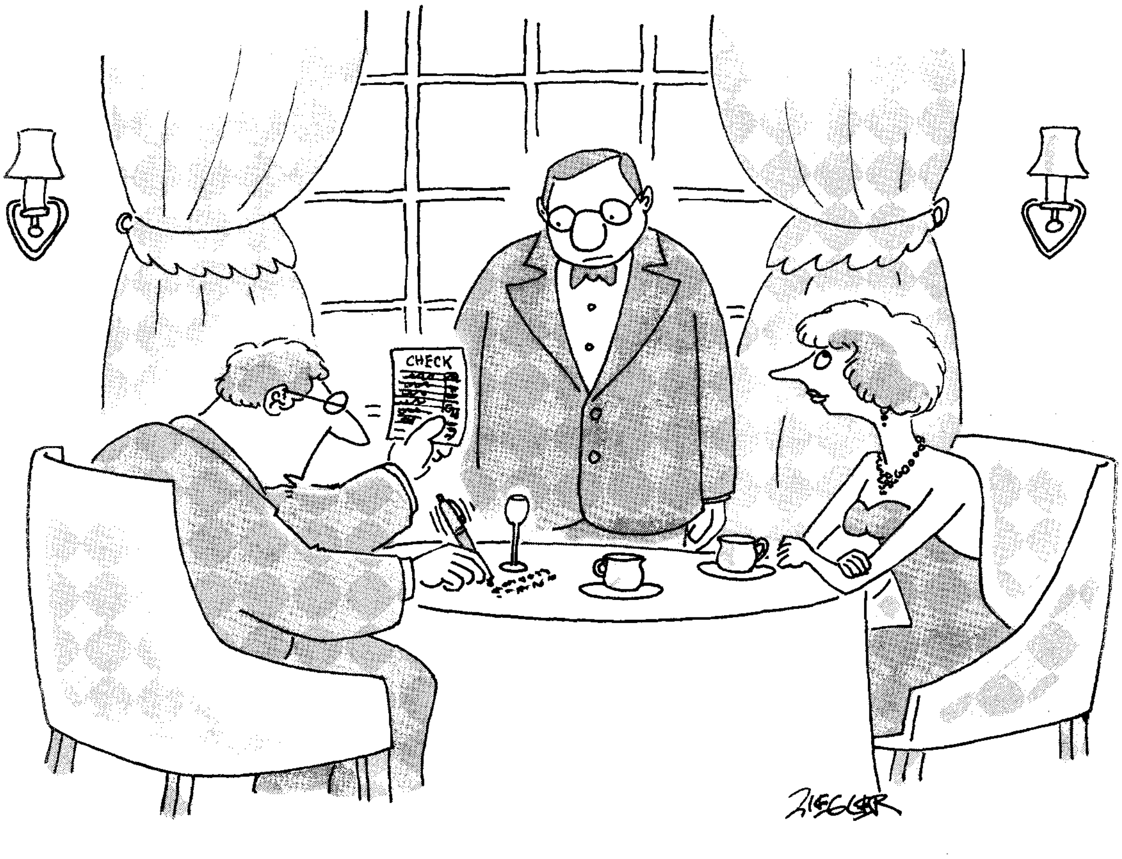
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“DADDY,” by Ed Bullins, at the New Federal, is about a man who tries to rejoin the family he deserted twelve years earlier, painfully comes to realize that it simply cannot be done, and again leaves—but this time with strong and permanent ties of affection and considerable understanding all around. To tell you this is barely to indicate the richness and depth and complexity of what seems to me to be one of Mr. Bullins’ most accomplished plays so far. A successful singer and former black revolutionary named Michael Brown—a mercurial, explosive man—has just moved into a large apartment on Central Park West with his beautiful mistress, Candy. The phone rings, and we hear the offstage voices of his children, who have tracked him down and are coming over to see him. The children are two grown daughters and two adolescent sons, who have been living in a Newark slum with their mother. The action moves back and forth between Manhattan and Newark, and, with just a dimming and brightening of the lights, slips back and forth in time. Jackie, Michael’s ex-wife, is now a dishevelled drunk; she has had many other children by many other men since he left her, and for some time she has been living with a quiet, protective middle-aged man named Carter. Michael goes to Newark to ask her if the two boys may stay with him in New York, and in one scene is compressed the story of their marriage from its earliest days—of the poverty that stifled and quenched the love and spirit of both of them, of her demands for money, of his contempt for and dread of welfare, a dread that finally forced him to run away. The scene ends with his beating her to her knees (in the past) as Candy (in the present) protests.

As is usual in Mr. Bullins’ plays, there are monologues in which the principals speak directly to the audience—layer upon layer of living, layer upon layer of experience. The climax of the play comes in a scene where the older of the boys takes an overdose of drugs and Michael hears that Carter has struck one of his daughters. Michael, gun in pocket, goes to Newark and confronts Carter in his kitchen. Carter, apron around his waist, persuades Michael to postpone the shooting until after he has done the dishes, and then quietly tells Michael of Jackie’s rackety, whoring existence after Michael’s leaving, and of his care of her and all those children, one of whom he has fathered. It is a strong, quiet, ironic scene that subtly resolves the dissonance of their lives into a believable harmony at the end.

“Daddy” (also the title of Michael’s hit song, which is heard from time to time) is, as I say, a fine play, and under Woodie King’s firm, sensitive direction all Bullins’ passion and wit and intelligence and prodigious dramatic talent are realized. The performance as a whole is very good. Nathan George, the smoldering gangster star of “No Place to Be Somebody,” is, if anything, even better in the more interesting role of temperamental Michael, quick to anger, quick to love. Starletta D’Paur is Jackie to the life, seemingly broken-spirited and hopeless at first, yet ultimately full of feeling and good sense, and even humor. Elizabeth Van Dyke, herself a beauty, is believable as troubled, devoted Candy, and so is Clebert Ford as the stalwart Carter. I also admired Dana Manno and Jewel Brimage as Michael’s sassy, bickering daughters, Todd Davis and Kenneth J. Green as his sons, and Nick Smith as his put-upon manager. The sparse, appropriate settings by Karl Eigsti—a large, empty living room in Manhattan and a kitchen table and ironing board (at a corner of the stage) in Newark—plus Shirley Prendergast’s effective lighting enhance the strength of the language and the action. Good music by Carolyn Franklin, good costumes by Judy Dearing. “Daddy,” a New York Shakespeare Festival production, will remain on Grand Street only through June 19th, but it is almost certain to crop up someplace else. —EDITH OLIVER



“. . . Carry the 4, carry the 4, carry the 4—4 and 7 is, is, is—4 and 7 is 8, 9, 10, 11—4 and 7 is 11. O.K. Now, 11 and 6 is . . .”

THE CURRENT CINEMA

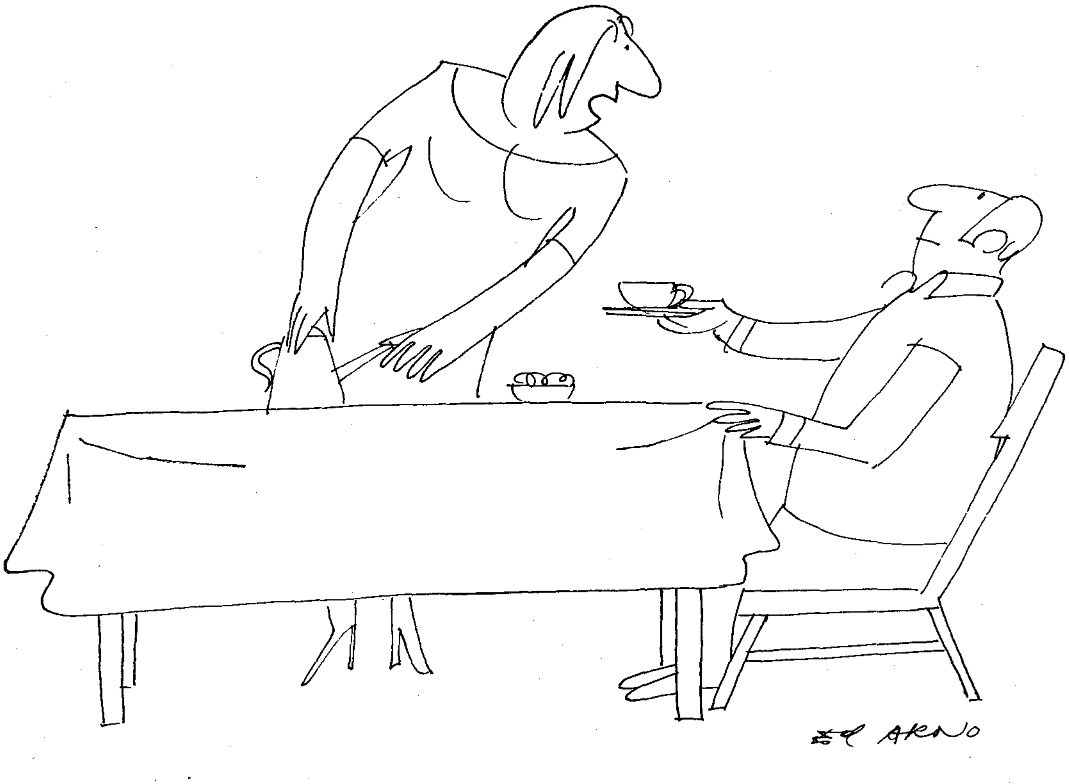
Pitch to the Nerveless

SOME people throw up their hands in exhilaration on roller coasters. Others have to be urged not to stand up, or not to take the ride if they are pregnant or under six. But a fragile minority would rather rescue a man from a burning tank than hang on to the lap bar of a roller coaster, too frightened to scream, looking down at the next drop or the next upside-down surge. In James Goldstone's "Rollercoaster," someone identified simply as the Young Man (Timothy Bottoms) meditatively looks at the Ocean View Park roller coaster in Los Angeles. A genial man at the amusement park says, "Fast track today." The Young Man covertly fixes a bomb to one of the roller-coaster tracks and then wanders around the park, amusing himself guardedly while the place fills up with holiday-minded couples arm in arm. The roller-coaster track blows up, the cars are thrown off to smithereens, and the hunt is on for the assassin. The person considered most likely to find him is an amusement-park inspector called Harry Calder (George Segal), who is in the middle of having electric-shock therapy to wean him from smoking. Brought in after another disaster, in a Pittsburgh amusement park—watched expressionlessly by the Young Man, who caused it—and grateful for having been dragged away from the cure, Calder uncovers a dastardly plot to tap the fortunes of five amusement-park corporate presidents, which sounds as dignified as being vice-president of Flowered Bathing Caps, Inc.

Harry, pining for a cigarette while we are pining for a respite from the deafening Sensurround facsimiles of roller-coaster disasters, is the typical hero of the current run of self-amused disaster films. He has recently been divorced, but he still gets on as well with his pretty ex-wife (Dorothy Tristan) as with his pretty girlfriend (Susan Strasberg); and he minds much more about his loss of nicotine than his loss of reputation, which is building up fast as reporters discover that the Ocean View Park roller coaster is one that he inspected three months ago. His flitting mind is elsewhere. He wonders why he's been *losing* weight since he gave up tobacco. His girlfriend unsympathetically puts it down to male change of life, obviously being someone who spends a lot of time reading crackpot medical articles in pop magazines. For a ransom of a million dollars, says the Young Man, on a cassette listened to in a bugged Chicago hotel room by the five corporate presidents and Harry, the catastrophes will stop. Harry thinks that the chap on the cassette is no joker. The police disagree. This is a disaster film in the classic amateur-v.-professional tradition of Sherlock Holmes v. Scotland Yard.

It is a reprieve to see a thriller that, like Hitchcock's movies, involves ordinary citizens in daylight or on a spree, and not Presidential candidates or internationally important hostages. The film makes clever and credible use of the criminal's small-boy tantrums in crises. At the end of the picture, we are all in such a chronic state of worry—egged on by the aural horrors of Sensurround—that we are in the position of addicts suddenly deprived of a fix. We shake because we're not shaking any longer. The film is subtly parodic about disaster movies, with a sophistication that helps to bleach out the dark general fear of amusement parks. Who hasn't been scared on a Ferris wheel? Who hasn't been alarmed by a massed crowd of people having fun in sunlight, given the possibility that one of them has a bomb or a gun behind his cotton candy? At one point in the film, "revolution" is spelled out in smoke in the sky; the comfort to us is that we know that politics are nowhere around, that "revolution" is a play on "revolving," that the film's flip view is that the most serious thing happening is a man's anti-smoking therapy's being disrupted. Goldstone protects us from Grand Guignol. When holidaymakers are killed, there are only Sensurround shrieks to say so: no dwelling on squelched bodies.

BUT next: well, in September of 1944 it must have looked from a distance as though the war in Europe were won, but the Continent remembers the word "Arnhem" as a nightmare. Monty, at loggerheads with Eisenhower over Patton, with Holland still occupied and Allied troops unable to cross the Rhine, decided to drop thirty-five thousand American, British, and Polish soldiers behind enemy lines, link them up with tanks and infantry from liberated Europe, and take the vital bridges, including Arnhem's. In Richard Attenborough's latest film, "A Bridge Too Far," from the Cornelius Ryan book, Sean Connery, as Major General Robert Urquhart, of the First Airborne Division, takes ten thousand parachutists behind the lines. Everything goes wrong. Radio crystals don't fit the radio sets. Allied ammunition for the parachutists is dropped into territory that is very soon German-held. The connecting roads between tanks and parachuted troops are single lanes, and so crowd-



"*What do you mean 'I'll have another cup'? On seventeen five a year?*"

ed with cheering liberated Dutch people that the tanks are disastrously delayed. Of the troops dropped under Urquhart's command, fewer than two thousand survive. The Germans—including Walter Kohut as the self-important Nazi Field Marshal Walter Model, who thinks that the whole operation is being carried out to capture him—would have preferred Monty to Patton as an enemy, says the film, because they thought of Monty as a muddler. Montgomery's plan is shown by the picture as being ambitious, self-willed, and cruel. He is said to have considered the operation a success.

Famous actors are everywhere one looks. One finds oneself angered and harrowed by a film that can make something like A Night of a Thousand Stars at the London Palladium of such an unforgettable military tragedy. Gene Hackman is cast as the leader of the Polish contingent (who speaks up against the plan from the start). We are given Maximilian Schell, as a Nazi; Dirk Bogarde, as a suave lieutenant-general looking out for himself; James Caan; Michael Caine, who has to speak some poor pieces of rough military humor; Liv Ullmann, a Dutchwoman too good for words, with a prayerbook; Elliott Gould, as an American and therefore always shown with a cigar in his mouth, such is the sensibility of the picture; Anthony Hopkins; Hardy Kruger; Arthur Hill; Ryan O'Neal; Robert Redford; Laurence Olivier, as a stiff-backed doctor who operates on the wounded, wearily re-dresses himself in his usual neat clothes to wangle an hour's ceasefire out of the Germans so that the wounded can be evacuated, and looks at the flattened Arnhem (lonely children, a lost dog, a spinning upturned bicycle wheel) with an expression that is worth the whole celebrity-conscious, gory film. It was not to honor star-reputation and blood that Arnhem was endured.

At some point, Liv Ullmann says, "Can it get worse?" "Oh, yes," says Olivier, the stoic man. "Much worse." The last shot, more pitiful than all the bloodiness, shows the two of them on a skyline, leaving her beautiful house, which has been bombed out, wheeling a cart with all that is left.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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UPI064

CORRECTION:

IN UPI-059 (ROBBERY)3RD PGH READ IT XBAZLNESWCMTFONDZ7QAFPI (FIXING SPELLING).—*U. P. I. wire received by a Washington newspaper.*

Don't bother on our account. We like it.

JUNE
SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
1 Car to Ernie's garage find trunk
2
3 Symphony 8:00
4 University Club lunch 12 noon
5 Auction in Newburg 1:00
6
7 Tennis with Dave 2:00 get revenge!
8 Shopping with Linda Harrison Mall 2:00
9 Choir practice 7:30
10 Party at Rogers 8 ish
11 Nonander's wedding St. Lukes 4:00
12 Dinner with folks after church
13 Clean air committee meeting 7:30 bring report
14 Silent movie meet Maureen 6:30
15 Rothko show Bowman Gallery 2-5
16 Tigers softball 1:30 bring Tiger Antod!
17 Grants 25th anniv'y surprise! 7:30
18
20
21 Softball vs Morgan's Alley
22 Prof. Newman at Hartmann Center 8:00
23 Dune Buggy Run Peaks Cove
24 Beach weekend escape at 5:30
25
27 ...ke ...aty
28 Picnic Mills End
29
30 Mike's grad party
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JAZZ

New York Notes

MAY 18TH: The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, a black musical self-help group, was organized in Chicago in 1965 by a thirty-four-year-old pianist and composer named Muhal Richard Abrams. Before long, it included the reedmen Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Kalaparusha, and Anthony Braxton, the trumpeters Lester Bowie and Leo Smith, the drummer Steve McCall, and the violinist Leroy Jenkins. It has continued to grow, and now numbers around a hundred and fifty. It is at once a music school, a finishing school, and a singular avant-garde movement. It came into being because of racial dissatisfactions, because its founding members were tired of the gray musical landscape of the early sixties, and because they had no place to play or be heard in Chicago. If no one else would listen, they would listen to each other, and grow from mutual esteem. In due course, various groups issued from under the wing of the A.A.C.M., among them the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the Creative Construction Company, Air, the Revolutionary Ensemble, and the countless Anthony Braxton combinations. But the A.A.C.M., like its spiritual ancestors of fifty years ago, has been slow to leave Chicago, and it did not venture to New York until 1970, when the Creative Construction Company gave a concert in a Greenwich Village church. Its provincialism is weakening. The Art Ensemble has spent a couple of years in Europe, and even appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1973. The Revolutionary Ensemble is based in New York and turns up with reasonable frequency, as does Anthony Braxton, who has become well known in the past couple of years and was the first A.A.C.M. member to sign with a commercial label. But the first real invasion of New York by the A.A.C.M. began four days ago, when WKCR, Columbia's ingenious student radio station, initiated a week-long festival of A.A.C.M. music, which is being delivered in two parts: a ninety-hour non-stop broadcast of over a hundred A.A.C.M. recordings, unreleased tapes, and interviews; and four concerts, which start tomorrow night and will continue through May 22nd, at Wollman Auditorium, on the Columbia campus. The broadcast, which ended today, was intelligent, thorough, and persuasive. Every principal recording by A.A.C.M. members was played (alphabetically and chronologically), and the music was beautiful, infuriating, savage, surrealistic, boring, and often highly original. It is primarily a "free" music. Improvisation is no longer chordal or melodic but is based on motifs, whims, scales, and even timbres. The regular beat has given way to a kind of circular rhythm that is pervasive and insistent. There are no choruses or measures or bridges or verses, although many numbers seem at least to have an inner episodic structure. Counterpoint occurs, but harmony is mostly accidental. There is a great dependence on instrumental variety. Most A.A.C.M. members play several instruments, and it is not unusual during a performance for Anthony Braxton to use three different clarinets, an alto saxophone, a sopranino saxophone, a flute, and a contra-bass saxophone. Pocket trumpets, regular trumpets, and flugelhorns are common, as are bassoons, various tubas, and soprano saxophones, and there are percussion instruments from everywhere in the world. The recordings in the broadcast were spelled here and there by extensive—and often wandering—interviews with A.A.C.M. big guns, and here is a sampling, in paraphrase:

The A.A.C.M. has expanded the science of options for the music.

Keeping "the shout" in the music is what it's all about.

The A.A.C.M. sound? If you take all the sounds of all the A.A.C.M. musicians and put them together, that's the A.A.C.M. sound, but I don't think anyone's heard that yet.

Composition is as important as improvisation.

We are opposed to the word jazz. Jazz means nigger music.

In our meetings, we argue, fuss, get things straightened out orally.

Sometimes I take eight hundred pounds of instruments with me on a gig.

The A.A.C.M. introduces the musician to his complete self, and he joins for life.

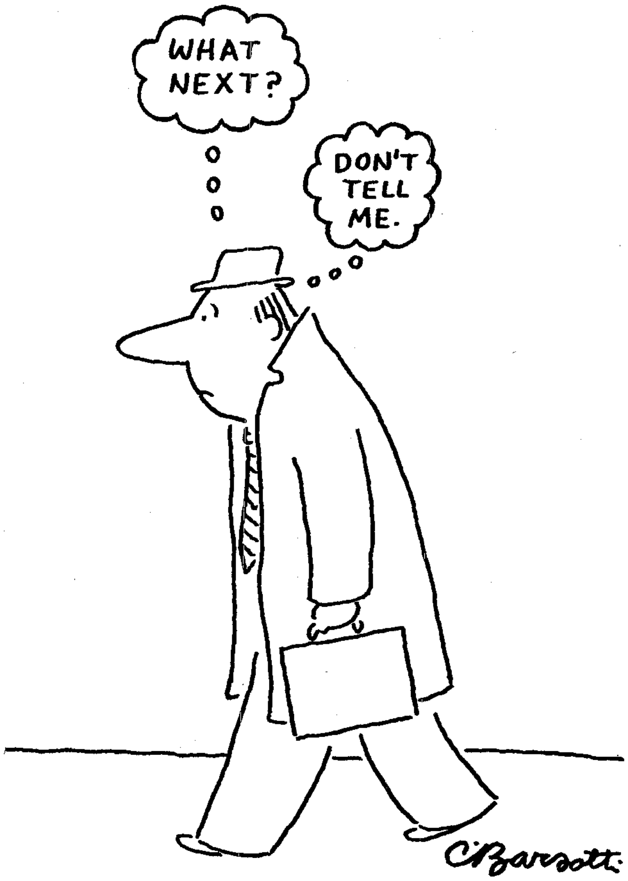
The A.A.C.M. doesn't consider a creative musician an entertainer; his purpose is to enlighten—himself first and then the audience.

You take new musical steps and you refresh the public.

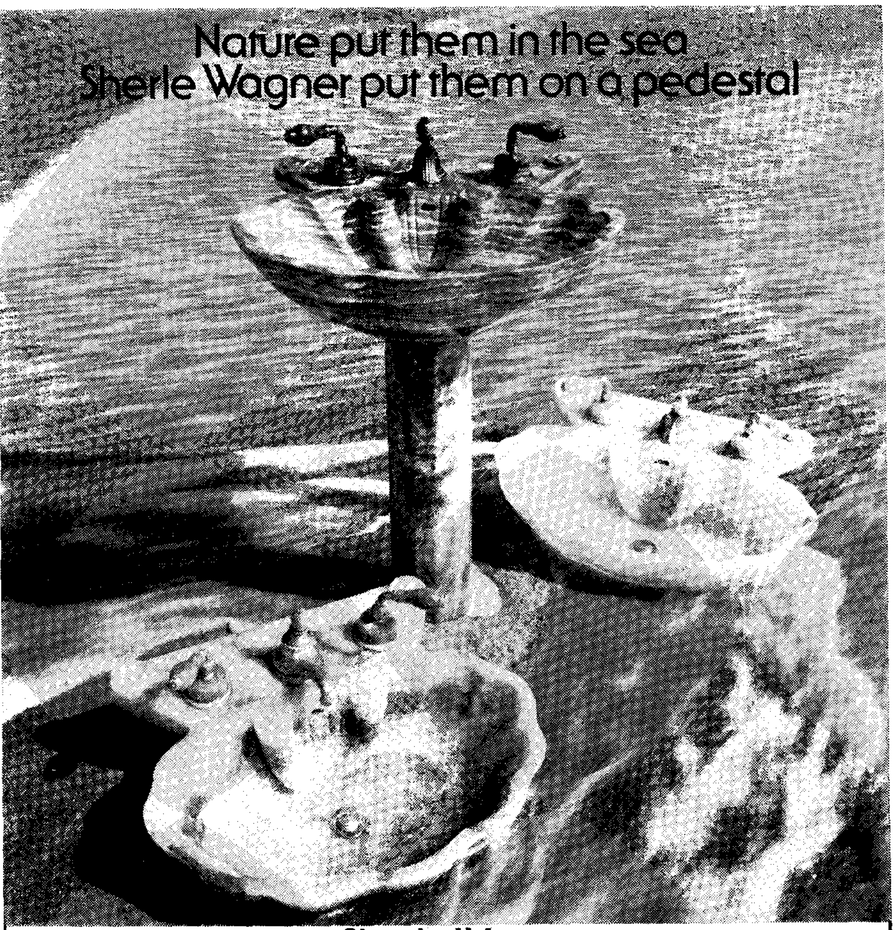
The broadcast revealed a ferocious determination to bring into being a new and durable music—a hard-nosed utopian music, without racial stigmata, without clichés, and without commercialism.

MAY 19TH: The origins of the A.A.C.M.'s music are reasonably clear. Paramount is the revolution set in motion in New York in the sixties by Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Archie Shepp, and Cecil Taylor, and by the Jazz Composer's Guild, which was formed a year before the A.A.C.M. (The Guild, as far as I know, was never mentioned during the WKCR interviews, which is odd, but perhaps it was because of sheer Chicago hubris or because the Guild eventually became dominated by whites.) One also hears the methods and voices of Sun Ra and bebop and hard-bop, which many of the older A.A.C.M. members grew up with, and the receding sounds of Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Cootie Williams, and King Oliver. There are classical influences, too—Stockhausen, Boulez, Schoenberg, Berg, and John Cage. Revolutions aren't hatched in vacuums.

The first concert at Woll-


WHAT NEXT?
DON'T TELL ME.
C. Barsotti

man began tonight with the Ajaramu Ensemble. When its complete personnel finally arrived onstage, the Ensemble consisted of two trap drummers (Thurman Barker and Ajaramu), a reedman who doubled on percussion (Wallace McMillan), a conga drummer (Kahil-El-Zabar), a bassist (Felix Blackman), and a singing pianist (Amina Claudine Myers, an important presence in the A.A.C.M. firmament). Ajaramu started by himself and in time was joined by McMillan, and then by Amina Claudine Myers, who did some vocalise. Zabar, Barker, and Blackman appeared, and there was a lot of reed doubling. (Doubling is breathing to A.A.C.M. members. The incessant stooping and crouching and bending during an A.A.C.M. performance suggests an exercise class. The switching of instruments becomes almost ritualistic, and although it results in a rainbow of timbres and tones, it adds a hyperactive note, as if no instrument were worth fooling with for more than a few minutes at a time.) After a half hour—the conga drummer sailing, the trap drummers circling, Myers wailing and pounding, the reedman doubling—a sizable tumult was going. The volume fluctuated, and, just as a listener sensed the finale, someone had an afterthought and they were off again. The next group was a duo, made up of the trombonist and tubist George Lewis and the tenor and sopranino saxophonist, clarinettist, flutist, piccolo player, and bass clarinettist Douglas Ewart. Their music never stopped evolving, and frequently it sparkled. Ewart acted chiefly as a backstop off which Lewis, a tall, champing, cherub-faced twenty-two-year-old dressed in giant overalls, bounced an endless array of growls, glisses, slurs, harrumphs, cries, tremolos, roars, whispers, and raspberries. Although the two musicians appeared to be reading, they played with a freshness and spontaneity that seemed improvised. The closing group was an all-star trio—a Charlie Parker/Dizzy Gillespie/Bud Powell group—that included Anthony Braxton, Leroy Jenkins, and Leo Smith, and it, too, appeared to read everything. The last of its three numbers was particularly notable. It had soft, easy lyrical passages in which the voices talked away a summer's afternoon; agitato passages full of staccato alto saxophone and cutting trumpet bursts; and a couple of brilliant Braxton clarinet statements, wherein he demonstrated a flawless tone and technique. But there was not enough of Jenkins' sweet, querulous violin. The trio worked with a passion and graciousness



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and contrapuntal clarity that opened all sorts of musical rooms, some of them familiar and some only glimpsed before.

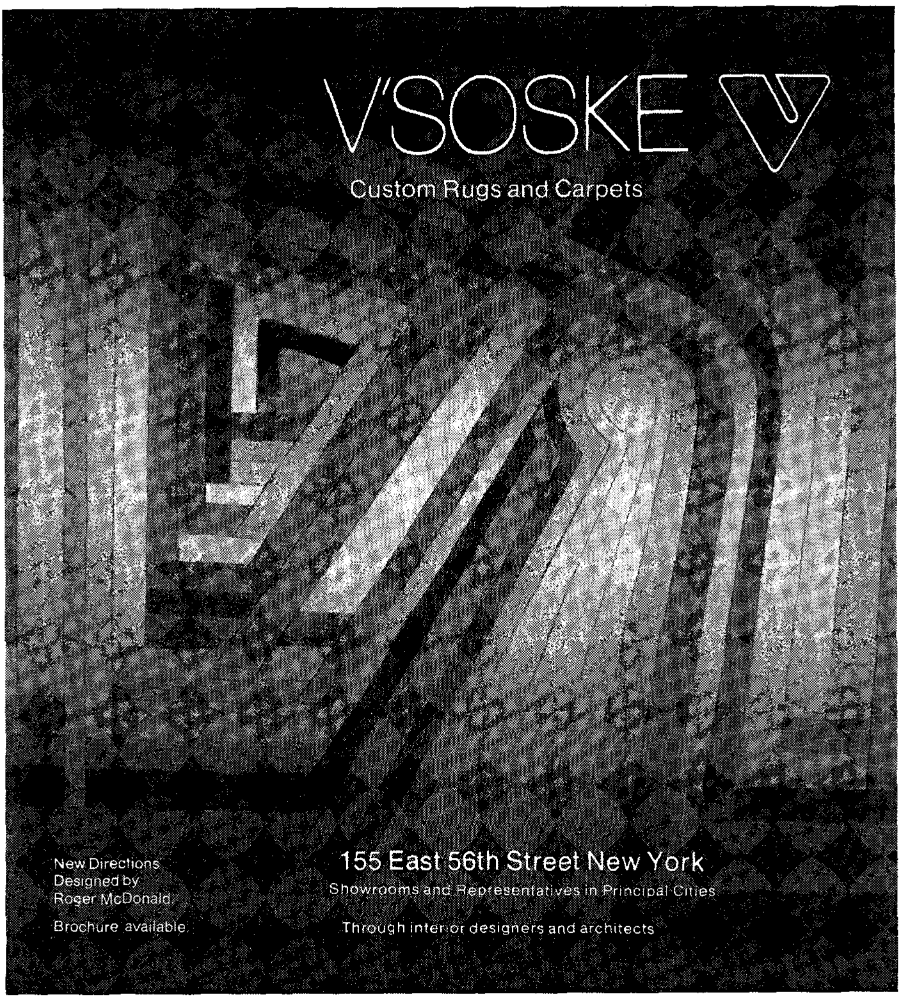
MAY 20TH: Rummage night at the old A.A.C.M. The Third Wave Sextet (odd echoes of the Third Stream and the *nouvelle vague*) included Barker, Blackman, and Zabar as well as Ewart, the reedman Edward Wilkerson, and the pianist Adegoke Steve Colson. All are in their twenties or early thirties. Incense burned, and in the last number Zabar spent a good deal of time chanting, "Cree-a-tore, help us," pitching the first word somewhere around middle C and the next two a couple of tones lower. Aside from what appeared to be an attempt in the second number to get two complex rhythms going at once, the music was fairly safe. The last number had a regular beat, and there was a good deal of improvisation. Ewart showed again that he is a first-rate musician and a good and intense improviser, especially on tenor saxophone and bass clarinet. Kalaparusha came next. Born Maurice McIntyre, he appears to be in his forties, and he admires Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, and such marble-toned players as J. R. Monterose and Johnny Griffin. His first four numbers were done a cappella on alto and tenor saxophones and included a couple of standards and the bebop blues "Disorder at the Border;" then he was joined by bass and drums. (The A.A.C.M. relishes trios, duos, and solo performances. Certainly such intimacy is musically challenging. When it works, as with the Braxton-Jenkins-Smith trio and the Lewis-Ewart duo, the results are intense, lucid monologues and conversations that both stir and compose the ear. When it doesn't, the music is naked and egotistic.) Kalaparusha is a fox. His saxophone solos, which were vibratoless and bold and straightforward, were framed by interludes in which he sat down and read verses about creativity and music and life and played some purposely inept acoustic guitar. His nonsense was a relief; the A.A.C.M. music has been largely humorless. Air, the final group, had Fred Hopkins on bass, Steve McCall on drums, and Henry Threadgill on reeds and hubcaps. Hopkins was thunderously amplified, McCall's bearded face passed through hypnotic contortions, and Threadgill produced pleasing steel-drum sounds on his hubcaps. It was the freest group we have heard. There were long solos, and everything was improvised. It suggested the feckless, churning ensembles of Ornette Coleman at the Five Spot in 1960. The Impala and Valiant hubcaps had the best tones.

MAY 21ST: The A.A.C.M. has a galactic sense of time. Its concerts begin forty to fifty minutes late, and intermissions last half an hour. The musicians wander on and off the stage in slow motion. Their solos are often Coltranean in length, and their numbers—in order not to mistakenly lock out a soloist before he is done—sometimes last a couple of hours. Consider the final group tonight, a septet led by Muhal Richard Abrams. (The master of ceremonies during the first two concerts was a tall, lank, self-effacing man whose muffled manner and diction gave the impression that he was along simply to take care of loose ends. He turned out tonight to be Abrams himself.) The group included Barker and McMillan and some newcomers—the bassists Leonard Jones and Brian Smith, the baritone saxophonist Mwata Bowden, and the trumpeter Frank Gordon. It played just one number, which went like this: After a marching-band ensemble, the horns and bassists went offstage, leaving Abrams and Barker. Abrams played an immense solo, full of knotted chords and florid Luckey Roberts right-hand passages. The bassists and horns returned for an impassioned passage, backed by Abrams banging the keys with the palms of his hands. Abrams and the horns exited, and the drummer and bassists went through a long seesawing conversation. Gordon appeared, stuck a mute in his bell, and played some Miles Davis, accompanied only by the bassists. He switched to flugelhorn and let on that he was playing a blues. Then McMillan charged on, playing his tenor at top volume, and was eventually driven off by Bowden. The bassists and drummer appeared and reappeared, but along the way the bassists soloed and so did the drummer, who kept leading up to and backing off from a steady four-four barrage. Everyone assembled for an ostinato unison figure, and the music subsided with a string of tinkles and hums and pings. An hour and fifty minutes had elapsed. Most A.A.C.M. members belong to the first L.P. generation, and they automatically think in twenty- or thirty- or forty-minute blocks. The 78-r.p.m. generations were conditioned to three- and five-minute limits, which forced them into a classic improvisational compactness.

George Lewis had preceded Abrams' septet with a champion solo performance. He hereby assumes the avant-garde-trombone crown long worn by Roswell Rudd and the virtuoso-trombone crowns of Albert Mangelsdorff and Bill Watrous. Lewis gives the impression that there are two or three of him onstage at once. He moves a lot: his right arm, or slide arm, flaps rapidly up and down, like a duck taking off; winds of emotion shake him; he tick-tocks his head. And his attack is constantly changing. No sooner has he completed one virtuoso bit of business than he is off on the next. These included four consecutive—almost overlapping—ascending arpeggios played in sixty-fourth notes and in different keys; a muted passage in which he seemed to play two melodic lines at once; an open-horn passage in which, after having sprayed water into his mouthpiece, he sounded like an echo chamber; another muted passage (this time using a plunger mute), in which he mumbled funny gibberish through his instrument, all the while using his slide and seeming to blow out the words; and his runs and glisses and roars, done with relish and enormous humor. Lewis could easily have made the Ed Sullivan show or appeared with the fat lady at Ringling Brothers. But, for all his cavorting and nonsense, he is a serious musician. Several times during the heaviest chuckling he sneaked in legato melodic passages and whispering blues figures that were startling and beautiful.

The opening group, led by Amina Claudine Myers, was the A.A.C.M. at its weakest. The ensemble included two doubling reedmen (Ewart and McMillan), two percussionists (Ajaramu and Kahil-El-Zabar), and a bassist (Leonard Jones). Their one number lasted an hour and ten minutes, and had long percussion passages, long reed solos, and some Myers singing (gospel-like) and piano playing (gospel, with bop petticoats). The wattage was low and the self-indulgence high.

May 22nd: What has come to be the A.A.C.M. repertory company (Thurman Barker, Brian Smith, Kahil-El-Zabar, Wallace McMillan, Adegoke Steve Colson) started the concert tonight as the Colson-McMillan Ensemble. It played with the earnest, youthful long-windedness that it had manifested in its earlier appearances. The numbers clocked twenty, twenty-five, and thirty-five minutes, and proved, despite the group's avant-garde patina, to be the same old hard-bop of the fifties and early sixties. It is the sort of garrulous, hard-toned, unimaginative music that the Modern Jazz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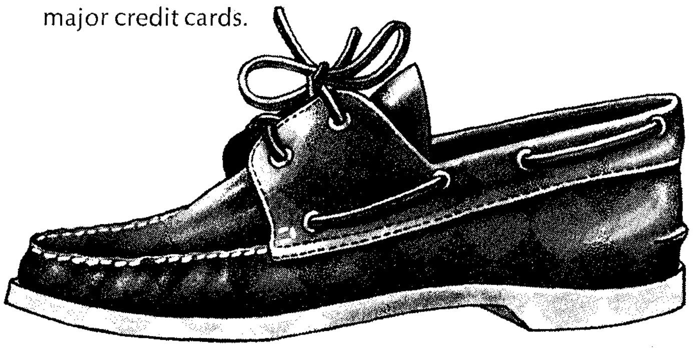

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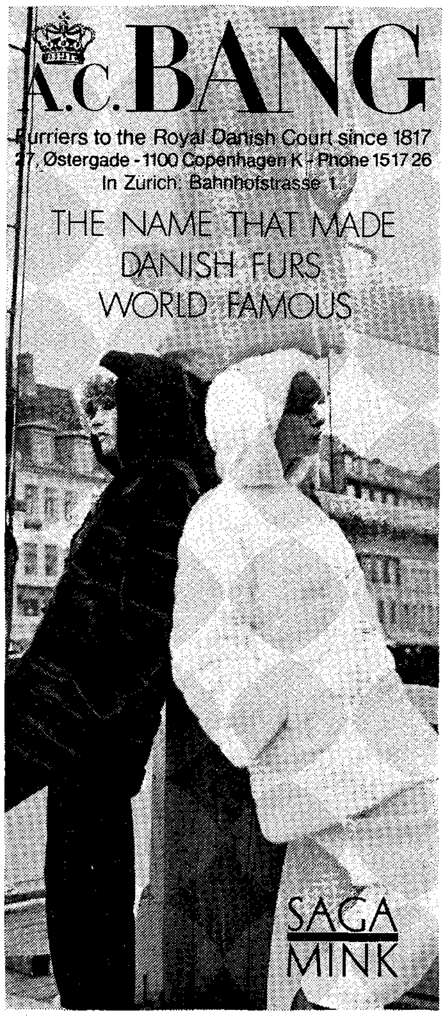
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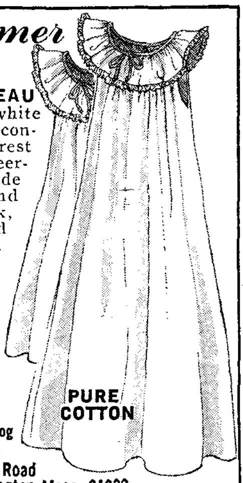

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Quartet was formed to offset, and that was counterbalanced by the groups of Jimmy Giuffre, Thelonious Monk, George Shearing, and Charles Mingus. It is the direct predecessor of the popular electronic salads of Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea and Freddie Hubbard. The A.A.C.M. brand could be equally popular, with its vocals, unison flutes, larruping timbres, and myriad percussion sections.

The festival was closed by the A.A.C.M. Orchestra, which has grown out of the experimental big band that Muhal Richard Abrams first assembled in Chicago in the early sixties. Tonight, it included eight reeds, two trumpets, two trombones, four percussionists, three bassists, three pianists, and three singers. The single number lasted an hour and a half, and it was full of surprises. Everybody has been trying to figure out how to replace the old six-brass, five-reed, four-rhythm big band that wore out sometime in the forties. Mingus has put forward contrapuntal ensembles, and this has worked with ten or twelve pieces, but he has never shown us where to go from there. Gil Evans envisions the big band as a radiant sunset, and he pins down its colors with French horns and tubas and woodwinds. The Jazz Composer's Orchestra makes large granitic sounds. Sam Rivers offers sliding sections that sometimes overlap and sometimes collide, and he uses multiple soloists. All these inventors have one thing in common: the *group* takes precedence over the materials. The A.A.C.M. big band does it the other way around. Abrams presents his band with a series of ideas—rhythmic, melodic, harmonic, humorous—which suggests the kaleidoscopic images in "Yellow Submarine": sounds keep evolving and changing shape and color. The band may resemble a small group or a giant rhythm section or an old swing band or John Philip Sousa. Some of the chameleon images we heard tonight were Amina Claudine Myers' singing backed only by Martin Alexander's trombone, and Bernard Mixon's by bassoon, clarinet, and alto saxophone; John Jackson's bursting Dizzy Gillespie trumpet improvisation spelled out over a tightly muted Frank Gordon counter-trumpet line; a dense, almost turgid reed figure played against rolling drums; George Lewis's tuba accompanied by Brian Smith on pizzicato bass and Kahil-El-Zabar on gourd. Then, after half an hour or so, the band abruptly fell silent and everyone leaned back and started talking, as if they had all been transported to a sidewalk café. It was massed

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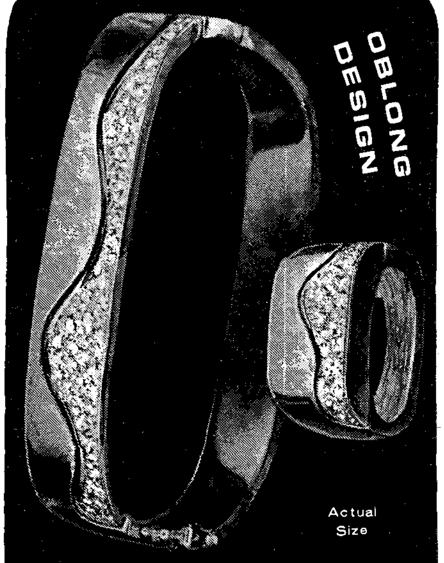

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vocal counterpoint. This lasted a minute, and ended as sharply as it had begun, with an abrasive ensemble figure that melted into a conga solo. An oboist and a soprano saxophonist joined Lewis's tuba while the band rested, and a baritone saxophone, an alto saxophone, and a bassoon began an angry discourse that dissolved into two voices and two flutes in unison. The second hour was announced by a splintering ensemble figure sandwiched between piercing trumpet sounds and a galloping rhythm section. This changed into a marching-band section with hammering, goose-stepping rhythms. An Ellington dream passage—all reeds, with an alto saxophone improvising on top—filled the air, and the marching band resumed. George Lewis got his chance, accompanied by a hefty ensemble figure, and he made the best of it. He played at an outrageous volume, and he used a thousand notes, his slide arm flailing. Then the band did some reverse showing off. To prove to all the squares and doubters out there that it, too, could play that old-fashioned jazz music, it switched into a medium-tempo blues, complete with a Mixon blues vocal and straightforward solos by George Lewis, Amina Claudine Myers, and Kalaparusha, who, having long since sunk to the bottom of the reed section, suddenly rose and delivered a fine, pushing tenor-saxophone solo. The band swung and rocked and roared, and, school being out, so did the audience. Then Abrams, who was conducting, decided that the point had been made. He leaned far into his reed section and made a rapid faucet-turning motion with his right hand. The band shifted into a chaotic collective roar, and crashed into silence.

Fortunately, the four A.A.C.M. concerts were underwritten by grants: the total attendance was probably about four hundred. But that doesn't matter. Such events are carried by the wind, and in due course make their irreversible changes.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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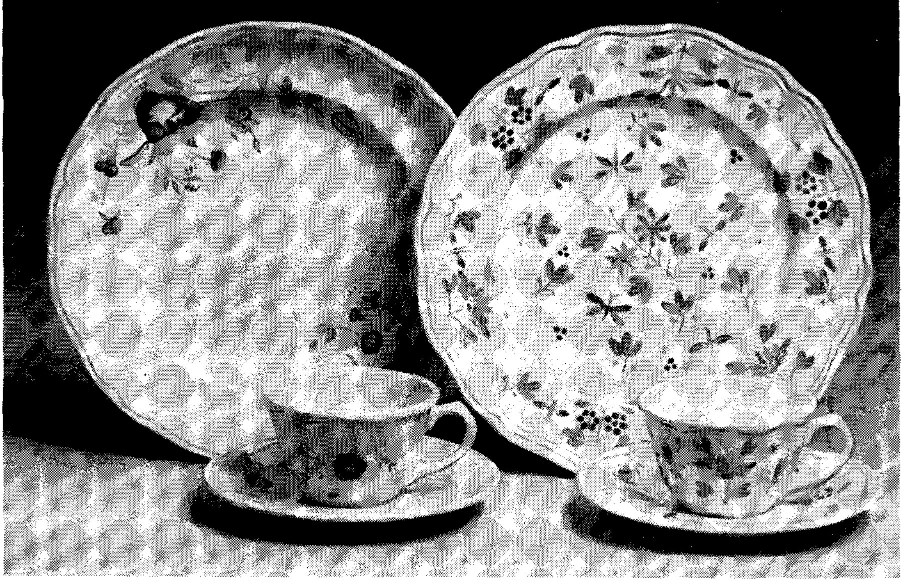

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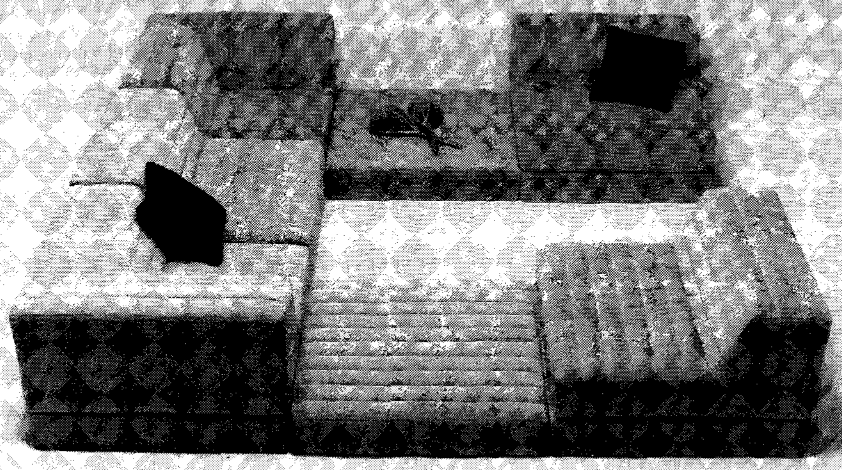

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THE ART WORLD

Kenneth Noland

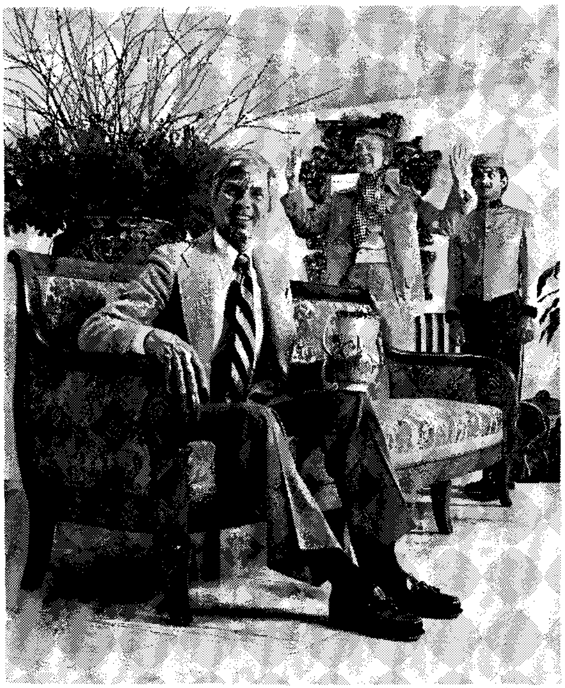
IN art, the nineteen-sixties was a decade of stylistic programming and public-relations coups rather than of outstanding creations. The Kenneth Noland retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum raises the question: What remains of art inspired and made publicly acceptable by critical doctrine after that conceptual cover has begun to disintegrate? Do the paintings revert to simple visual fact? Or do some tatters of their thought systems continue to cling to them? Noland was one of the spearheads of American formalist painting and sculpture—the simplified structures that increasingly preëmpted space in galleries, museums, private collections, and art magazines in the latter half of the sixties. Whatever their differences in appearance and handling, these fabrications were united by a preoccupation with problems of the material nature of painting—problems of surface, dimension, edge, color. The retrospective of Noland's twenty-year career divides itself into groups that pursue these problems in five formats: concentric circles (targets), wedge-shaped images (chevrons), diamond-shaped or horizontal paintings composed of colored stripes, and eccentric colored shapes on eccentrically shaped canvases. These more or less neutral, rationally conceived patterns have been much lauded for reducing painting to a single fundamental element—color—and for eliminating superfluities, such as emotional expression, personal narrative, and symbolic references. It has been argued that because the central impulse of modernism is to reduce each art to its essence—poetry to words, music to sound, drama to rhetoric and gesture, and so on—Noland and those who think like him constitute the avant-garde of painting today.

The formalist approach seemed to promise the possibility of new art that would not dissipate itself in eccentricities but would embody the essentials of the masterpieces of the past. By the first years of the present decade, however, the formalist aesthetic, with its systematic exclusion of everything of import to the mind and the imagination, had begun to expose its poverty as a basis for persuasive works. Indeed, it appeared to more than one observer that the formalists' verbal dialectics were stronger than the paintings and sculptures that illustrated them. In 1971, the magazine *Artforum*—the central source of formalist emissions, in which articles on Noland and representations of his various formats had followed one another with obsessive frequency—changed its editor and its editorial policy. Since then, formalist domination of the art world has declined into the holding action of a handful of diehard theoreticians, plus a few docile curators of East Coast museums; the pioneers of the movement seem to be edging into other areas, and no new talent has emerged. In a recent article about *Artforum*, Jack Burnham, a critic who dates modes of art as if they were perishable groceries, flatly characterizes Noland and his peers (Olitski, Stella) as "fading wallflowers of the 1960's." Reviewing the Guggenheim retrospective, Robert Hughes, the art critic of *Time*, recalls the "intimidating" effect of the "supporting criticism" piled up in behalf of Noland's canvases, and exclaims, "Who, under that shadow, could call a stripe a stripe?" Quoting the closing paragraph of the Guggenheim catalogue, in which Diane Waldman, the curator who directed the retrospective, ranks Noland with masters since Delacroix, Hughes denounces as spurious and transient the version of art history on which Noland's elevation rests. "This litany," he writes, "might have read better ten years ago than it does today; it is incantatory rubbish. Delacroix was not a 'color painter' in any sense of the word that can be applied to Noland." Hughes then mentions some motifs to which color is applied in Delacroix's canvases: "theatricality, lust, tigers and Arabs."

A reassessment of the thinking on which an artist's recognition rests compels a reassessment of his work, particularly when thought and work are as closely identified as they are in Noland. The Guggenheim Museum deserves credit for delaying its presentation of Noland until the artist was, so to speak, out in the open intellectually and aesthetically. Premature celebration of artists by major museums both here and abroad, which in effect make public money and institutional prestige available to reinforce a promotional apparatus, is a primary obstacle to critical evaluation. Only when the selling of the artist has run its course can a valid consensus be reached regarding the level of his work as an aspect of contemporary culture. It is not that the spectator, as Hughes suggests, should feel free to call a stripe a stripe but that he should be aware of distinctions in the ways that stripes are employed in art, and of the aesthetic, social, and philosophical consequences of those distinctions. Noland's striped canvases have rich decorative possibilities—although these are not fully realized at the Guggenheim, owing to the monotonous symmetry of the hanging, and in general because of Noland's bland sense of color (doctrinal emphasis on color does not guarantee talent in handling it). If the paintings' effectiveness as ornamentation were all that was in question, the determination of Noland's merits could be left to each spectator's taste in interior design. But the intellectual context of his canvases has involved them in a redefinition of painting itself—an issue that transcends decoration. Between one mode of art and another, what is at stake is nothing less than contemporary man's (to use a favorite phrase of Hans Hofmann's) "search for the Real."

Noland has drawn on a tradition, but one wonders what he has contributed to that tradition. He has been influenced by, among others, such painters of stripes and experimenters with color as Jasper Johns, Mondrian, Albers, Klee, Bolotowsky, and Newman—above all, by Newman. Johns' "Target with Four Faces," an immediate precursor of Noland's concentric circles, intimates a dramatic relation between the target shape and a shooting gallery or a firing squad by inserting in a space left above the circles sections of sculptured faces at which the marksman might be taking aim. In her catalogue essay, Mrs. Waldman attempts to distinguish between Johns' and Noland's targets on exclusively formal grounds. Noland, she writes, "concerned himself totally with flatness, achieved . . . by enlarging the circle as much as possible within the limits dictated by the square canvas." In fact, not all of Noland's targets approach the edge of the canvas, those that do are no "flatter" than those that don't, and "Target with Four Faces" crowds the edge more than Noland's "Winter Sun" or "Burnt Day." But what is the consequence of an artist's concerning himself exclusively with "flatness"—in itself an aesthetically meaningless quality, since it has been characteristic of the paintings of numerous unrelated cultures? Mrs. Waldman's formalist description of Noland's intentions supports the conclusion that concentration on flatness means that imagination and observation of phenomena have been excluded in favor of exercises in the optical behavior of colors: Do colors advance or recede when juxtaposed in circular bands? Nor are Noland's exercises carried out consistently, as are those in Albers' researches into the interactions of colors. For all its pretense of intellectual discipline, formalism has no content to explore—its sole ambition is to produce "good" paintings. Noland's early targets achieve an emotional effect through reference to Abstract Expressionist animation in their loosely brushed outer rims, which contrast with cores of hard-edged rings, as in "Rocker," "That," and "Round," all done in 1958-59. "Globe" (1956), a single hand-drawn circle on a vaguely spotted ground, is a suggestive hybrid that combines Abstract Expressionist informality with a kind of languorous desire for order which seems part of Noland's temperament. "Untitled" (1958), "Lunar Episode" (1959), and "Mesh" (1959) introduce a whirling motion into the target format by activating the outer circle through staining and directional brushstrokes, although the core of the target remains static to the point of rigidity. Noland's 1960 targets and his later "cat's-eye" paintings (circles within ovals) become increasingly mechanical as the artist deletes all effects except those that illustrate formalist doctrine.

More fundamental than his difference from Johns is Noland's difference from Newman—a difference that is also more subtle, since the works of both artists are totally abstract and devoid of visual reference. Newman's striped paintings provided Noland with his most contemporary model, one that even seemed relevant to the goal of "flatness." Yet the meaning of Newman's work places it at the opposite pole from Noland's. Newman's paintings, too, are predicated on the conviction that "less is more," but for him the decision as to what is superfluous is made in accord with the profoundest feelings of the individual artist. With Noland, committed to "objectivity," the



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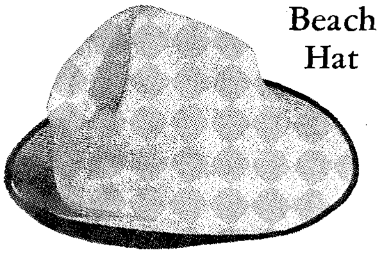

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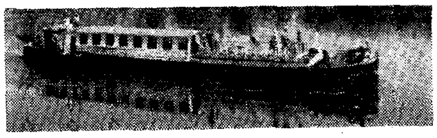

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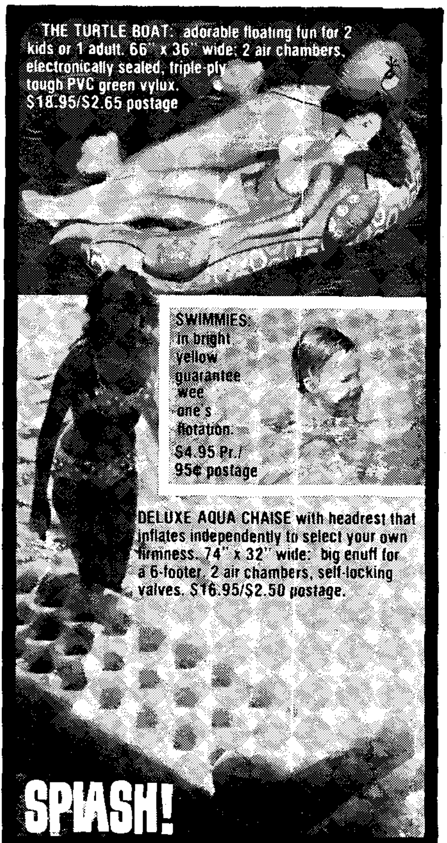
elimination of elements of painting, like the elimination of subject matter, is carried out in obedience to a presumed principle of evolution in art. For him, Mrs. Waldman writes, "the primary function of shape is to serve as the vehicle for color. . . . Shape [is a] carrier of color." "Vehicle" and "carrier" are terms introduced by Newman, but for a purpose entirely different from the subordination of painting to color. The abstract shape, said Newman—rectangles, squares, chevrons—was for the Kwakiutl Indians of the Pacific Northwest "a living thing, a vehicle for an abstract thought-complex, a carrier of awesome feelings." In painting, Newman sought the power to transmit a reality beyond painting. Purging his format was a means of expanding its content. In contrast, Noland uses his colored stripes as a sufficient substitute for content. The resulting differences in the paintings of the two artists are enormous. A Newman, though it is composed of the same elements as other Newmans, has the tension of a singular creative act. A Noland, in which personality has been renounced in favor of theory and method, lacks the variousness of actual experience.

Whether by accident or intent, in Noland's most successful designs the primacy of color is sacrificed to other aesthetic factors. Extreme disproportion of length and width—a formal device in which Noland was preceded by Newman's "The Wild" (96 x 1½ inches) and "Outcry" (82 x 6)—lends tang to his horizontal paintings "Sound" (30 x 216) and "Intent" and "Kind" (both 10 x 144) and to "Plaid's Time" (103 x 14½), a vertical rectangle. Their odd dimensions give these paintings an Expressionist effect, which supersedes any reaction that their undistinguished pigments might induce. A successful exploitation of shape also occurs in the compressed diamond format of "Approach" (96 x 22) and of "Untitled," "Deep Pillot," and "Dry Shift" (all 96 x 24). The radical disruption of the rectangle and the diamond (a square set on end) changes a painting from a surface on which to transmit an image, or a "vehicle for color," into a thing. Noland's declared intention to "neutralize the layout" in order to stress color—a program similar to that of Albers' "Homage to the Square" series—is inconsistent with elongated and squeezed-together forms that distract the spectator by introducing elements of arbitrariness and surprise.

Paintings still more in violation of the formalist program, and the most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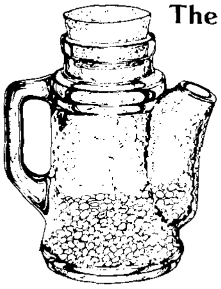

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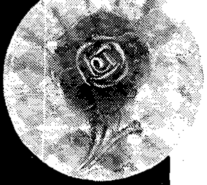

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enticing in the retrospective, are two horizontal lozenge-shaped canvases—"Shift" and "Shade" (both 1966)—that appear to float away from the wall, owing to an illusion created by perspective. Here, as in the elongated strip paintings, color plays a minor part. In "Shift," the illusion of a square receding from the spectator is heightened by the greater width and stronger colors of the bottom two bands. Since the bottom two bands of "Shade" also produce the illusion of being closer to the spectator than the top two, one may perhaps assume that the spatial illusion was deliberate and that Noland was quietly exploiting effects not contemplated by the formalist scheme.

In both its origin and its presentation to the public, however, Noland's is a collective art, bound by rules and principles rather than by an effort toward the realization of individuality (condemned by formalism as "romantic self-expression"). In different degrees, all art is, of course, a sharing—without imaginative and conceptual interchange, there could be no art movements or "schools," and certainly no style of a given place or period. But extremely refined gradations exist in the degree and manner of the intervention by others, from instruction and commands from above to hints derived from fellow-artists. All art study begins in doctrine, and the way out into art is through works. Centered on a set of predefined problems having to do with paintings as objects of a certain kind, and firmly repulsing chance, whim, accident, dream, and the irrational, American formalism achieved a conscious group purposefulness that had not been evident in art since the functional aesthetics of the nineteen-thirties. For the public, the authority of the formalists may have been augmented by their presentation of themselves as nonpersons, guided in their responses to works by objective axioms rather than by developing sensibility. One is interested to find Noland quoted in the Guggenheim catalogue as seeking in his pre-formalist days a way "to arrive at making art that was more personal" than that of the Abstract Expressionists. Yet his biography is charted by encounters with critics and like-minded painters and sculptors which seem more collaborative than "personal." Decisive for Noland was his meeting with Morris Louis in 1952 and their visit the next year to the studio of Helen Frankenthaler under the guidance of the critic Clement Greenberg. With Greenberg, whom Noland met frequently in Washington and New York, and with David Smith, who accom-

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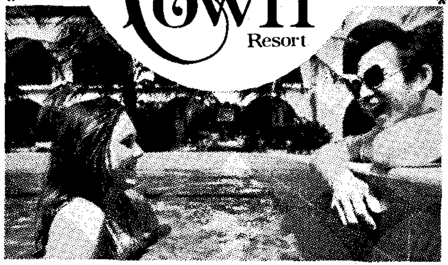

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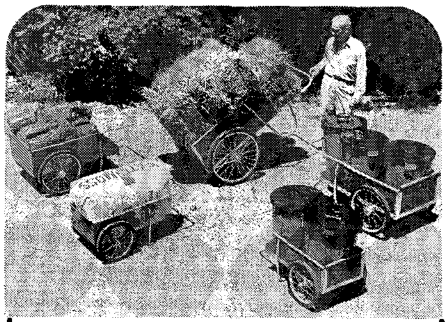

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panied Greenberg on his Washington visits, Noland established what the catalogue describes as an "intense relationship." Extending the collaboration story are Noland's colloquies with Olitski, Caro, and Jack Bush, the critic Michael Fried, the curator Kenworth Moffett, and other members of the Greenberg "family." Apparently, Noland's temperament made him ideally suited to personify the extroverted formalist outlook.

For all his awareness of the critical "intimidation" at work in behalf of Noland, Robert Hughes exemplifies the difficulty of shaking off its aftereffects. While he demolishes the absurd contention that the essence of the masterpieces of the past is crystallized in the A-B-C shapes of formalism, he remains convinced that Noland is an outstanding, though limited, painter. Noland's targets seem to Hughes to possess "an airy energy that few American painters (and no European ones at the time) could equal." They "bloom and pulsate with light. They offer a pure, uncluttered hedonism to the eye." In short, Hughes has accepted the judgment of Noland as a spectacular colorist, though he insists that praise of Noland stop with that. Everyone is entitled to what he finds in paintings, but for me there is nothing distinctive in Noland's color. Contiguous bands of paint are always effective, either through harmony or through conflict. As wall decoration, stripes can't go wrong. As to "flatness," the point is not that the two-dimensionality of the canvas should be preserved by making the pigment one with it through soaking but that the act of painting should evoke counteractions from the hidden life of the surface. Noland's inert patterns rarely awaken the energies inherent in his materials.

—Harold Rosenberg

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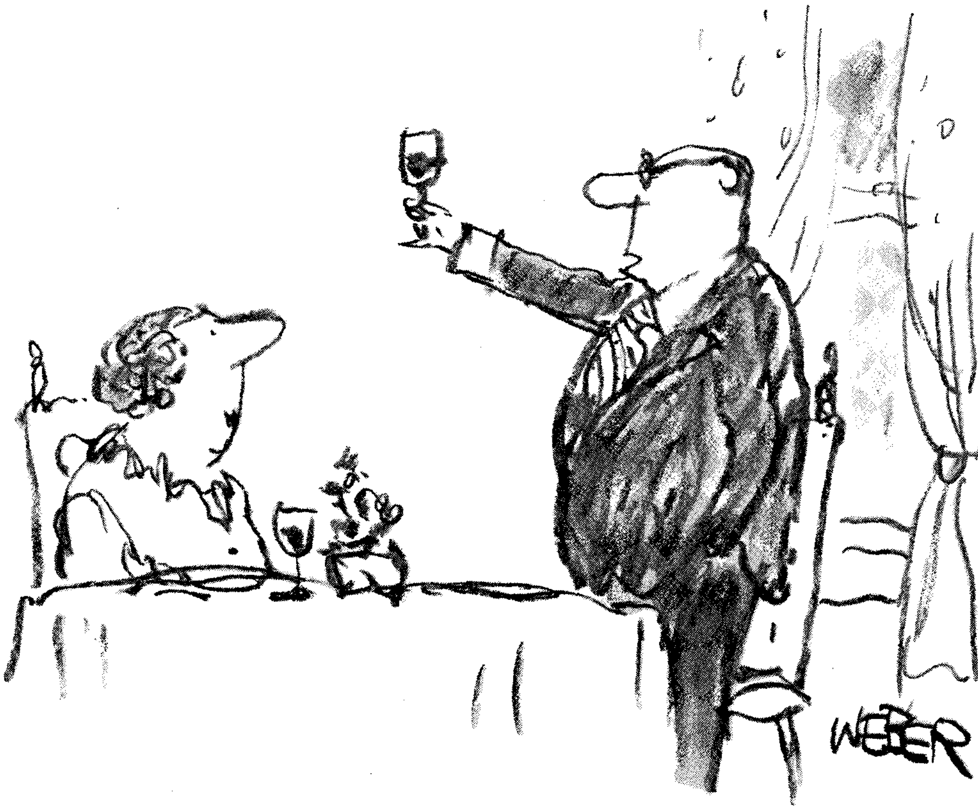
Of all the great composers, Jean-Philippe Rameau is the most neglected. The keen *ramoneur* must be prepared to travel, to catch performances where he can. The Paris Opéra mounted a spectacular—but musically unstylish—revival of "Les Indes Galantes" in 1952, and played it nearly two hundred and fifty times, through ten seasons, but since then, as far as I know, there has been no Rameau in the repertory of the world's major houses. Rameau is not easy to perform; there are practical reasons for the neglect. He needs singers who have mastered the French declamatory style, players who have studied French Baroque practice (and, ideally, who play on eighteenth-century instruments), specialist choreographers and dancers, and in his bigger pieces a large chorus, elaborate staging, and a copious wardrobe. He also needs listeners prepared to give unremitting attention to everything that happens—the notes, the words, and the movements. (The dancing, one of Rameau's librettists wrote, should be even more precisely communicative than the verbal discourse.) One cannot just sit back and enjoy Rameau's music, as one can the music of many of his contemporaries. Around him there raged the *guerre des bouffons*. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a leader of the frivolous faction that preferred the pretty tunes of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona" to Rameau's noble, carefully chiselled passions, remarked, "It is very tiring for me to follow scores that are rather heavily laden . . . where one hears several simultaneous themes." Rameau *is* tiring. Tiring to performers, since, as Pierre Lalo once wrote:

> There are few notes, but each one has a meaning, and must be given it; each fiddle, each flute, each oboe needs an execution that follows and adapts itself to every movement of the musical line, one that can mold and so to speak sculpt itself on the clear, precise, supple, and tight outline, without overlooking any inflection, accent, or intention, on pain of losing touch with the thought and the feeling.

Tiring—but wonderfully rewarding—to listeners who follow him with the needed intentness. And dull to listeners who don't.

Pygmalion is a subject that has attracted many treatments. During Louis XV's reign, Rameau and Rousseau each produced one. Rousseau's, which appeared in 1770 and quickly made the rounds of Europe, is a *scène lyrique*—a spoken monodrama punctuated and heightened by musical interludes, some



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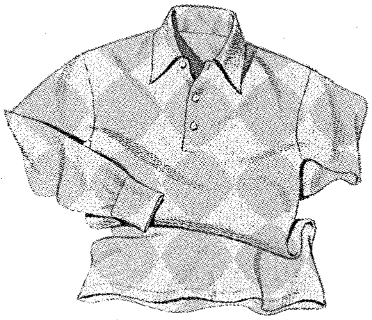

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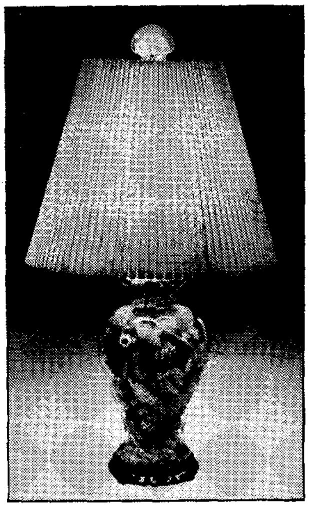

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of them composed by the philosopher himself. His text was translated into several languages, variously adapted, and often set. Cherubini's "Pimmalione" (1809), a striking and inventive opera, deserving to be done more often than it is, is based on an Italian elaboration of Rousseau's scene. In both Rousseau's and Cherubini's pieces, the Pygmalion myth becomes an allegory of an artist's striving for unattainable perfection—unattainable save through divine intervention. In both pieces, some commentators have detected a hint of something more: a rationalist suggestion that to think perfection has been attained is a delusion. By this reading, when Galatea's marble form seems to quiver beneath the sculptor's touch, he is delirious; when in Cherubini's finale Pygmalion and Galatea are welcomed, in an apotheosis, to the court of Venus, a "real" Pygmalion lies dying, in delirium, on his studio floor. I would not stage the work in that "realistic" way, but I do think there is more to it than just a musical illustration of Ovid. Cherubini's imagination was evidently stirred by the idea of the artist's being driven nearly mad by an inability to give warmth, life, and breath to even his greatest work. His own music often was—and often is—called marmoreal and cold.

Rameau's libretto is freely adapted from the fifth entrée, "La Sculpture," of "Le Triomphe des Arts," a work presented at the Opéra in 1700. It, too, goes beyond Ovid—just. A mite of extra drama is introduced in the person of Céphise, who loves Pygmalion and is very cross that he should love a statue. But little is made of her; after a few reproachful phrases she disappears. Very little happens, in fact. Pygmalion sings an air, "Fatal Amour, cruel vainqueur." The Statue, brushed by Cupid's flame, comes to life; in tender dialogue with Pygmalion—three tiny airs and a brief recitative—she tells him that she loves him; and thereafter she is silent. The drama is done; the rest is a ballet, punctuated by three airs. Cupid in a lively air summons the Graces, who teach the Statue the steps of various dances. Pygmalion sings another air, "L'Amour triomphe," echoed by the people who have come to see the miracle. More dance; a brilliant air for Pygmalion, "Règne, Amour;" and some final dances. The work, described as an *acte de ballet* (it lasts about forty-five minutes), appeared at the Opéra in 1748, and was often revived in subsequent decades. It is not one of Rameau's major pieces—not to be compared, except in delicacy of detail, with the great *tragédies lyriques*. But it is beautiful. Pygmalion's first air, marked by a dropping seventh in the accompaniment and by a vocal line that rises in a chromatic outburst of passion and pain, is very affecting. The spare, mysterious sounds that accompany the Statue's animation—two flutes answered by two violas—are magical. All the dialogue is marvellously expressive, eloquent in the precise, telling style that Rameau commanded. The suite of dances that the Graces teach to the Statue—a gavotte *gracieuse*, a minuet, a gavotte *gaie*, a chaconne *vive*, a loure *très grave*, a passepied *vif*, a rigaudon, a majestic sarabande, a final tambourin—forms an exquisite little catalogue of Ramellian dance music: tender, graceful, spirited, always strongly made.

The St. Louis production was simple—there was a corps of six dancers and very little scenery—but deft. Naima Prevots had devised choreography based freely rather than strictly on eighteenth-century steps. The staging, not quite formal enough for my taste, was by Anthony Besch; it seemed curiously extravagant to have imported the eminent British director for a work that has so little dramatic action. Raymond Leppard conducted. He had coached his cast to the right style, to shapely, very clear phrasing, with (in the words of his program note) "ornamentation . . . of a quite different order from the comparatively simple, though showy, divisions, trills, and cadenzas of the Italians. The French singers and players 'graced' their melodic lines with brilliant, fanciful decorations superimposed upon the music, like jewels on a dress." John Aler was Pygmalion. He was good, but on the night I heard him the voice was not so evenly sweet and clear of timbre as it had been when he sang Dardanus for the Juilliard. With his orchestra, Mr. Leppard was less successful; its playing was often murky. In general, the orchestra was the weakest point of the St. Louis presentations.

I would suggest a triple bill for next year: a revival of this "Pygmalion" (which I long to hear again), followed by Cherubini's "Pimmalione" and then Donizetti's "Pigmalione" (an early work but a delightful one). Rameau, Cherubini, and Donizetti treated the subject in three very different manners; the trilogy would certainly provide an evening of enjoyable and contrasted music. As a sideshow, the Opera Studio, which is run by Webster College in association with the Opera Theatre, might essay the Pygmalion settings of Rousseau, Georg Benda (1779), and Giambattista Cimadoro (1790, and performed all over Europe during the next thirty years). Then the Midwest chapter of the American Musicological Society might ask to be let in on the act, and provide some learned papers on Pygmalion through eighteenth-century ears. The St. Louis season could become a rival of Siena's Settimana Musicale.

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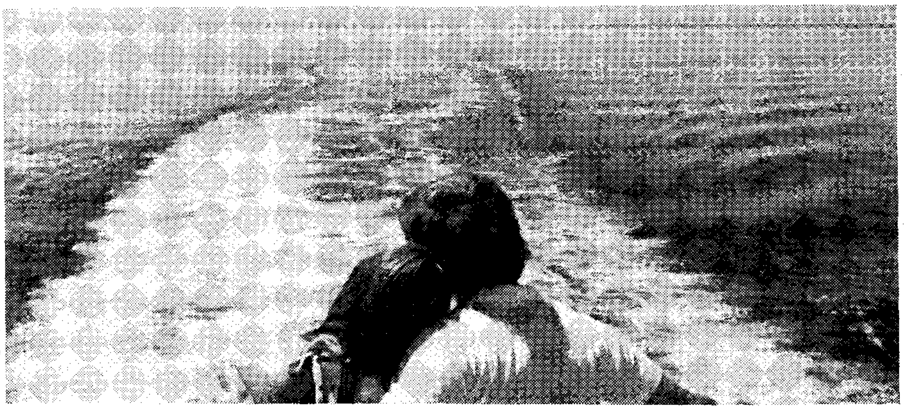

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and the duo-nocturne in "Béatrice et Bénédict" seem to join hands.

In St. Louis, the leading roles were taken by the 1976 and 1977 winners of the Metropolitan Opera national auditions: Ashley Putnam, as the Countess, and Vinson Cole, as the Count. Miss Putnam is a singer of exceptional promise. The voice is big, bright, flexible, and sure, and it becomes fuller, opens out and flowers, when it rises. But she must work on pronunciation, for some of her vowels were pinched and mean. She is young, tall, slim, and attractive. Offstage, I saw that she was a merry, vivacious person. Onstage, she played Adèle with an expression of unrelieved crossness and sulkiness; she moved not with easy aristocratic grace but like a hoyden. Her singing was elegant; her acting was charmless, and appeared to be deliberately so. Either she or the director, Christopher Alden, had got the character—and the character of the work—quite wrong. All the same, it was a pleasure to encounter a singer who seems to be destined for great things. Mr. Cole has a tenor whose timbre is sweet and compact. In coloratura it lost its sheen; Ory is not really the right role for him, yet. He showed a sense of fun but not the needed lightness and brio; again, the director's somewhat heavy hand may have been to blame. Evelyn Petros sparkled delightfully in the role of Isolier, Ory's page. All "Ory" productions I have seen have used a toy castle onstage. In St. Louis, Paul Steinberg had built an endearing, cuddly castle, a colorful piece of "soft" art in Claes Oldenburg idiom. Mr. Leppard's conducting was both lively and delicate. And, though not everything was quite right, one left the theatre humming the refrain of the nuns' chorus: "C'est charmant! c'est divin!"

"Così Fan Tutte" was given a nicely balanced, pleasing performance, raised to distinction by the charming, merry, excellently well voiced Despina of Sheri Greenawald, a winning singer who made recitative as enjoyable as aria, and by the wise, ripe, precise, resourceful, but unexaggerated Don Alfonso of Gimi Beni. Linda Roark and Martha Williford were the sisters, Jon Garrison and Stephen Dickson their suitors. Both "Così" and "Gianni Schicchi" were ably conducted by John Moriarty, ably designed by John Kavelin, and admirably directed by Louis Galterio. "Schicchi" had the best performance of all; in fact, I have never seen a better

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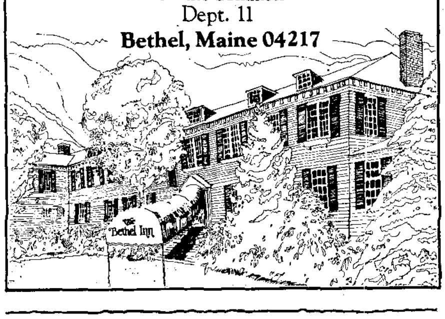

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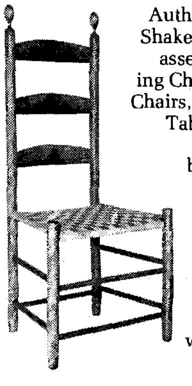

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production of the piece. *All* the characters were personalities. There was lots of fun, and no crude clowning. No grossness disturbed the Haydnesque delicacy and wit of Puccini's score. Mr. Galterio—as in his Schubert-Offenbach double bill for the Bronx Opera and his recent "I Quattro Rusteghi" for the Manhattan School—revealed himself as one of America's most stylish and musical directors. Heinz Blankenburg, who played Schicchi, is a vivid and brilliant artist incapable of a wrong or dull inflection, glance, or gesture. He is a master of timbre and of timing, someone whose performances are to be collected and prized. He and Mr. Beni were the two veterans in the otherwise youthful company. All four shows were sensitively and expertly lit by Stephen Ross.

THE Opera Theatre of St. Louis plays in the Loretto-Hilton Theatre, in the suburb of Webster Groves, on the campus of Webster College, some eight miles from downtown. It is a pleasant, attractive, informal house, seating about nine hundred and fifty, and thus somewhat larger than Glyndebourne. It is not really ideal for opera: the acoustics, though clear, are unresonant; voices are not flattered; sounds end in an unreverberant deadness. A thrust stage is surrounded by the audience on three sides, and the pit is at the front of it; this means that sight lines and acoustic balance can be poor for those in the side sections, behind the orchestra and sometimes behind the singers. Nevertheless, the theatre has the right "feel" for an adventurous young company. There are lawns around it. A step away there is a friendly tavern that functions as a club where performers and audience meet afterward; the atmosphere there resembles that of the Glyndebourne bar. Mr. Gaddes, in fashioning this company specifically for St. Louis, seems to have borrowed good ideas from Glyndebourne, from Santa Fe, and perhaps from Wexford. Adapting them and adding his own, he has produced a season that already has its distinct character, and one whose spirit, like theirs, is fresh, welcoming, artistically serious, and quite unpompous. I enjoyed my visit to St. Louis.

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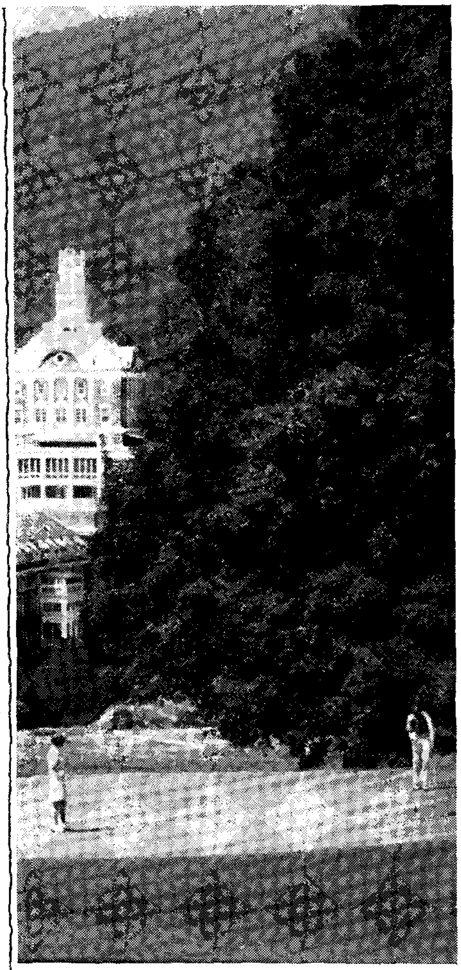

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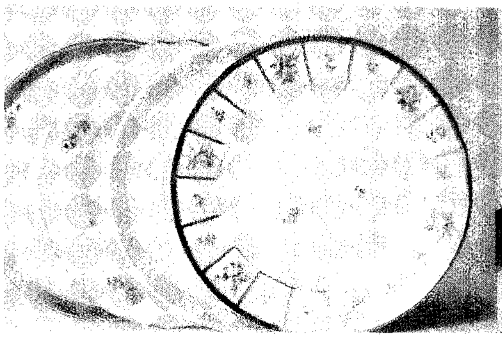

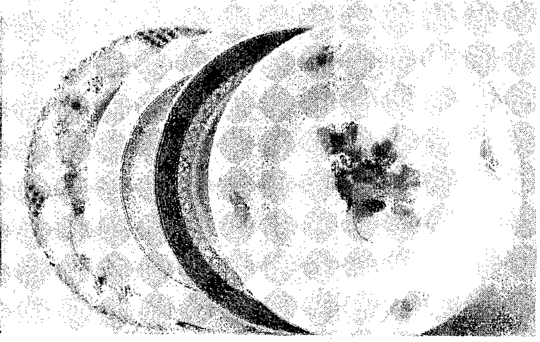

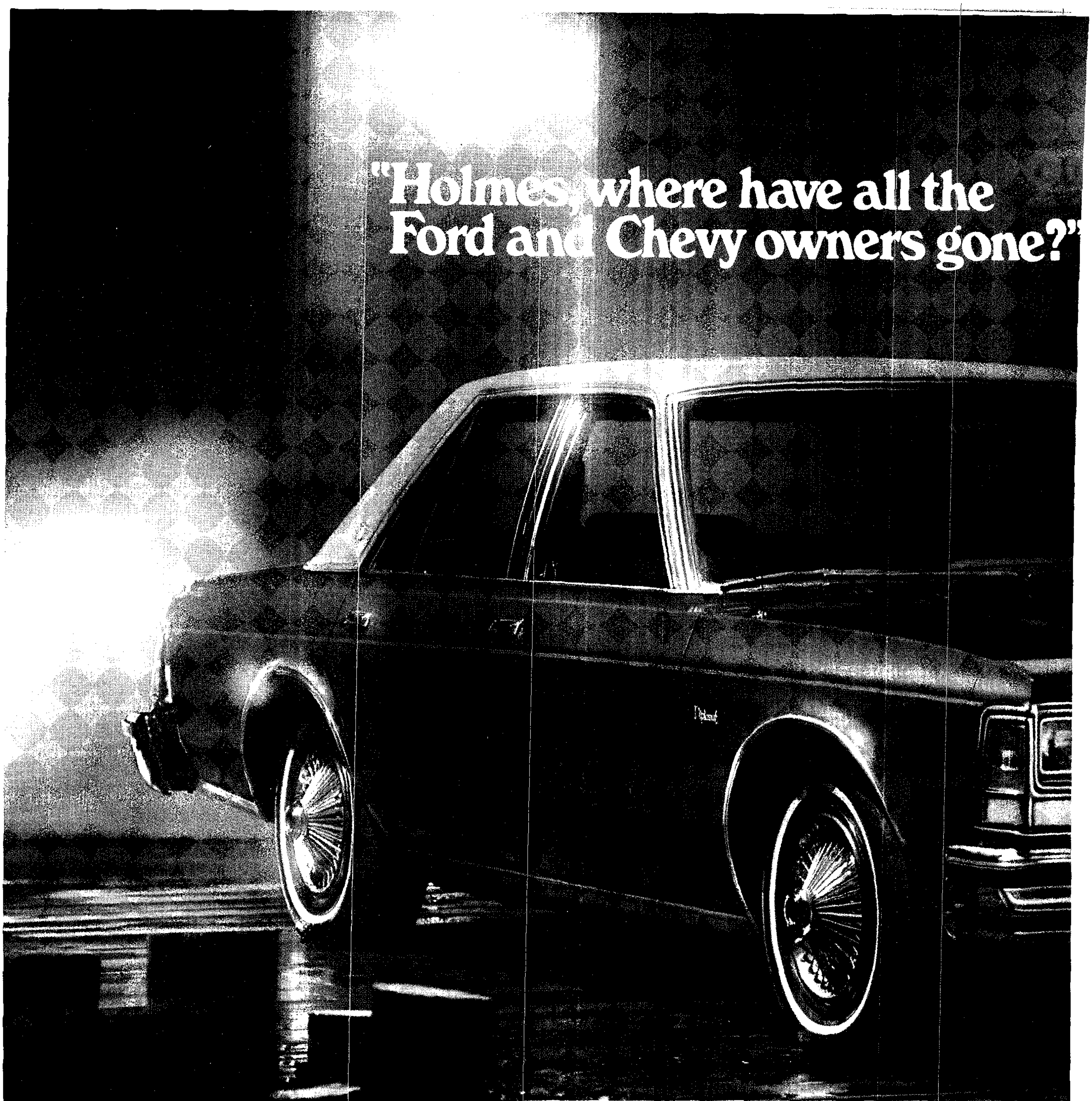
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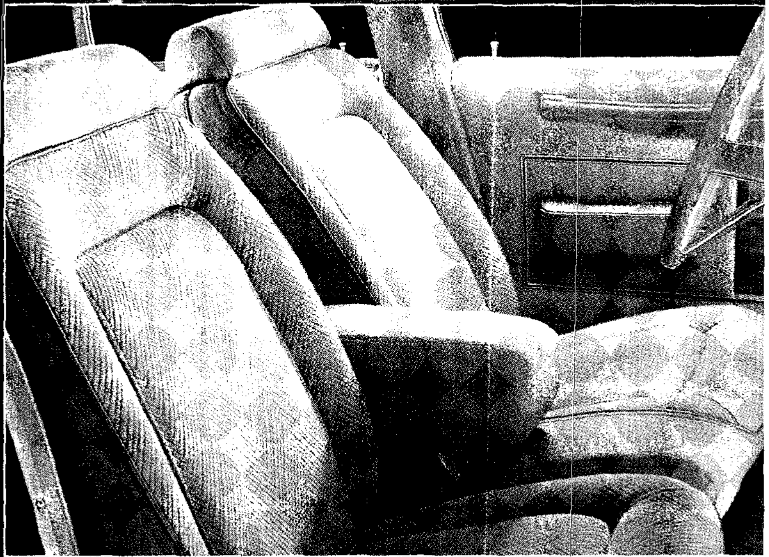

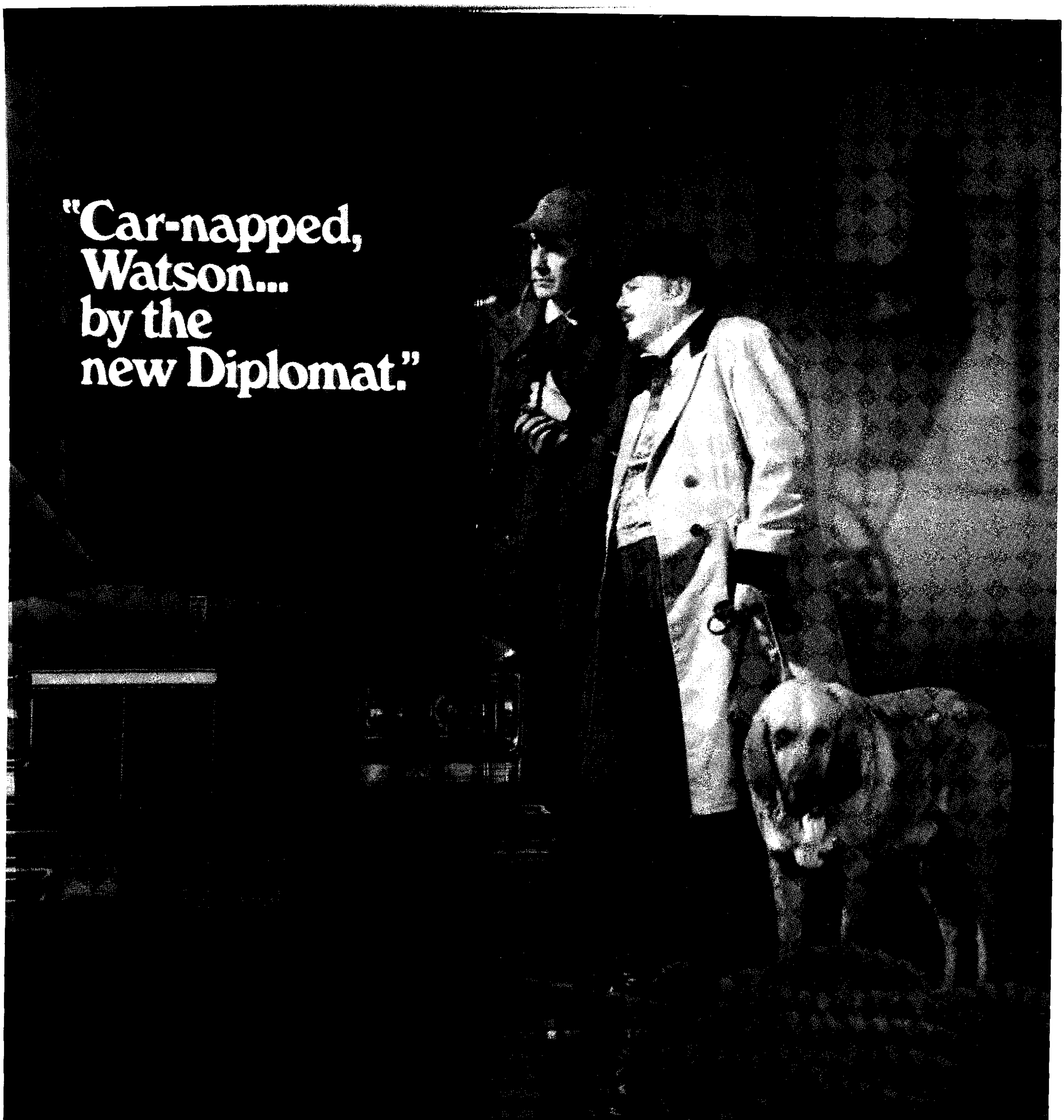

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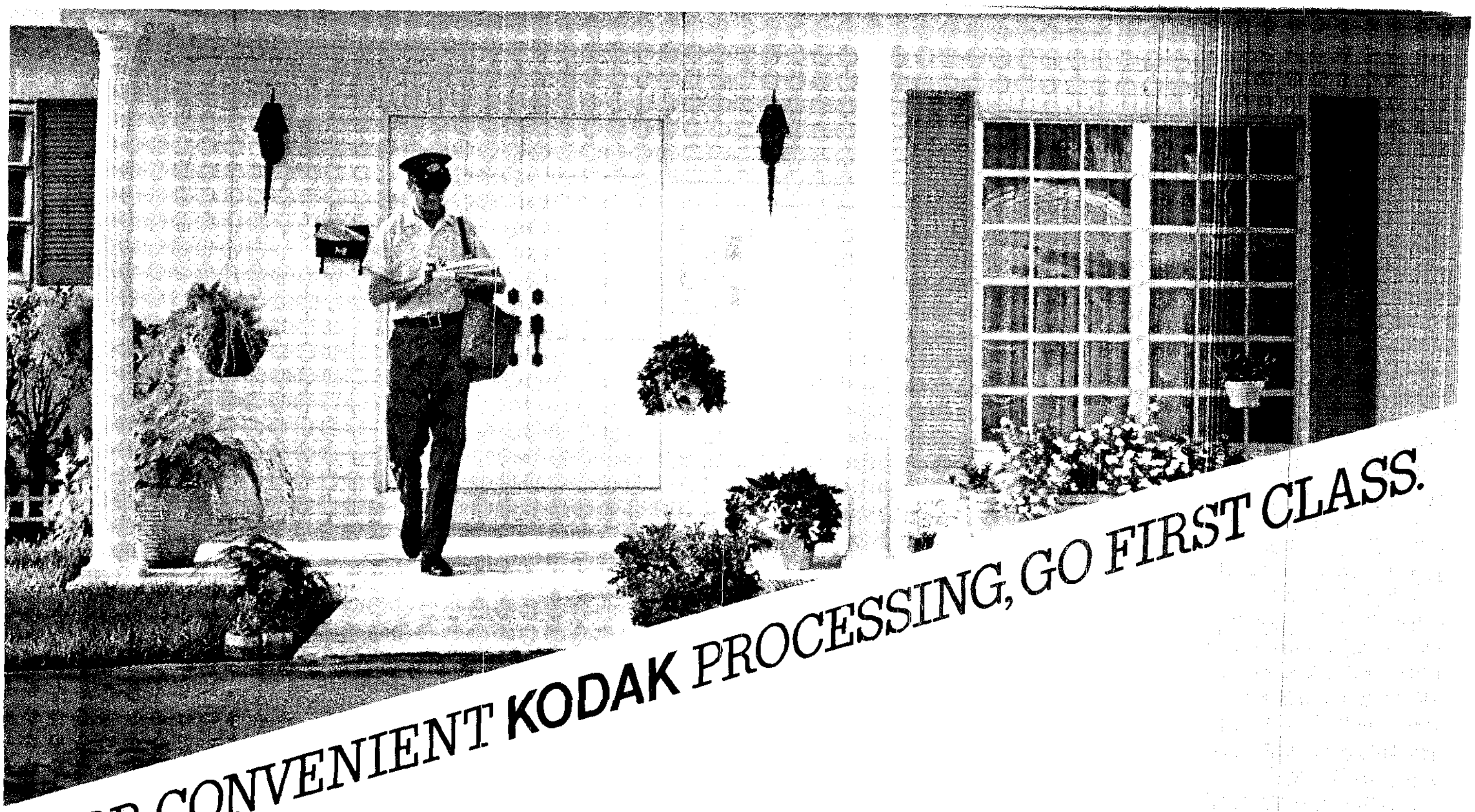

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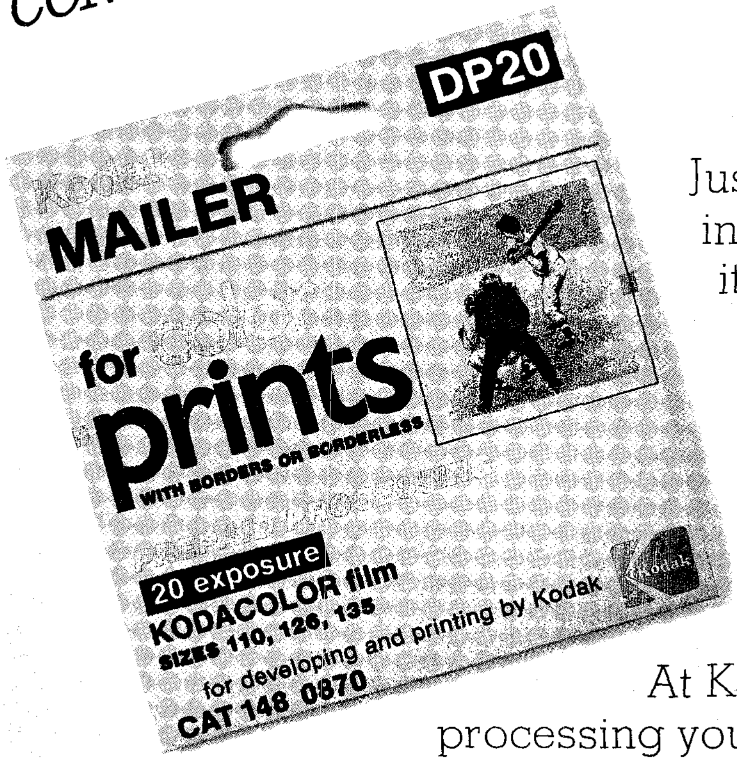
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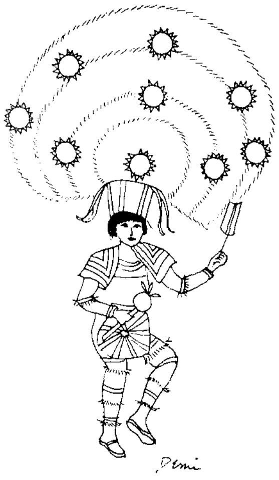
DANCING

Taylor in Excelsis

PAUL TAYLOR is said to turn down offers from the big ballet companies because he prefers to choreograph for his own company of twelve dancers. On a large scale, what might Taylor not do? "Daphnis and Chloe," "Le Sacre du Printemps"—one thinks of him for all the impossible jobs. Or he might astonish us: "The Origin of Species" in three acts, the Berlioz Requiem. But Taylor's largeness of spirit isn't cramped by the scale he does work on. He once made an hour-long ballet to a setting of Beethoven's last quartets, using three fewer dancers than he has now. That was "Orbs;" its subject was the solar system. The music, its celestial spaces undiminished, seemed daringly yet precisely chosen. As a choreographer, Taylor has the largest and clearest rhythm, the fewest shapes and steps and postures, since Michel Fokine. It is a gift that portends popular fame. But Taylor and his company have become popular on their own terms—as an art theatre. Their season at the City Center was turned into a victory festival by the audience—a week of performances celebrating what *most* people are prepared to recognize as dancing, carried to a point of ultimate refinement (what most people are prepared to recognize as art). Newcomers to classical ballet often say afterward, "I liked it, but I don't know enough about it." Taylor, by reason of his gift, is situated halfway between ballet—the superlegitimate art form of the dance—and a phenomenon like Twyla Tharp, whose style may strike people as not legitimate enough. In fact, Taylor's tradition is that of the "modern dance" in the line that descends from Denishawn through Martha Graham. The Taylor company is the last uncomplicatedly modern-dance company to thrive artistically in the post-modern-dance era. However, it's not the modern-dance tradition that has made the company a success with the general public—it's Taylor.



Like Fokine, Taylor looks too simple to be as impressive and hypnotic as he is. Six works were danced at the City Center. From the earliest, a fragment of "American Genesis" called "West of Eden," to the latest, called "Dust," the repertory displayed Taylor's achievement since 1975 as essentially one of reconstitution. Nothing is new, but all his formal strengths seem to have become mutually replenishing and indissolubly linked. The gift for pantomime feeds the rhythmic drive/feeds the architectural sweep/feeds the selection of detail. It all falls together in a way that wasn't apparent in "American Genesis" (1973), where the ambitious allegorical plan of the piece kept getting in the way. I think Taylor's dances are becoming more complex in their relation to music. What seems certain is that they have become larger and more lucid to the mind. Most of "Cloven Kingdom" (1976), a satire of contemporary urban manners, appears unrelated to its music—bits of Corelli slashed and offset by modern percussion scores—and the parts that do relate musically would be unintelligible if done in the squarer rhythmic style of "American Genesis." The satire's savagery is achieved, on or off the music, entirely through devices of rhythm, not through devices of pantomime. The bestiality-of-man theme, one of Taylor's favorites, occurs in both ballets. In the third act of "American Genesis" (not the act seen at City Center), this is stated in feverish "animal" dances of the ragtime era—like the turkey trot and the grizzly bear—which have a pantomime base. In the extraordinary dance of four men in "Cloven Kingdom," though we get an occasional flash of dangling paw hands, the pantomime is submerged, grunting and thrashing, in the rhythm. "West of Eden," which tells the story of Cain and Abel in the context of the American frontier, is the best and most excerptible part of "American Genesis"—the suavest piece of choreography. Like the ballet as a whole, it is a big bright comic strip. "Cloven Kingdom," drawn with a subtler pen, is a cartoon for the society page.

"Esplanade," the 1975 piece that brought Taylor a large part of his present-day following, sets walking and running (to Bach) in place of formal dance steps. Most people, comfortable with the dancing that Taylor's company does, are delighted by this switch—especially since the non-dancing is so dancey. In the finale, which leaves audiences limp with joy, the dancers throw themselves to the floor in slides like the ones baseball players do. Maybe Taylor's simplicity was always deceptive. Here we see how well he can afford to do without steps—but he never used a lot of steps anyway. His dances seem to spring, instinctive and unmonitored, from primal sources of energy; they engage us at an elementary level. Maybe that's why people who are unwilling to trust their responses at the ballet can relax with Taylor. (On the other hand, he's often the favorite modern-dance choreographer of balletomanes.) "Polaris" (1976) draws from us the same kind of reaction as "Esplanade;" it involves us in areas of perception that are fundamental to our experience of dance. How deeply is that experience influenced by music and by conditions of performance? In "Polaris," the choreography is kept constant while everything else changes—the dancers, the music, the lighting. It's Taylor's version of Merce Cunningham's practice of taking a dance out of its original context, giving it new accompaniment, new lighting, sometimes a new cast, and calling it an Event. "Polaris" begins with five dancers positioned within Alex Katz's aluminum-framed, open-air cube and wearing Katz's gray-blue bathing suits. The dance that takes place within and around this setting is sportive and airy, like Donald York's music. At the end of the dance, a new cast, wearing identical costumes, replaces the first one, the lighting darkens, the music begins again with a freezing clang and assumes a new, ominous pattern, and we go through a repeat performance, no two steps looking as they looked before. The cube, under Jennifer Tipton's lighting, turns into a place of confinement, and what seemed a pleasant beach party takes on a sinister, orgiastic aspect. Taylor hasn't been corny in his demonstration of variability; using unabashed *Gebrauchsmusik* (York employs a highly serviceable theme-and-variations format), he's kept the two halves of the piece close enough to be interesting to watch. "Polaris" rewards the audience with the fruits of its own curiosity. The only question I have about it concerns the number of times it will continue to fascinate us in its special way. For after several viewings doesn't its variability become invariable?

Taylor may be a self-styled primi-

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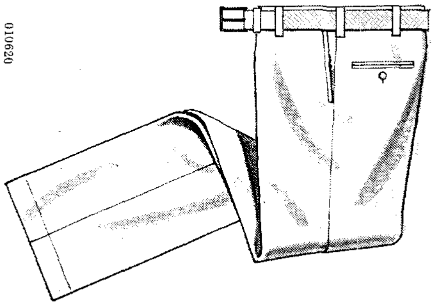

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CRAWDADDY

tive, and he's been guilty of folksiness in the past. But now he's growing bardic, and even his attitudinizing, when occasionally it does crop up, seems merely prosaic—part of the everyday nature of a bard. "Dust," which was given its world première this season, brings back the blackhearted Taylor of "Big Bertha" and "Churchyard." All of it is wonderful to look at, but a lot of it is slickly made; it doesn't stick in your throat like "Churchyard." "Dust" is your basic Taylor *Totentanz* of cripples, lepers, and mutants. The music, Poulenc's "Concert Champêtre," lends a jangling medieval aura to the pestilence. The dancing is filled with bravura sequences mingling bile and glee; the only moment of pathos—a passage involving a blind chorus—I thought a mistake. The costumes, by Gene Moore, are body tights in neutral colors emblazoned with fanciful multicolored patches that look like suppurating wounds. Moore also did the extraordinary costumes, based on the figures in Minoan frescoes, for "Images," another new piece, which shows Taylor's talent for mimicry and evocation at its very peak. Set to Debussy piano pieces, the "images" are partially of Denishawn-style antiquity. Mostly, however, they are those ancient frescoes brought alive. A woman's solo, all twinkling gestures for the upper body; a rolling frieze of athletes; a stallion dance with fillies—these are only some of the memorable events with which this piece is crowded. "Images" evokes a buried race of dancers. It is also a picture of today's dancers, all of them bathed and glowing in the kind of innocent sensuality that one thought had also disappeared from this world.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Members of the PGA Tour always enjoy coming to Hilton Head Island and particularly to the Harbour Town Golf Links and the Sea Pines Plantation. The natural beauty of the island, the fascination of playing Harbour Town and the presence of so many good golfers all combine to give this tournament an ambivalence all its own.—*1977 Heritage Golf Classic Tournament program.*

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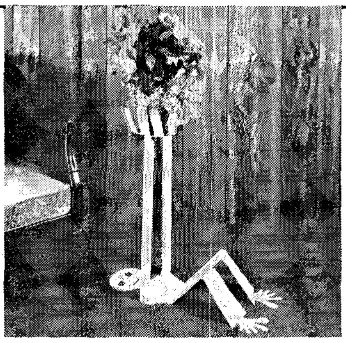

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THE RACE TRACK

A Belmont and a Crown for Slew

SEATTLE SLEW made it. Before seventy thousand cheering spectators, he ran just about as he did in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness and won the hundred-and-ninth Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, to become the tenth winner of the Triple Crown. It was the easiest of those three victories for him. Leading from beginning to end of the mile and a half over a muddy track, he won by four lengths from Run Dusty Run, with Sanhedrin third—the same finishing order as in the Derby. Slew's time was 2:29⅗—only three-fifths of a second slower than that of Bold Forbes on fast going in the race last year.

The crowd was the largest at this track since 82,694 came out for the 1971 Belmont to root for Canonero II, who had won the Derby and the Preakness but could finish no better than fourth in his bid for the Triple Crown. The lovely paddock has seldom been so full—of owners and their friends and relations, members of the Jockey Club and the Turf and Field Club, and the usual gate-crashers. The chief object of interest, of course, was Seattle Slew, and he kept them waiting. It was thought at first that Billy Turner might be delaying the appearance of his horse, for Slew gets upset at saddling time if there are a lot of people around him—as there were before the Derby. (Ben Jones used to hold Whirlaway back as long as possible for the same reason.) But it seems that so many cars had parked in the stable area that Turner had quite a time getting his horse out and made his way to the paddock by a much longer route than usual. When Slew finally got there, he was very much on his toes, and was quite a handful to saddle. But he calmed down, and on his way to the post he looked the picture of equine energy and the best-trained horse of the lot—which he was. After the break, Spirit Level was closest to Slew for a while. Then Run Dusty Run moved up, but, despite Hawley's best efforts, he could never close the gap on the leader. In the last sixteenth, Cruguet stood up in his stirrups and waved his whip in salute to the roar of approval

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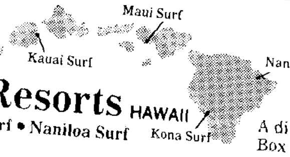

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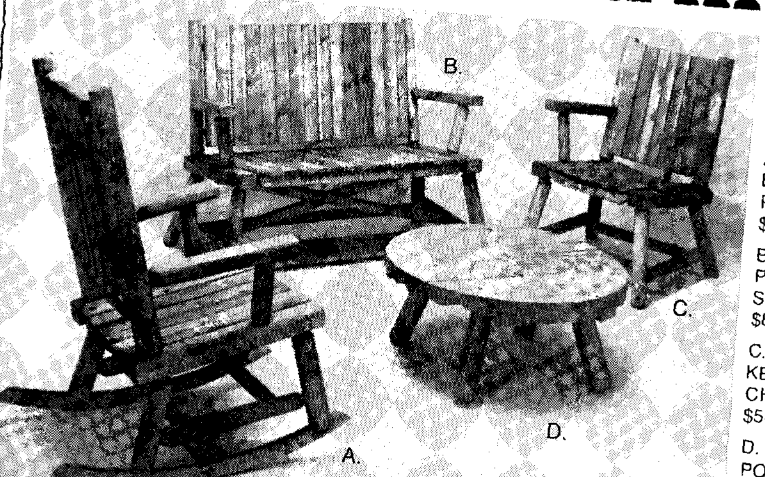

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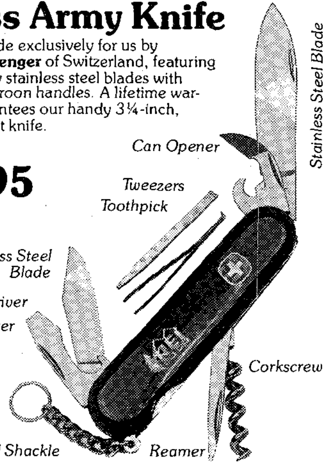

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from the stand. The fractional times were 0:24⅗, 0:48⅖ (Turner said later, "After that half mile, I knew we were home free"), 1:14, 1:38⅘, 2:03⅕. Now Slew will have a rest—perhaps until the Travers Stakes at Saratoga in August.

The name Seattle Slew is now a trademark. The colt himself is the property of Wooden Horse Investments, Inc., from which Mrs. Karen Taylor, in whose name he runs, leases his racing qualities. Unbeaten in his nine starts, he has earned $717,720. Incidentally, on Saturday Mrs. Taylor wore a yellow dress, a black hat, and black shoes—the same costume she wore for the Derby and the Preakness.

CRUGUET rode four winners last Saturday: Pumpkin Moonshine, in the first race on the card; Road Princess, a 42–1 shot in the Mother Goose Stakes, the second event in the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies; Seattle Slew; and Johnsquillo, the favorite, in the ninth race. Sixteen ran in the Mother Goose, and Road Princess came from far back to win by nearly two lengths from Mrs. Warren. Cum Laude Laurie was third, and Bring Out the Band, winner of the Acorn, was fifth. Belmont Park's mutuel windows also had a good day. The crowd bet $6,498,117. —AUDAX MINOR

•

JOHN P. BICKERLY

Finally, to escape
The women hissing like snakes—
"Where's the money, where?"—
He took his tomato-plant stakes
And fled to a garden air
Where he took on another shape.

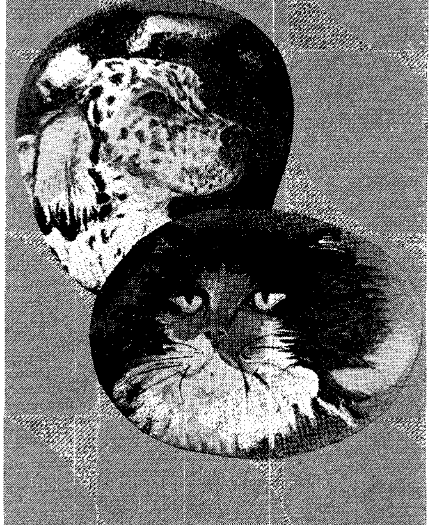
I remember him old, gaunt, bald,
Coming home with vegetables piled
High in baskets, his gift
To the house where he was reviled,
And nothing could close the rift
Opened when loans were called.

And where was the money? Lost
To the horn of the bull, to the bear's
Heavy and murderous paw.
It had all gone on for years
In a house of money-awe
Where little counted but cost.

He lived in the basement with
Seed catalogue, treatise, and book.
All about gardening. Flowers
Rooted there in his look.
He turned to earth in those hours,
Crumbling into a myth.

—GRAY BURR

PAPERWEIGHT PETS



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BOOKS

Facing Facts

I WILL testify.

That is to say, I have read Joan Didion's latest book and would tell you in my own words what it is like were it not that I have been alienated from my own words by a syntax so compelling that I cannot now be sure what it was that I did or did not think of the book or of anything at all before I was struck by this feeling of cerebral dysaesthesia.

Let me go further.

I have no idea what I mean by "cerebral dysaesthesia."

Here is what I know: Didion wrote one novel, "Run River;" she wrote articles for magazines, and these may be found collected under the title "Slouching Towards Bethlehem;" she wrote a second novel, "Play It As It Lays," and I am without doubt that there she achieved a nearly perfect match of style and character.

You may know the book.

You may remember its heroine—as it happens, an actress the author called Maria Wyeth.

Maria was losing her grip on reality and her marriage was going to pieces and she had a four-year-old daughter institutionalized because of "an aberrant chemical in her brain," and then there was the abortion and the lovers who left her cold.

In short.

But Maria was tough. She knew that life is a crap game and that actually there is a rattlesnake under every rock. She never asked silly questions like "What makes Iago evil?" She knew there were no answers.

She knew what "nothing" meant.

Or so she said.

Why go on living?

On the contrary, why not?

So.

Maria went on living.

Didion has, of course, gone on writing.

Has, in fact, "firmly established her position as a major American writer." Has in her third novel "written her strongest and most powerful book to date." I offer here only empirical evidence and jacket copy.

(Had I not set out to stick to the facts, I would have said that in her third novel Didion has converted a perfunctory rhetorical habit into a positive affectation of style.)

One or two facts about the third novel Didion wrote and I read: It is published by Simon & Schuster. "A Book of Common Prayer" is its title, and the title signifies the principal irony of the plot, although to a reader immaculate of the author's equivocal disenchantment "prayer" would at first seem to be beside the point.

As though two such disparate characters as Grace Strasser-Mendana and Charlotte Douglas might not have cause for a joint appeal against shared disappointments.

But, of course, they do.

For one thing: thinking it over, I recalled that Grace had admitted as much in a remark about Charlotte's dreams—had said that "these dreams seemed to deal only with sexual surrender and infant death, commonplaces of the female obsessional life."

"We all have the same dreams," Grace had added.

Grace the "realist," dying of cancer.

Grace the narrator, learned in science and in the human weakness for self-deception. She never asks silly questions like "What makes me talk the way I do? What makes me say things like 'Fear of the dark is a protein'?

"Like 'What I wanted from the interior had nothing to do with access.'

"Like 'There is poverty here, but it is obdurately indistinguishable from comfort.'

"Like 'I think I have never known anyone who regarded the sexual connection as quite so unamusing a contract.'

"Like 'In a certain dim way Charlotte believed that she had located herself at the very cervix of the world, the place through which a child lost to history must eventually pass.' "

I believe I would say that last one is my favorite.

The setting, by the way, is an invented Central American country called Boca Grande. Notable for its disobliging equatoriality.

I am less and less certain that the word "equatoriality" has any useful meaning except insofar as it denotes a non-polar location.

As for Charlotte, Charlotte is a sentimental woman, a "dreamer," the subject of the story told by Grace.

Charlotte yearns for her lost daughter, refuses to admit that the child has abandoned Raggedy Ann and organdie curtains for a life of pipe bombs, plane

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hijacking, and "revolutionary" broadcasts.

Herself killed in a revolution. Charlotte.

A dead dreamer.

Still. She killed a chicken bare-handed and tracheotomized an O.A.S. man with a boning knife.

For the record. "A Book of Common Prayer" contains references to the following pathological conditions: influenza, pancreatic cancer, infant framboesia, schistosomiasis, cholera, gastrointestinal infection, *la disentería*, typhoid, salmonella, convulsions, projectile vomiting, nausea, neurasthenia, and tuberculosis.

Among others.

In summary: Life is hell.

Had Grace only been able to make Charlotte see her point. When she told her that fear of the dark was a protein.

Had Charlotte only been less ambiguous in her signals, less elusive in her anomalies, and enabled Grace, or, for that matter, the reader, to see *her* point.

But, of course, they don't.

See each other's points.

For the record. It would not have mattered.

Apparently.

Probably.

Still.

So.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE PATH BETWEEN THE SEAS: THE CREATION OF THE PANAMA CANAL, 1870-1914, by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). Readable, informative, exciting, and—especially in the passages that describe tropical diseases, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions—scary, this book is the whole story well told. Mr. McCullough corrects the American tendency to devalue European know-how. True, the original French effort to build the canal failed; also true, the whole business exists in French history as no more than another scandal, like the Dreyfus affair; even so, Mr. McCullough thinks, the skill of the French engineers was high, and the real cause of the debacle was the pigheadedness and the optimism of the entrepreneur, Ferdinand de Lesseps. The author believes that the canal could not have been built, as de Lesseps planned, by a private corporation, but required the resources of the government of a rich, powerful,

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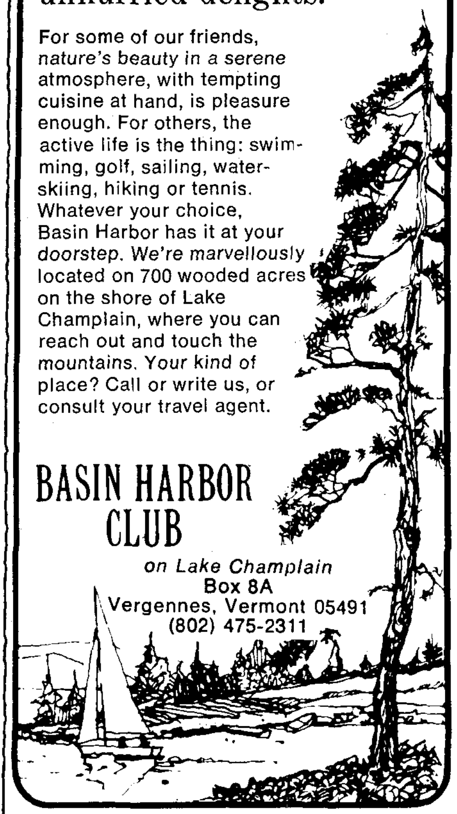

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—Daniel Yankelovich

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CORPORATION

Rosabeth Moss Kanter

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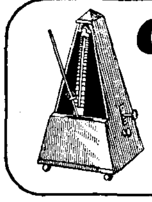

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modern nation. Colombia, to which Panama belonged, was not such a nation, and could do no more than offer a foreign government a canal concession—as, indeed, it did. Mr. McCullough is frank about the reasons—misunderstanding, impatience, and unconscious arrogance—that this country played dirty with a sister republic and abetted a revolution to create a more amenable, younger sister republic, Panama. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN RESISTANCE 1933-1945, by Peter Hoffmann, translated from the German by Richard Barry (MIT; $19.95). A thorough study of the German movements, groups, and individuals who attempted by various means—at last by assassination, in the failed coup of July 20, 1944—to overthrow Hitler. Mr. Hoffmann, a sound, sensitive historian, does not think that he has found out everything about every resister—conspiracy is not, by its nature, a carefully documented business—but he does have a lot. We see in full a variety of men whose political aspirations were not alike but who all decided, for their own reasons, that Nazism was intolerable. Mr. Hoffmann is very precise about why none of their schemes succeeded. He shows the efficiency of the repressive techniques that the Nazis used to immobilize Germans, from generals to union leaders, and he also shows the limitations of the plotters themselves.

STONEWALL, by Richard Ben-Veniste and George Frampton, Jr. (Simon & Schuster; $11.95). A history from the inside of the Watergate prosecution. The authors were both young assistant special prosecutors who went the entire route, and their book gives us, in often revealing detail, the story of the initial mounting of the investigation, the inner workings of the grand jury, the Saturday Night Massacre, the coming of Leon Jaworski, and the circumstances of the Nixon pardon (which the authors still resent, and which they believe was precipitated by the actions of Jaworski). Ben-Veniste and Frampton are lawyers, not journalists, and their narrative style is workmanlike rather than exciting. For this reason, their careful and unrhetorical laying out of the case against Nixon is the most devastating document yet published on his culpability.

TWO CENTURIES OF BLACK AMERICAN ART, by David C. Driskell

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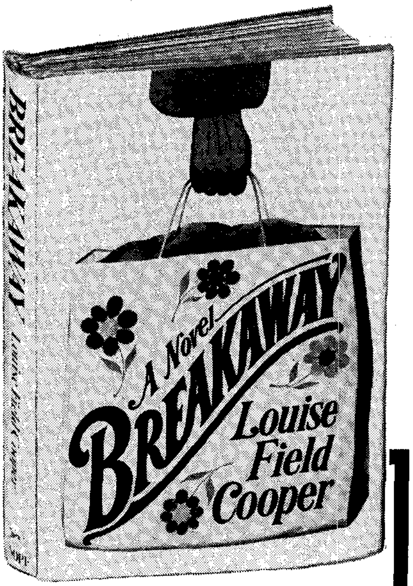

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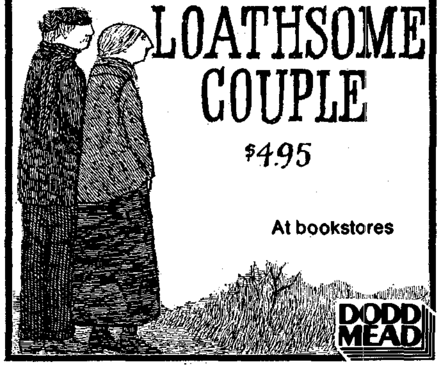

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(Los Angeles County Museum of Art/Knopf; $15). A beautiful and instructive collection of paintings, artifacts, and sculptures by a wide range of well- and little-known artists from the eighteenth century to the mid-twentieth. As the invigorating commentary by Mr. Driskell (who is chairman of the art department at Fisk University) emphasizes, black art has always been a more varied genre than imagined by most whites (who tend to be familiar mostly with black social-realism art), and even by most blacks (who, at least in recent years, have been mainly interested in art that served politics). Few, if any, of the artists represented here ever had the encouragement or recognition that their white colleagues enjoyed, and the text overflows with examples of indignities that black artists suffered at the hands of condescending white art circles. (Edward M. Bannister, for example, was nearly denied admission to the Philadelphia Centennial, at which he had already won a prize.) But however black artists may have been thwarted by lack of acceptance, this book attests to a strong, unbroken tradition of highly individualistic, first-rate work. One hundred and forty-seven plates, thirty-two in color.

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THE SIEGE OF THE VILLA LIPP, by Eric Ambler (Random House; $8.95). Mr. Ambler's new novel of intrigue has to do with an ingenious Anglo-Argentinian "tax avoidance" consultant operating in Western Europe who finds himself dangerously compromised by a group of academic criminologists, and even more dangerously threatened by his frightened partners in quasi-legal crime. It is also a novel that makes considerable demands on its readers. It requires at frequent intervals a difficult suspension of disbelief, it requires a good head for high-level accounting and elaborate flimflam, it requires patience with frequent excursions into the past to make the present explicable, and it requires a willingness to settle for mystification in lieu of much in the way of action.

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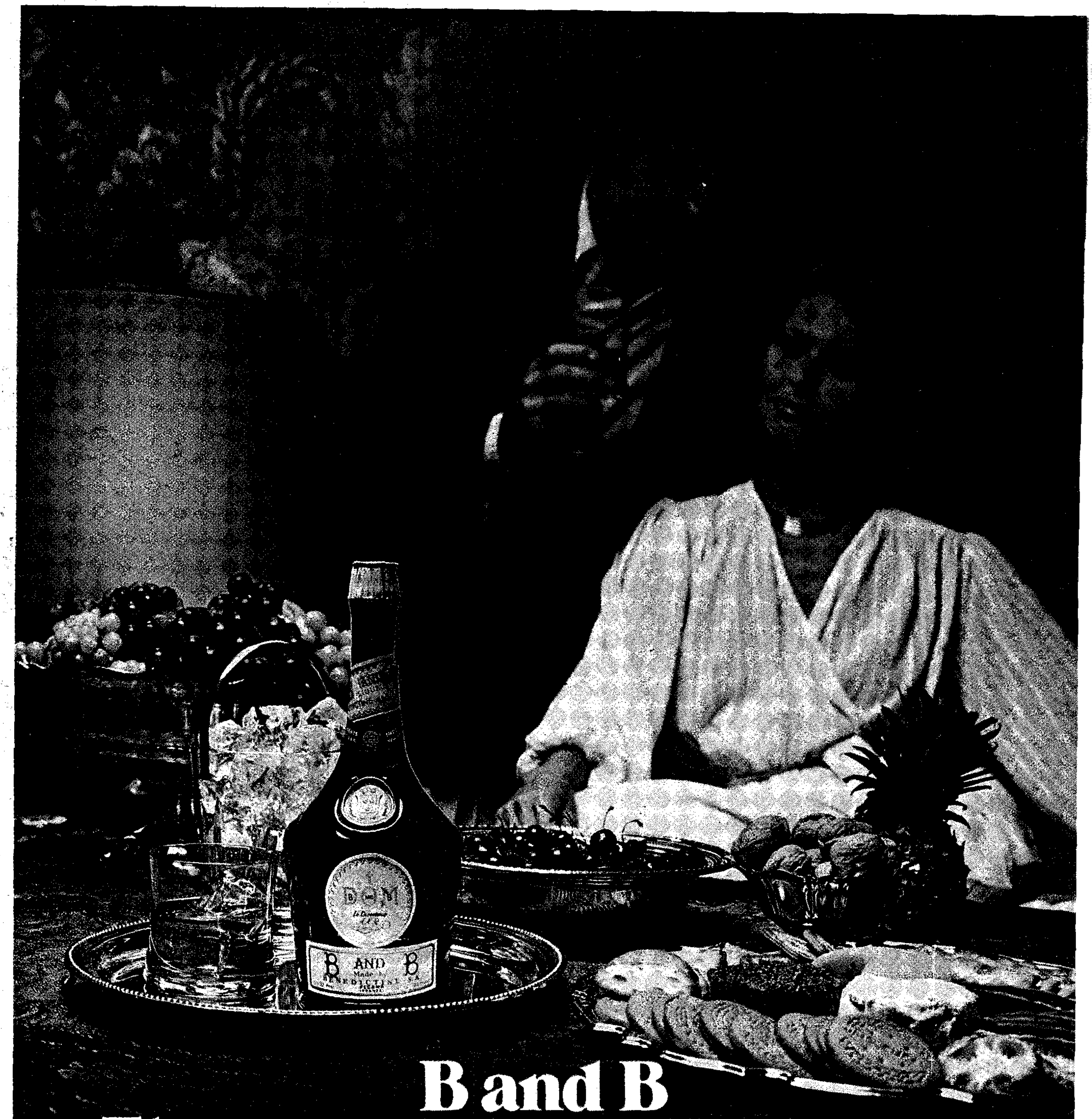

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